

**SEX
CRIMINALS™**
VOLUME ONE
ONE WEIRD TRICK



MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

SEX CRIMINALS

ONE WEIRD TRICK

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*To anyone, anywhere, at
literally any time in human
history who ever rubbed one
out: you are the real heroes.*

MATT

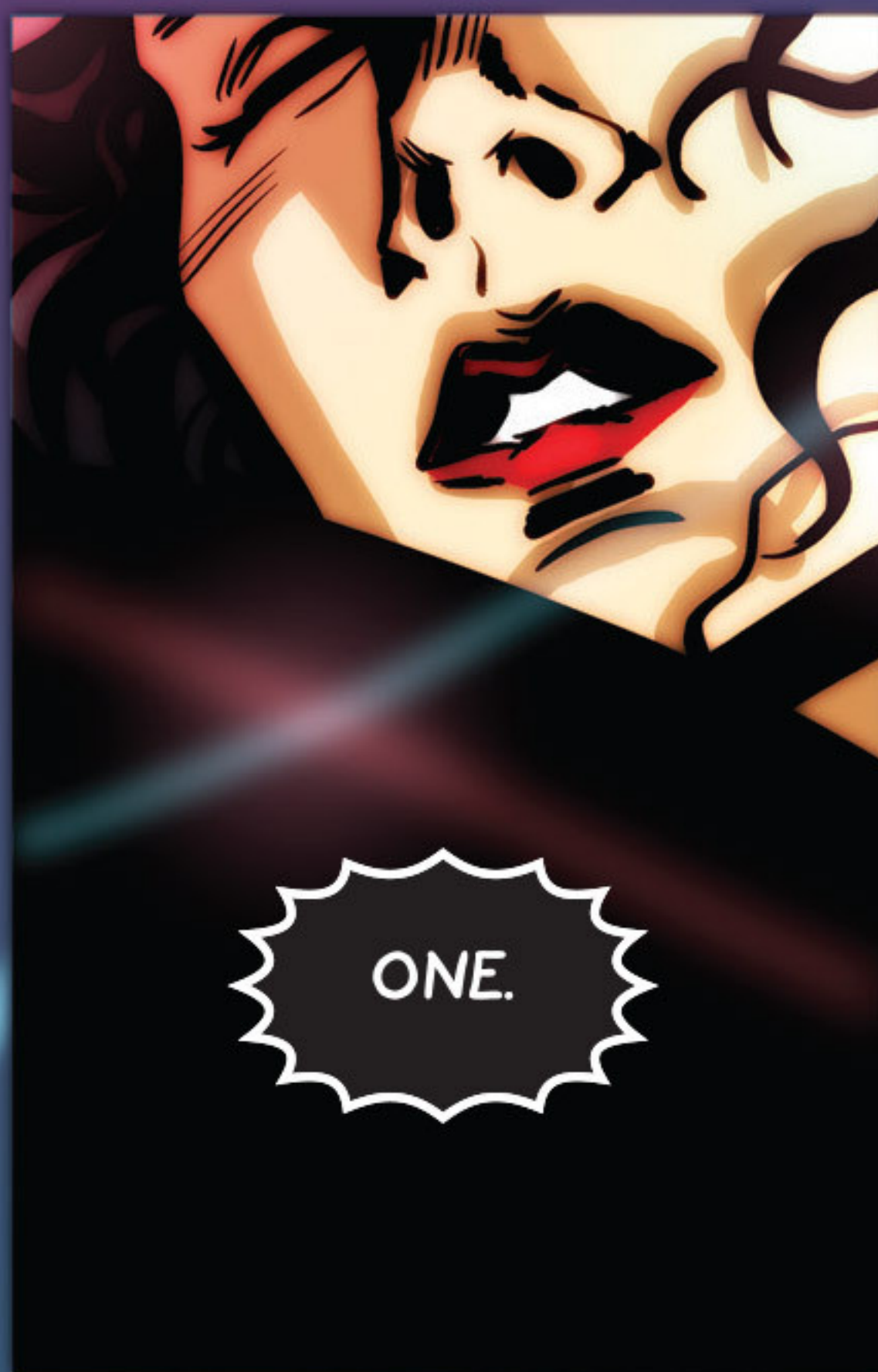
*To my darling Jessica,
wherever you may b—ah!
You were behind me!
What the fuck?*

CHIP

1

SUZIE
DOWN
IN THE
QUIET





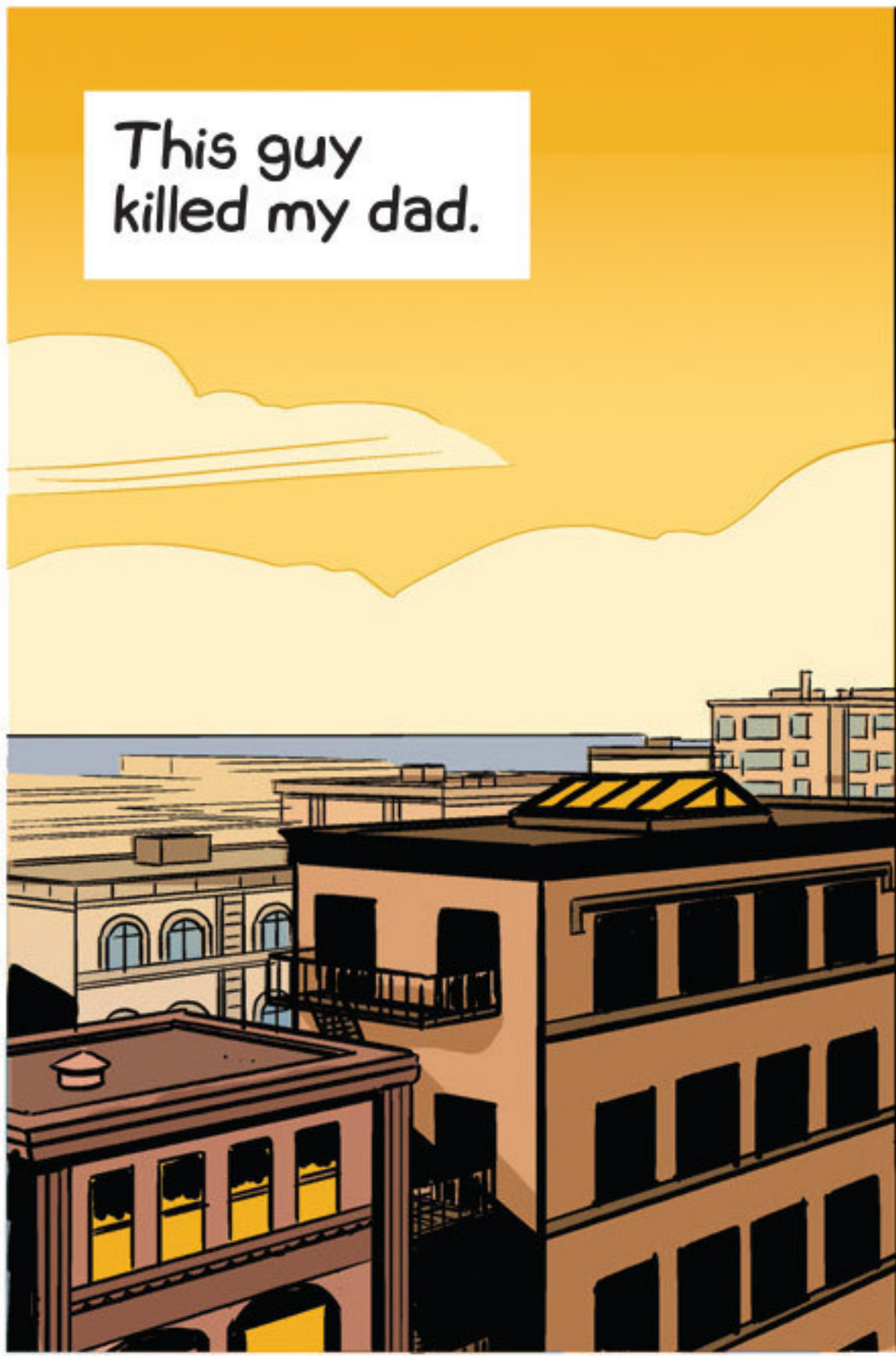


I know how this looks.

Don't judge us.



Let me start
at the start:



This guy
killed my dad.

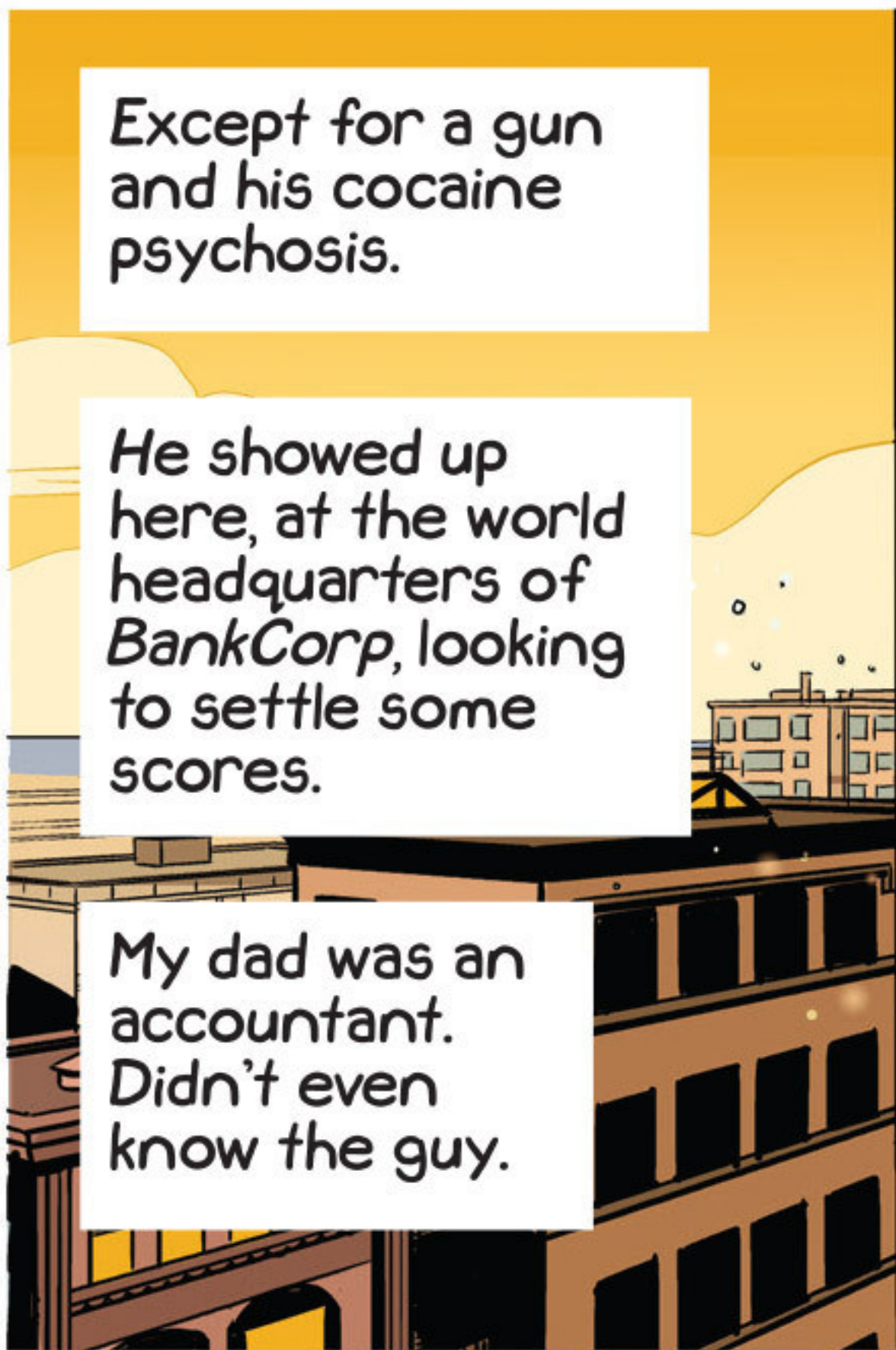


The jokes
are coming, I
promise.



It's Tuesday,
October 28th,
1997, and just a
second ago, this
guy killed my
father and shot
two other people.

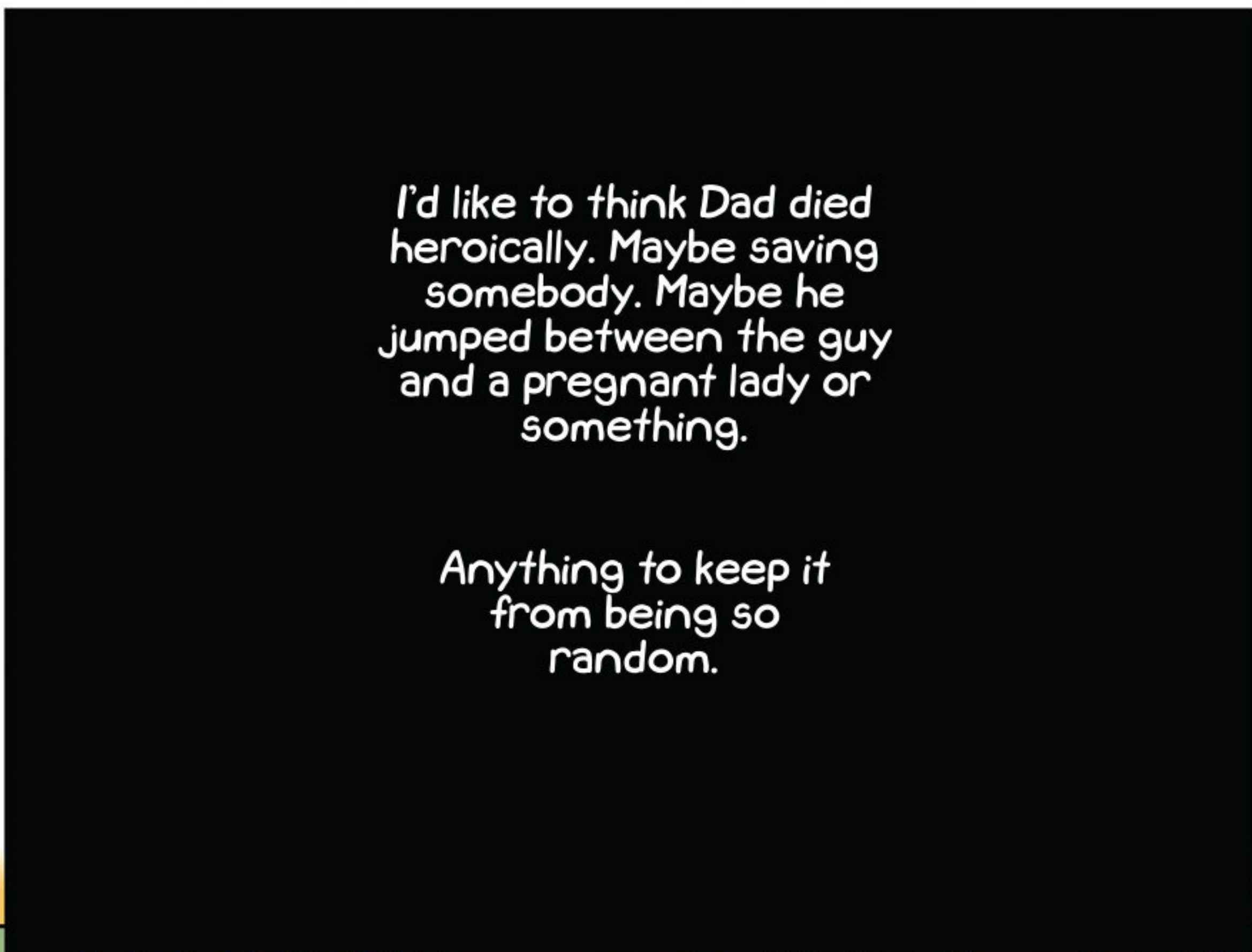
The *stock market*
crashed yesterday,
apparently, and he
lost everything.



Except for a gun
and his cocaine
psychosis.

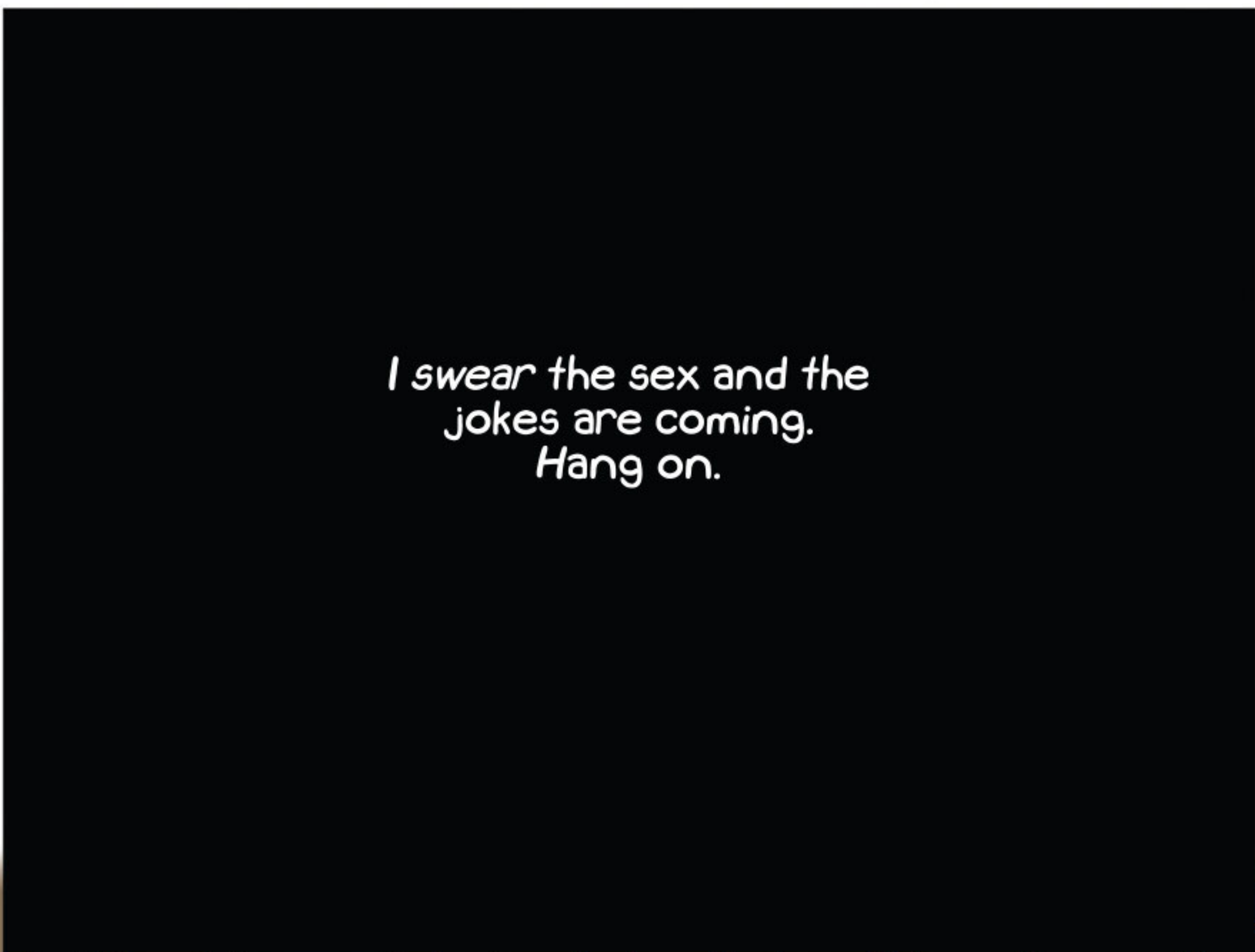
He showed up
here, at the world
headquarters of
BankCorp, looking
to settle some
scores.

My dad was an
accountant.
Didn't even
know the guy.

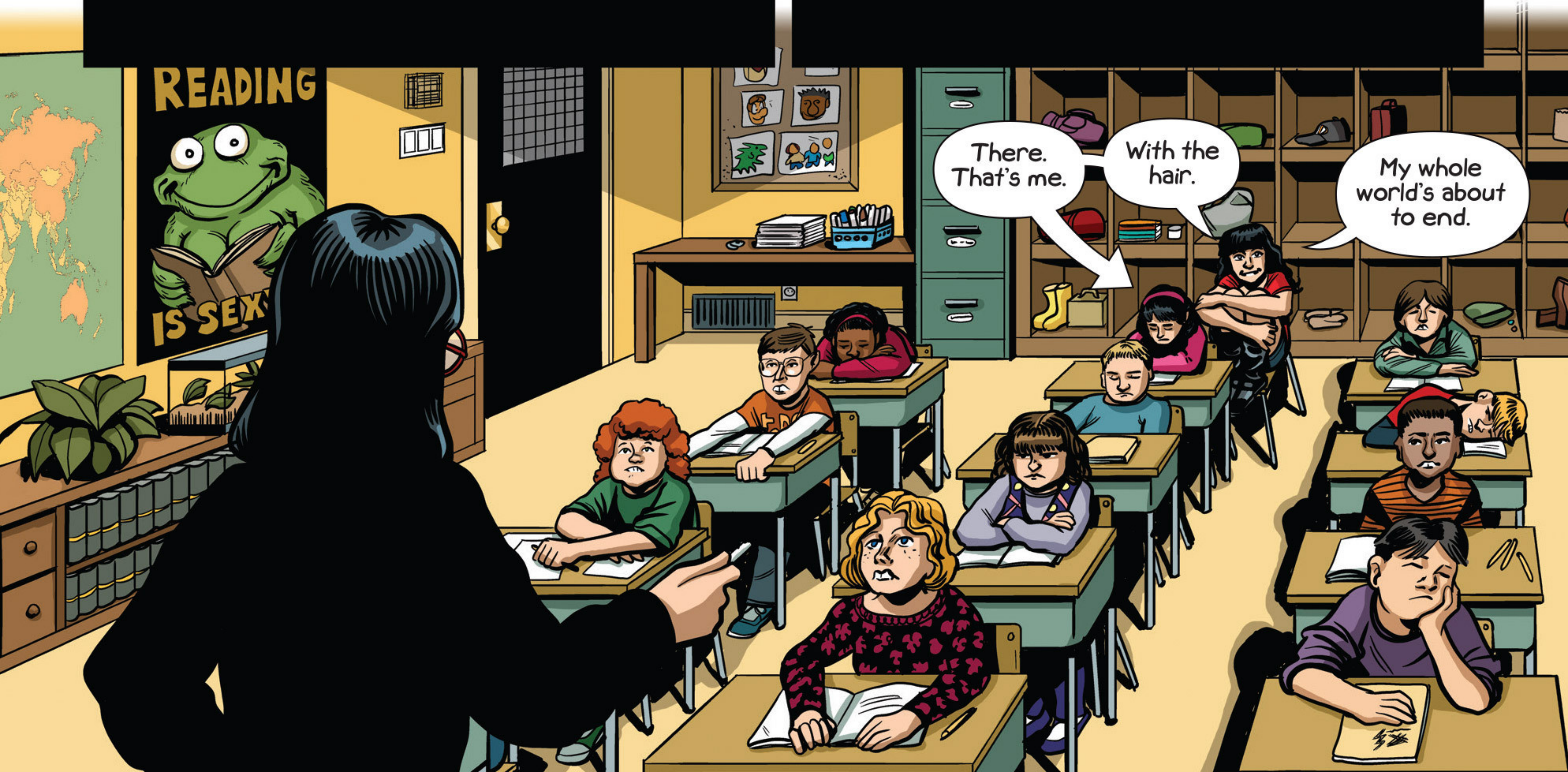


I'd like to think Dad died
heroically. Maybe saving
somebody. Maybe he
jumped between the guy
and a pregnant lady or
something.

Anything to keep it
from being so
random.



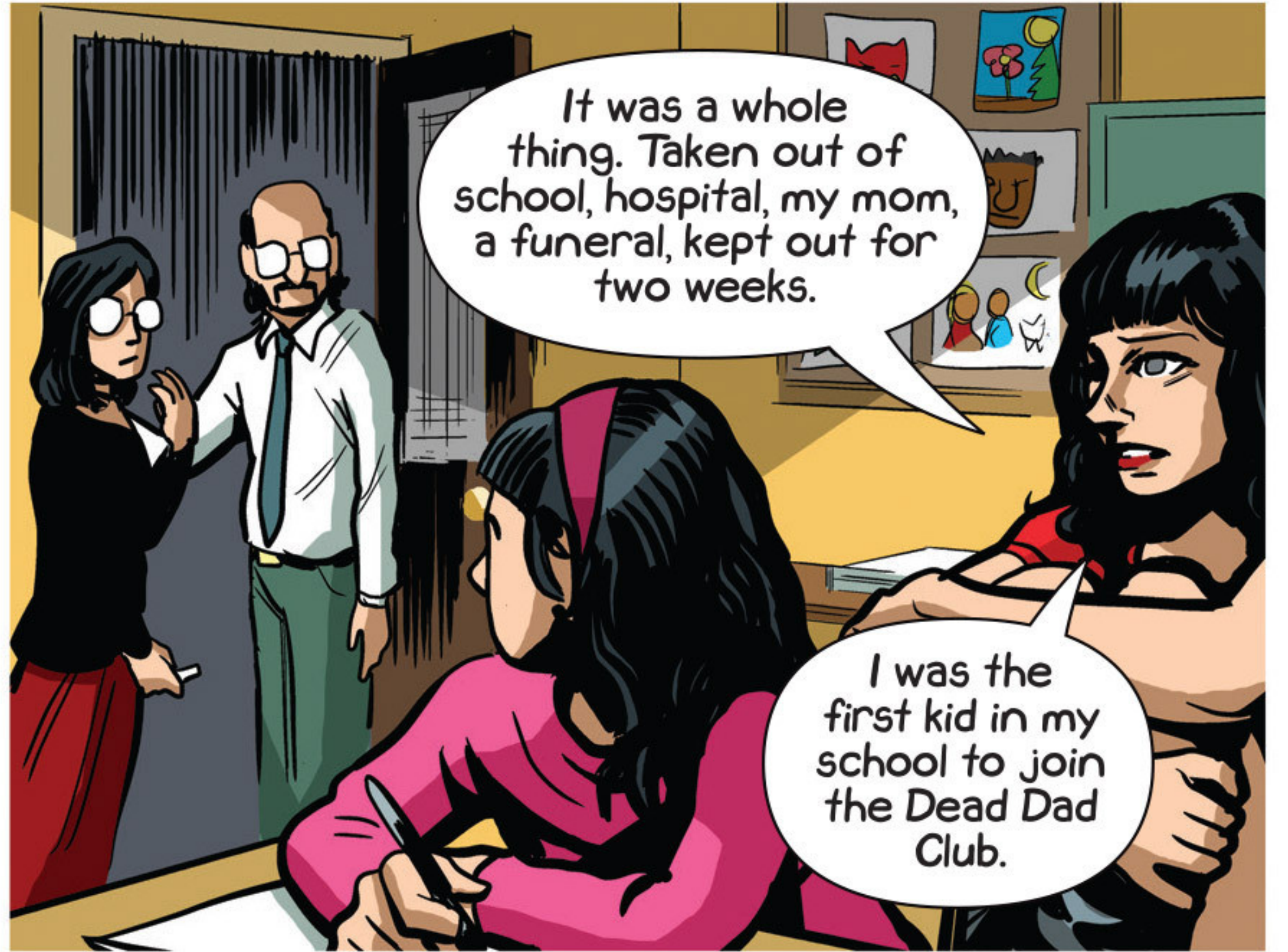
I swear the sex and the
jokes are coming.
Hang on.



There.
That's me.

With the
hair.

My whole
world's about
to end.







We both gave each other a lot of space in those days.



And then the next thing you knew space was all we had.

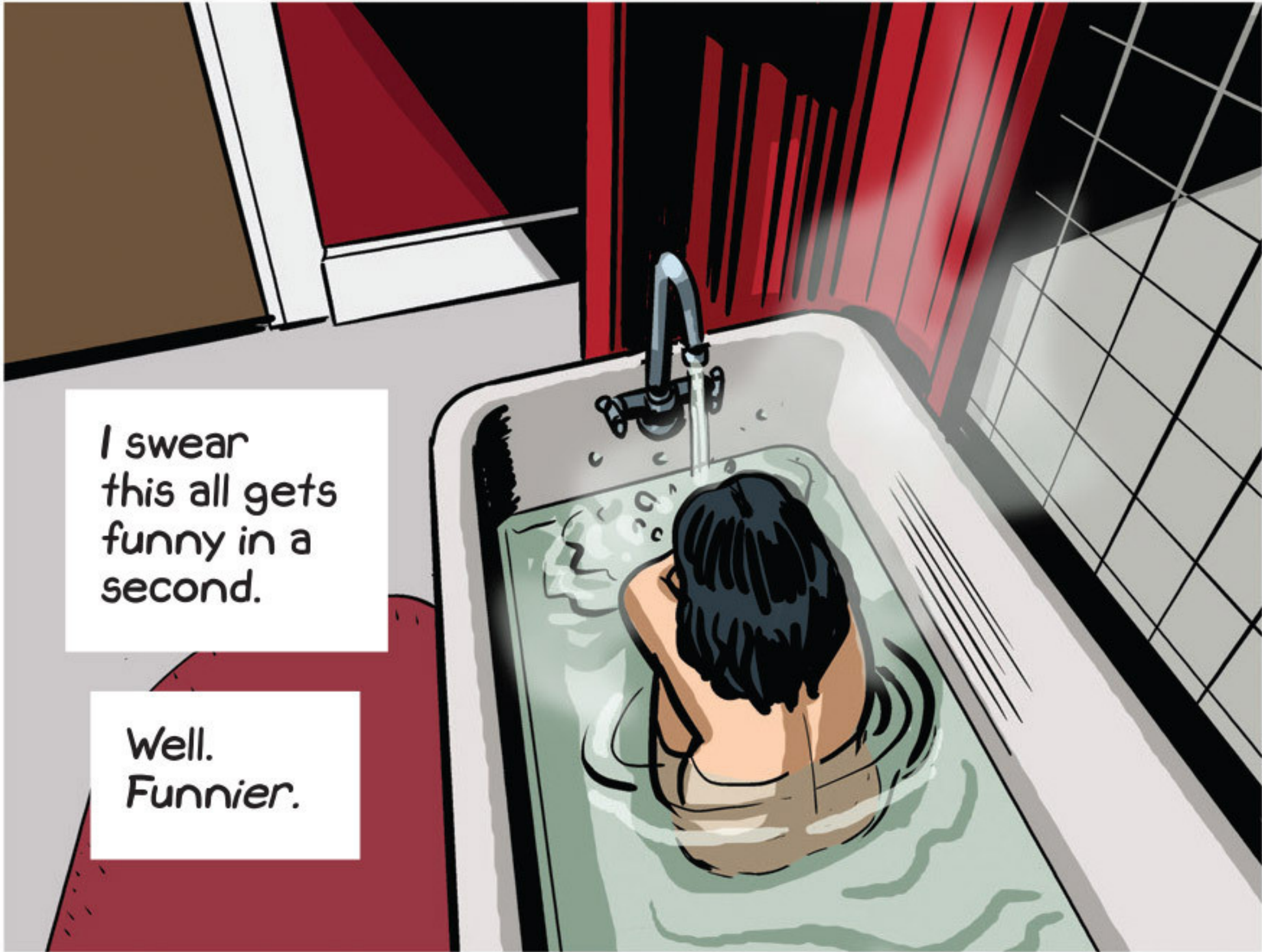
It was a nice old house. Not a right angle anywhere in it. Decades of history, of other families, other lives.

Sound carried everywhere.



Even though she tried to hide it from me I could always hear it when mom cried.

I had to hide underwater with the tub running to get away.



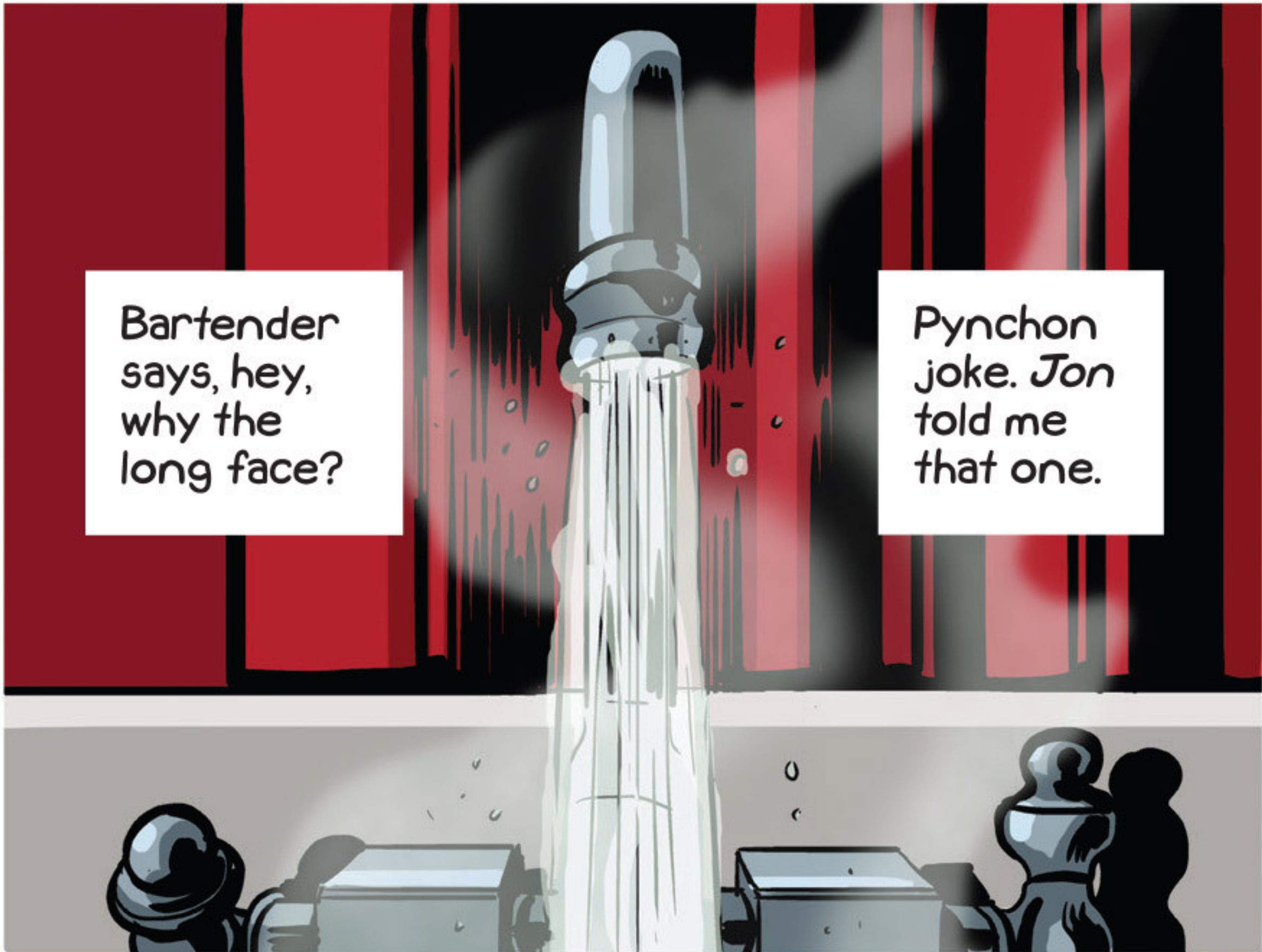
I swear this all gets funny in a second.

Well. Funnier.



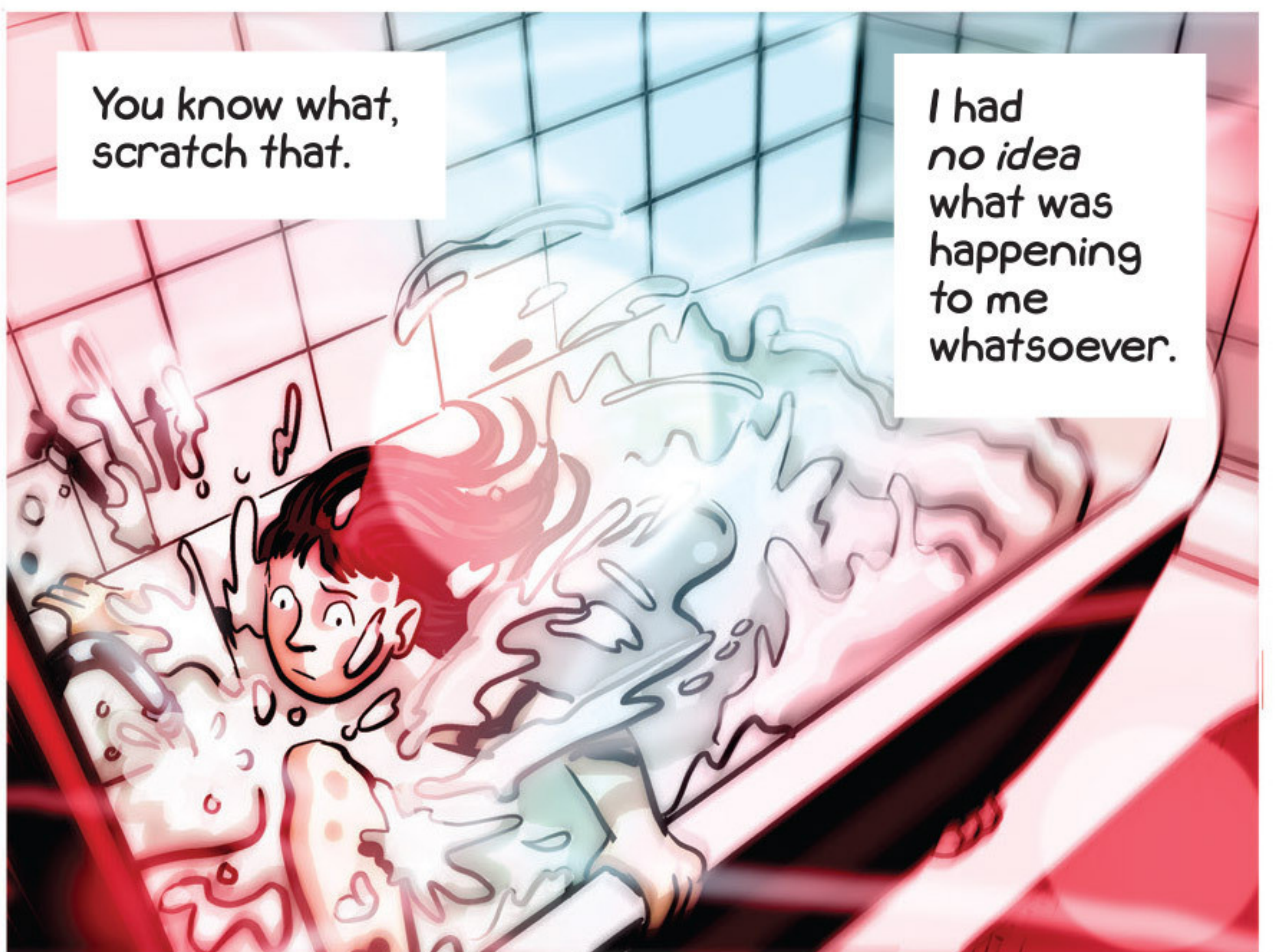
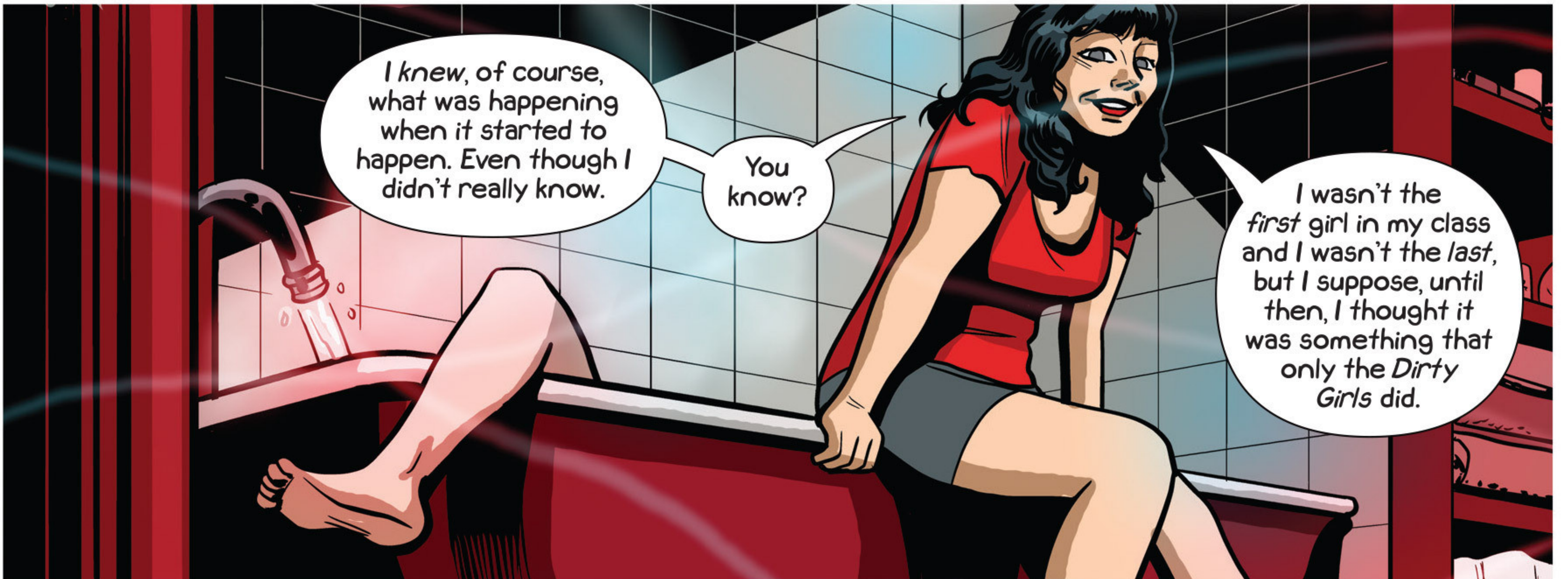
Maybe I should tell jokes.

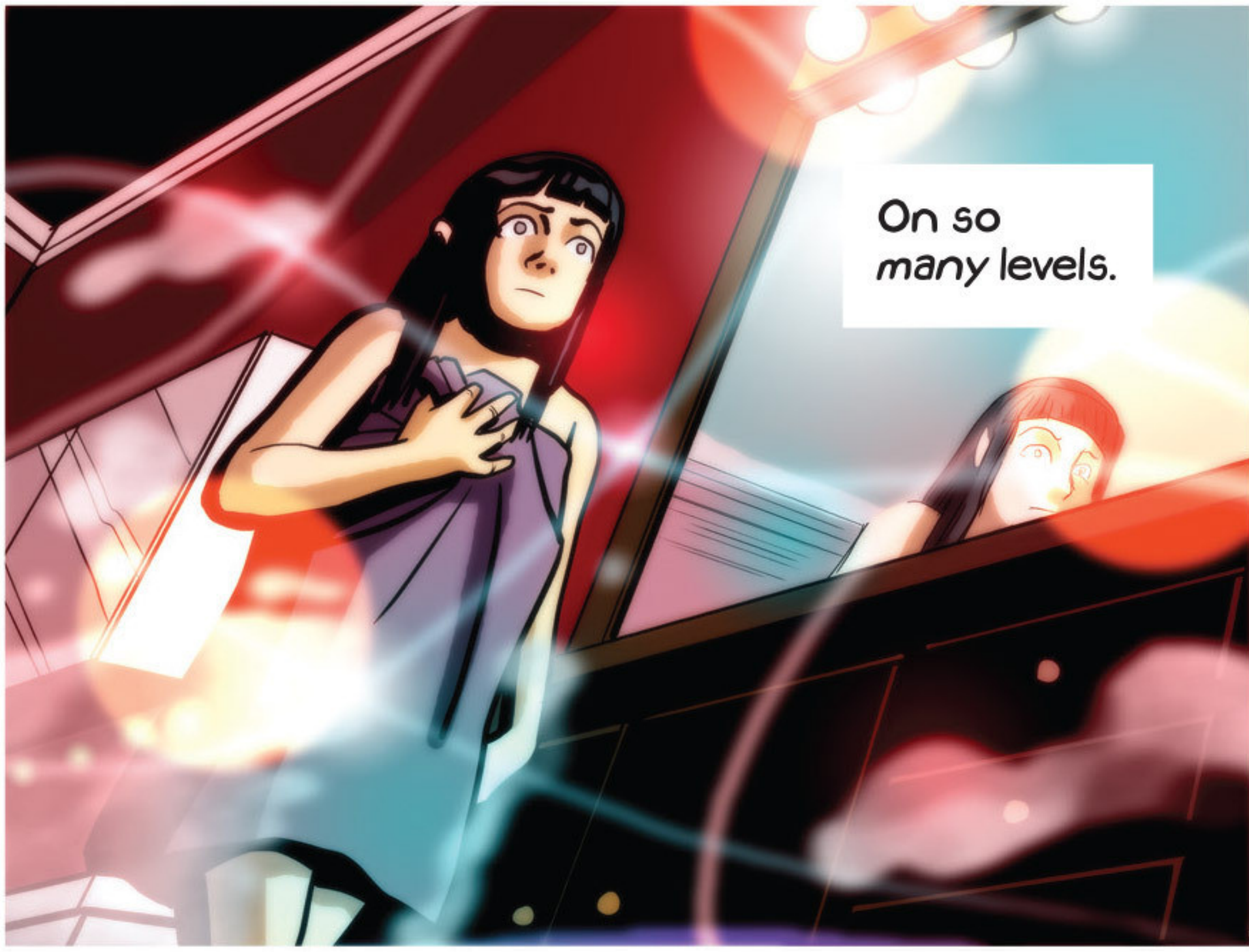
Thomas Pynchon walks into a bar.



Bartender says, hey, why the long face?

Pynchon joke. Jon told me that one.





On so many levels.



I even left the water on.

It wasn't going anywhere.



That's how weird it all was.

I was enveloped in *silence* and *color*.

An ocean of warm silence and color that I could, apparently, make explode out from inside me.



It felt so amazing that...



...



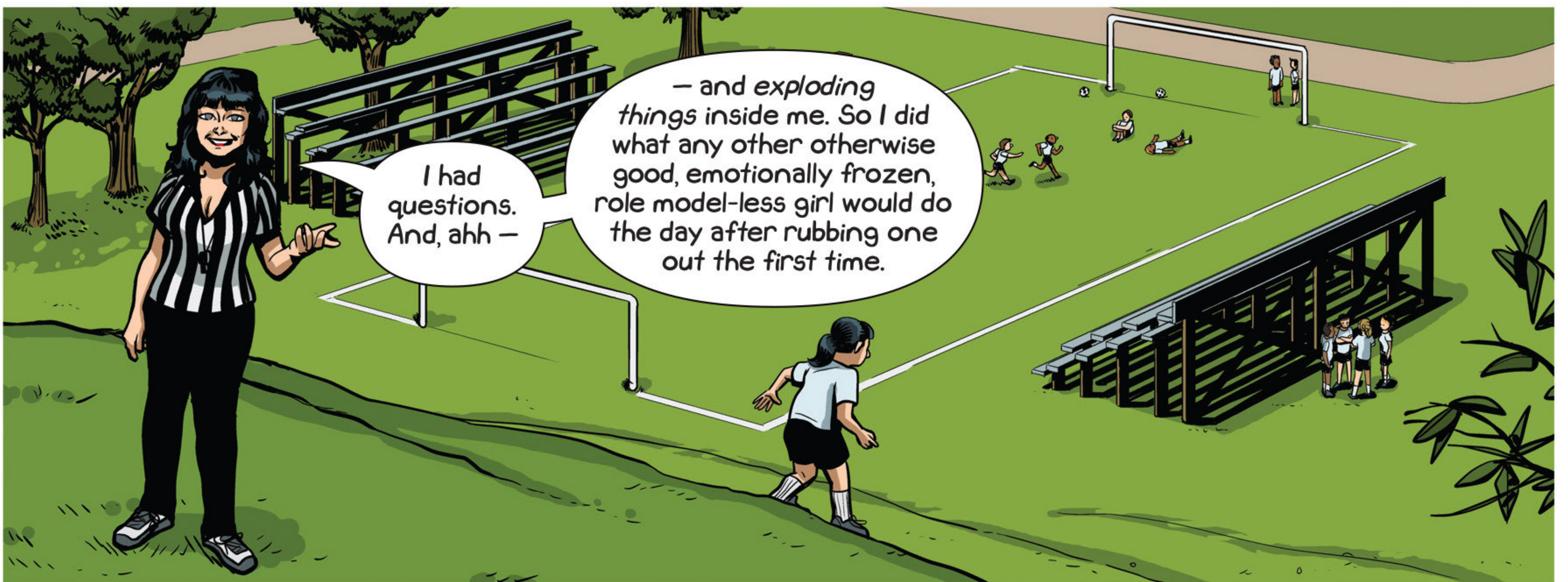
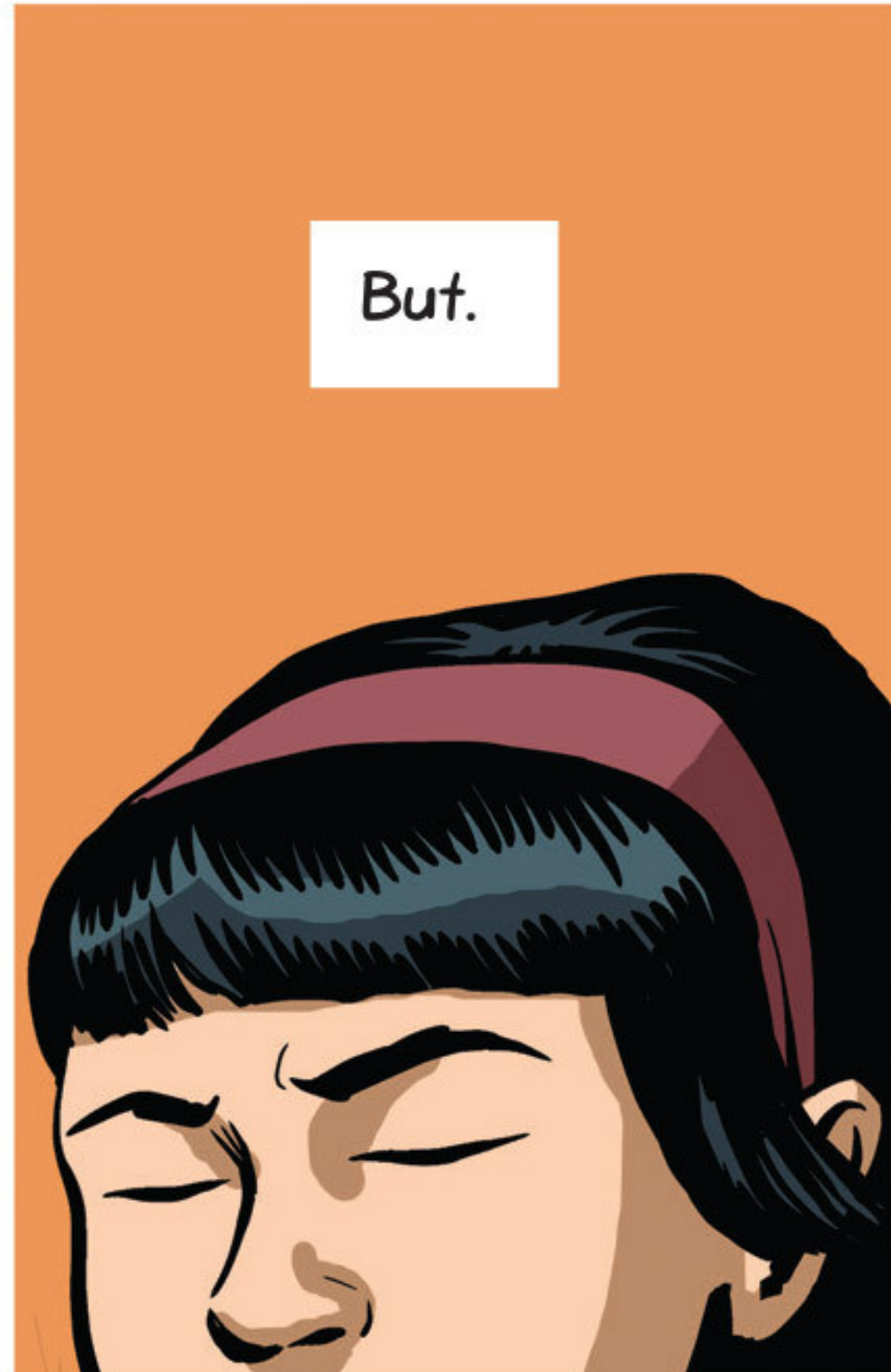
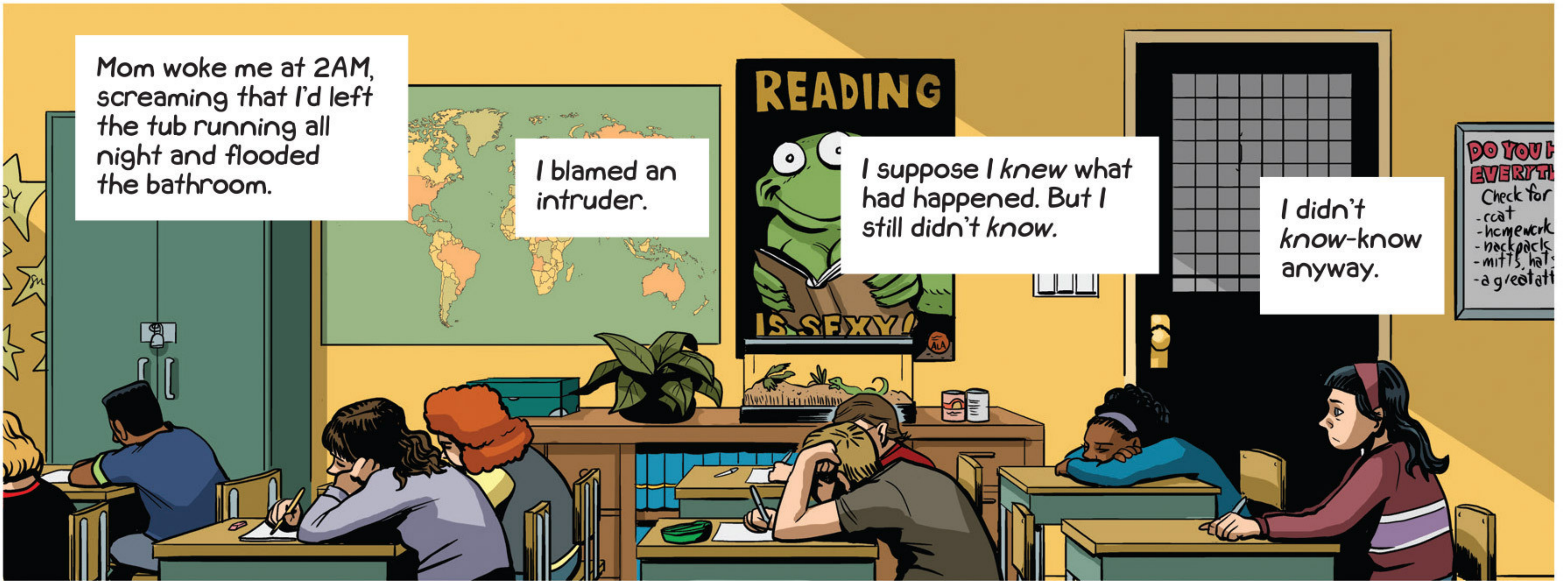
...that I was terrified.

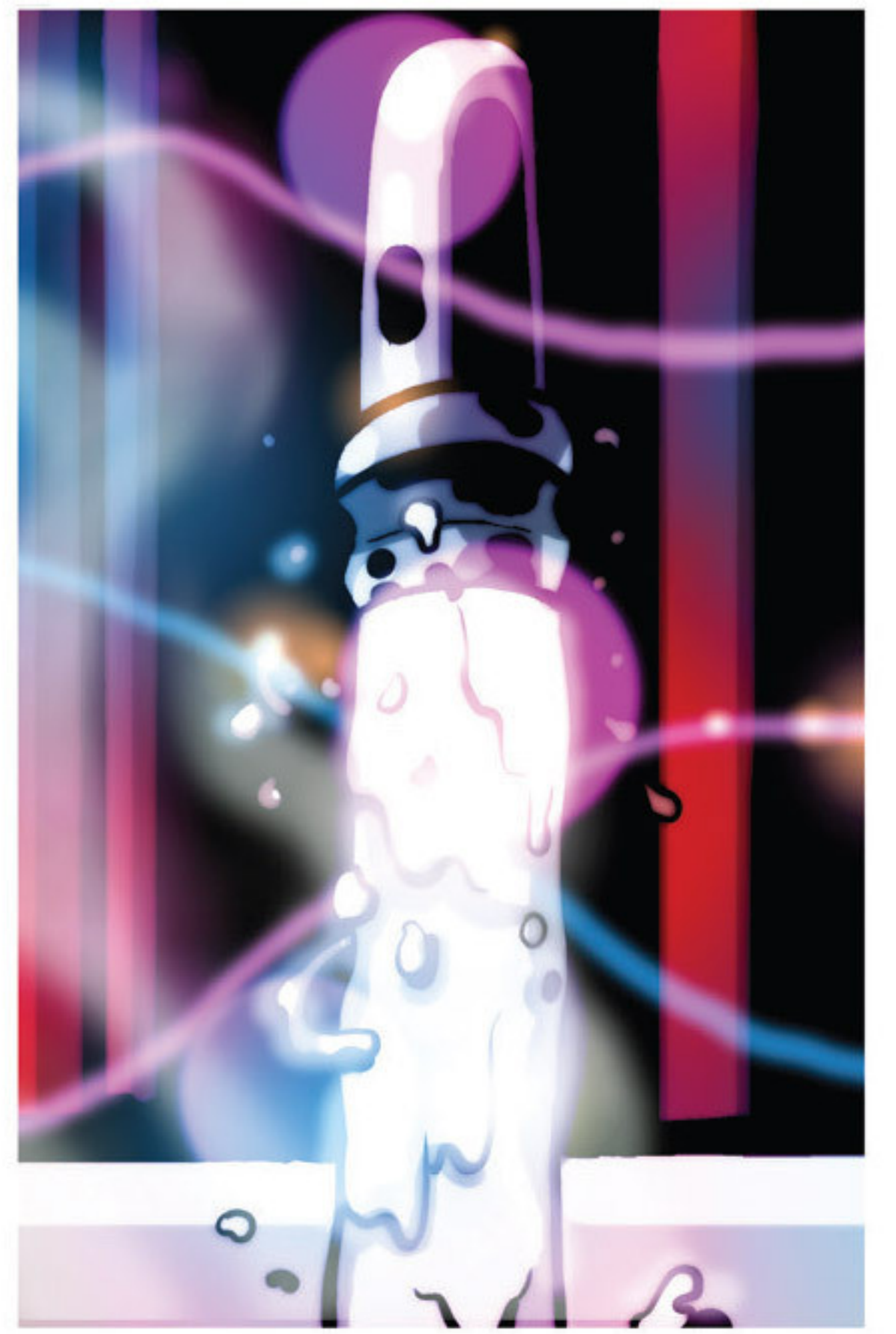
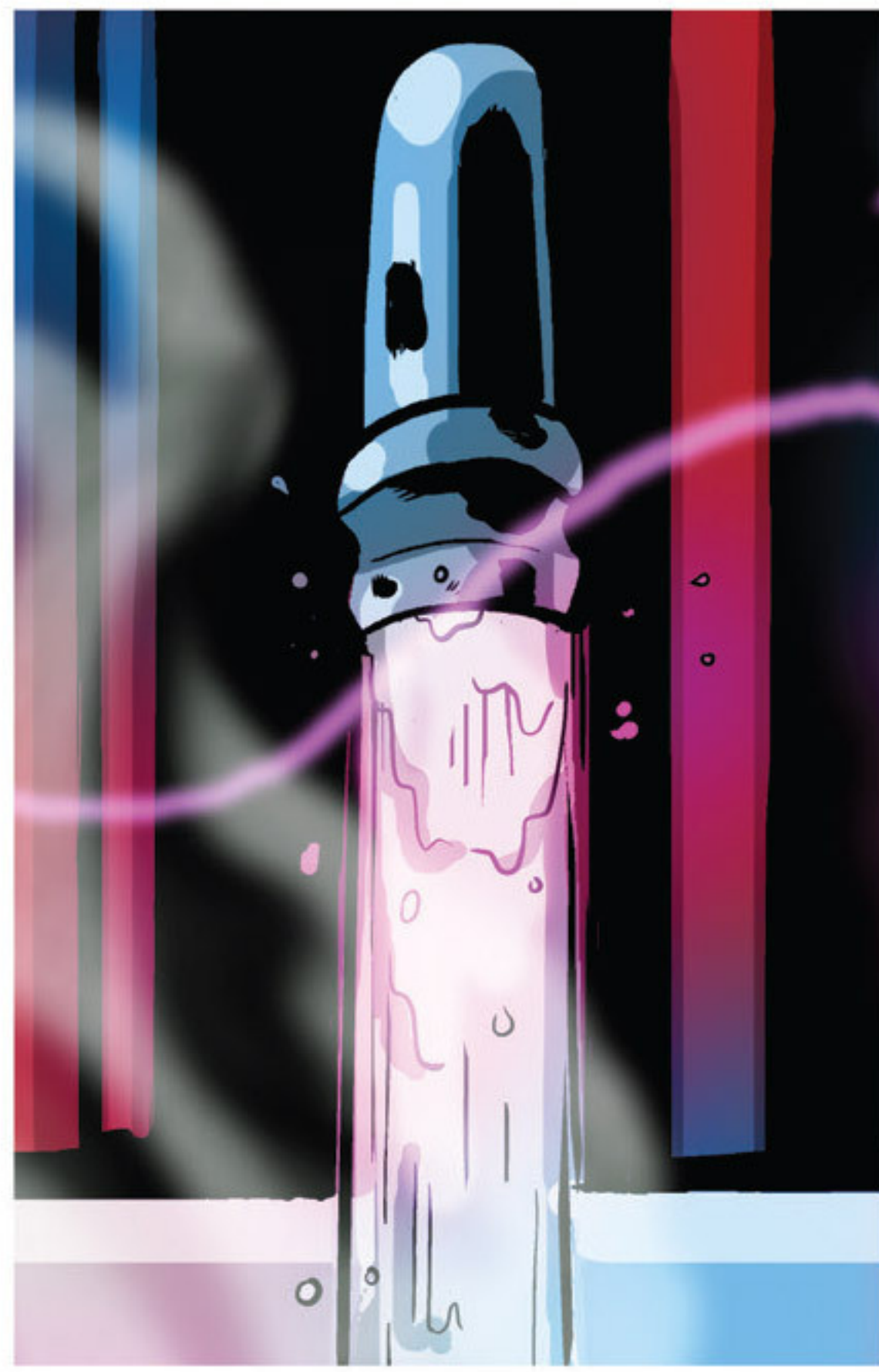
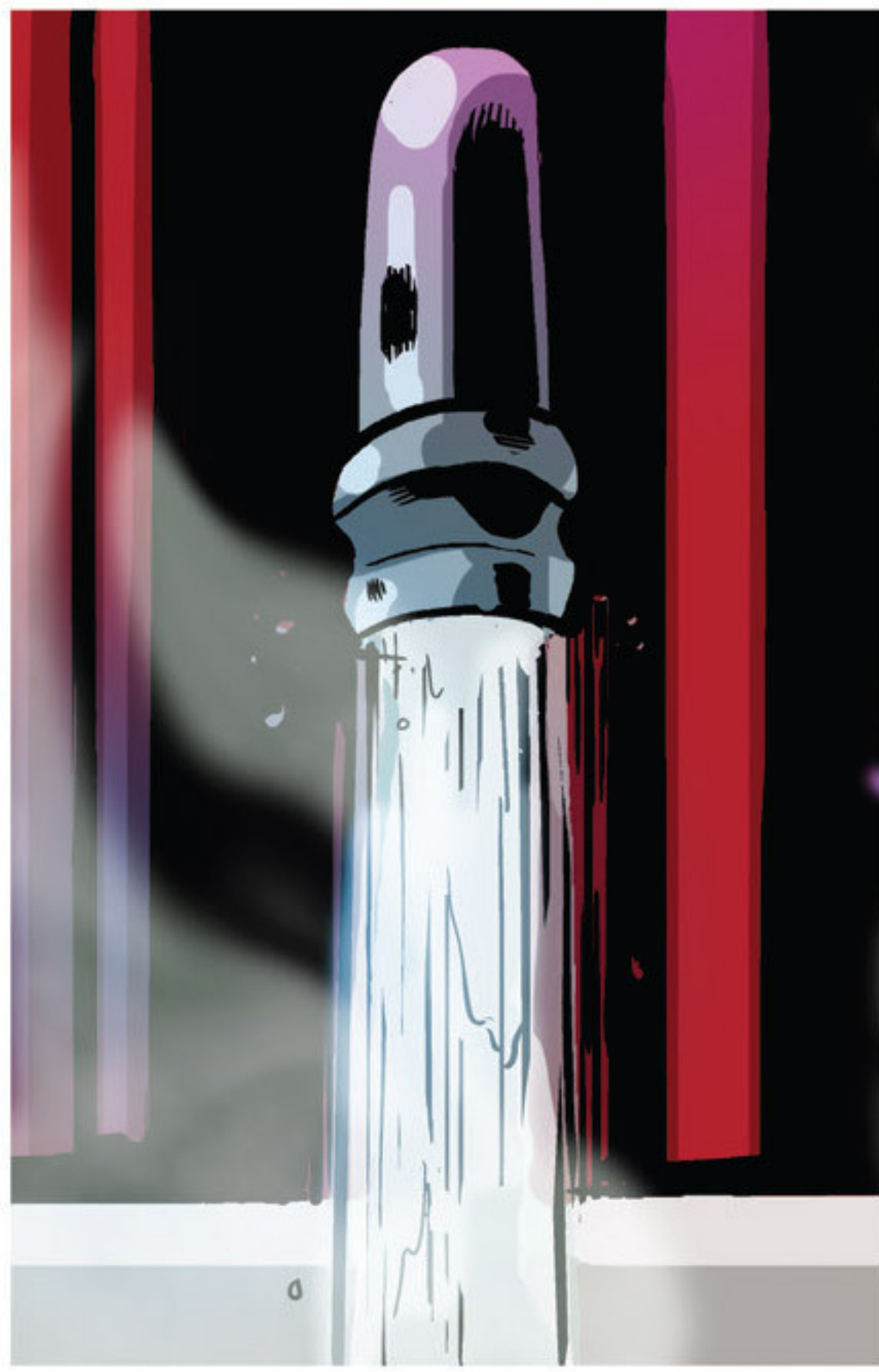


I was confused and terrified.

How could anything feel so good?

How could anything make everything get so quiet?





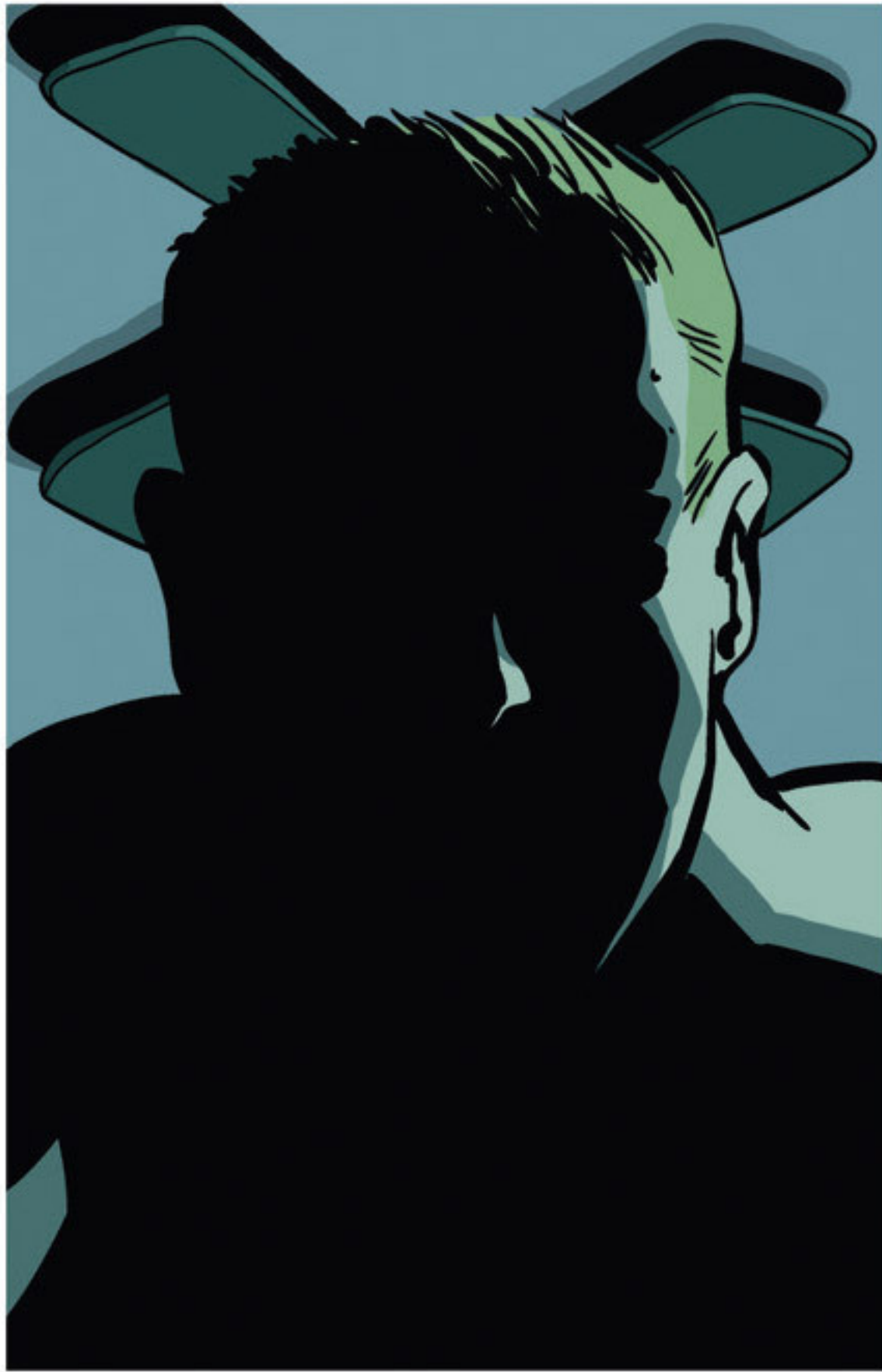






He played Sarah McLachlan.

For the rest of my life, whenever I'd get a latte or see a sick dog, I'd think about my hymen.



Aah.



Are you okay?



I was.

It hurt. Then it didnt hurt.

All of it was weird.



And it wasn't quite working.

Are you okay?



Did it fall out or -

-Using my hand.



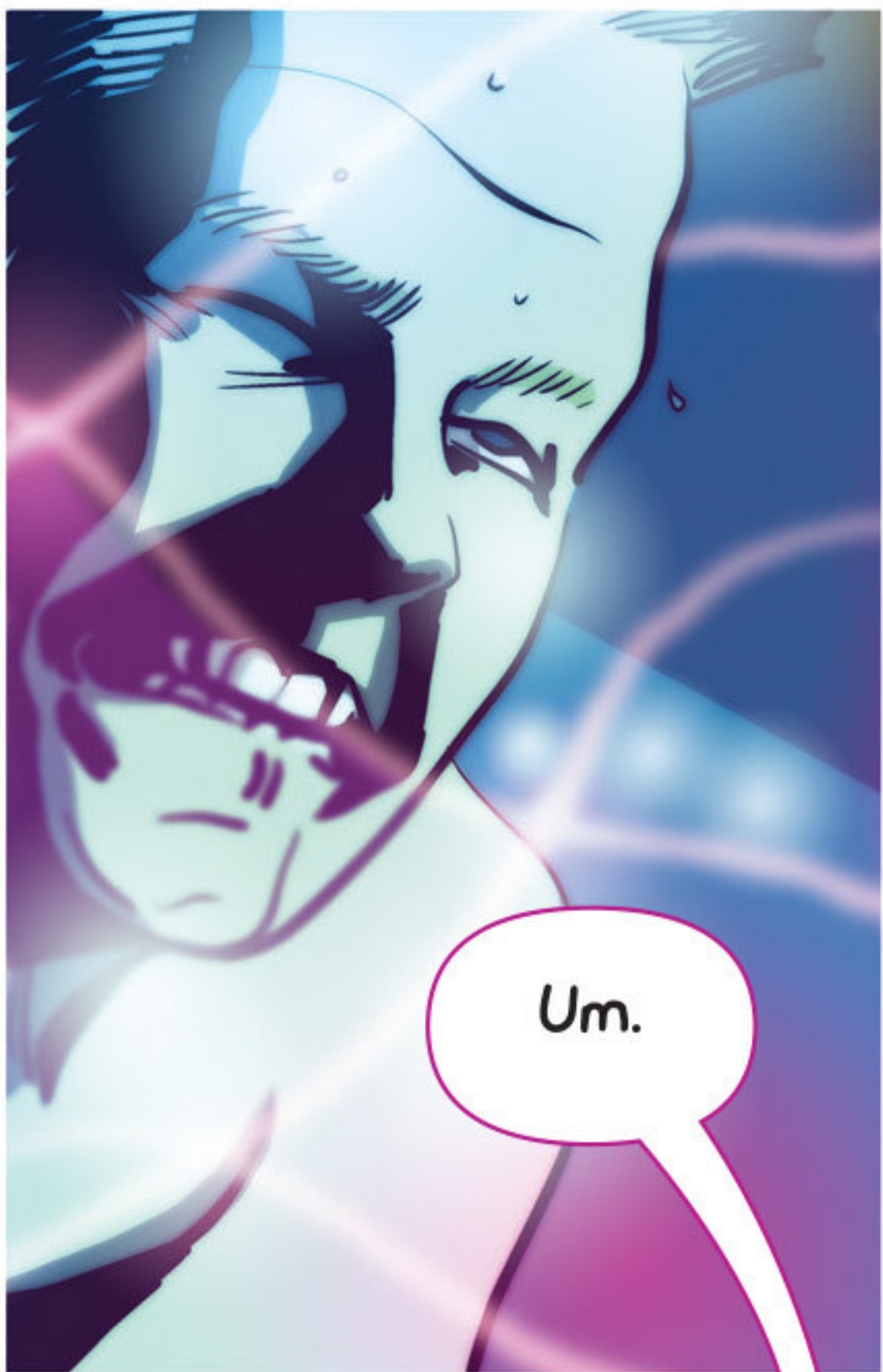
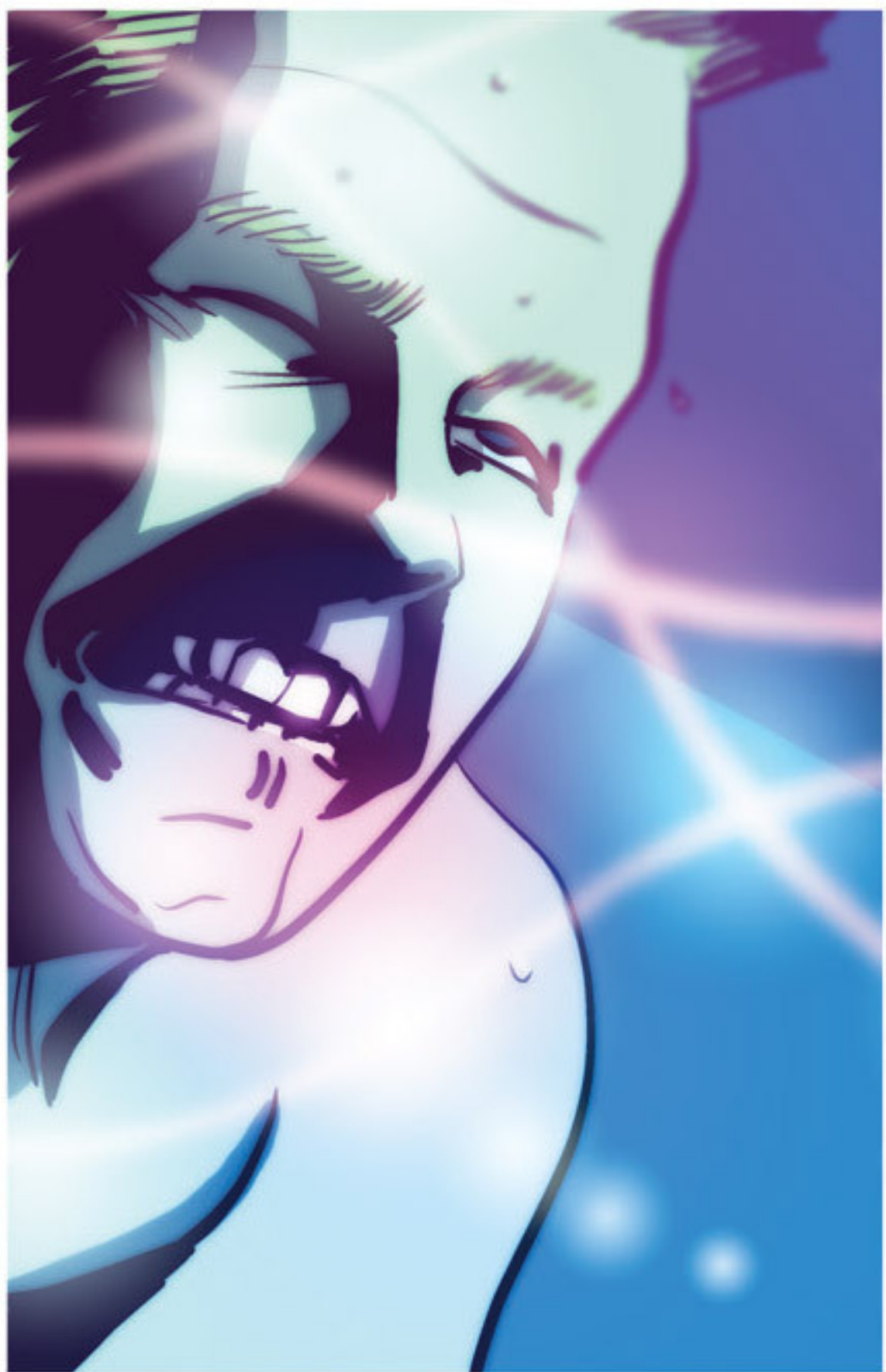
Don't stop.

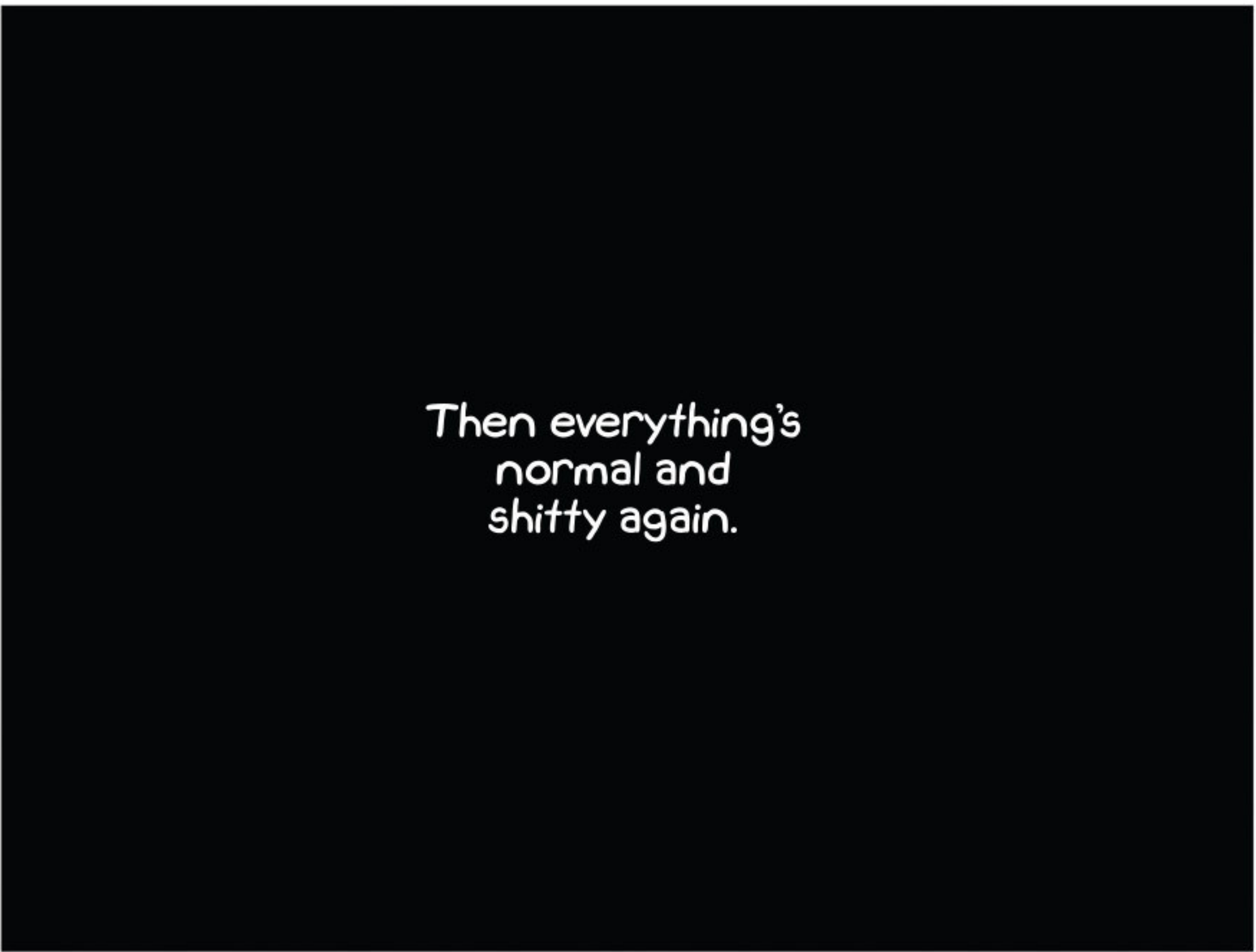


OH.



!

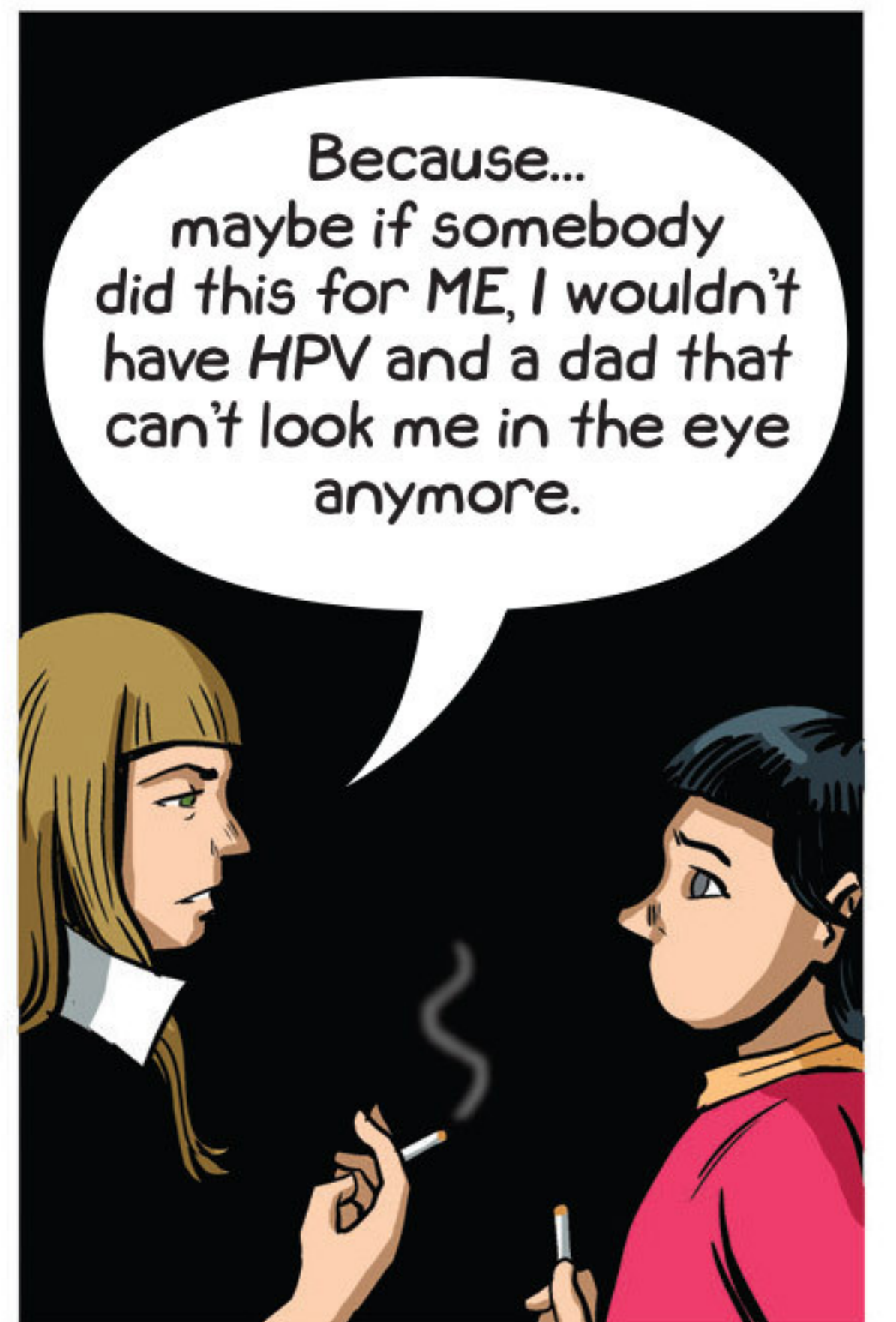
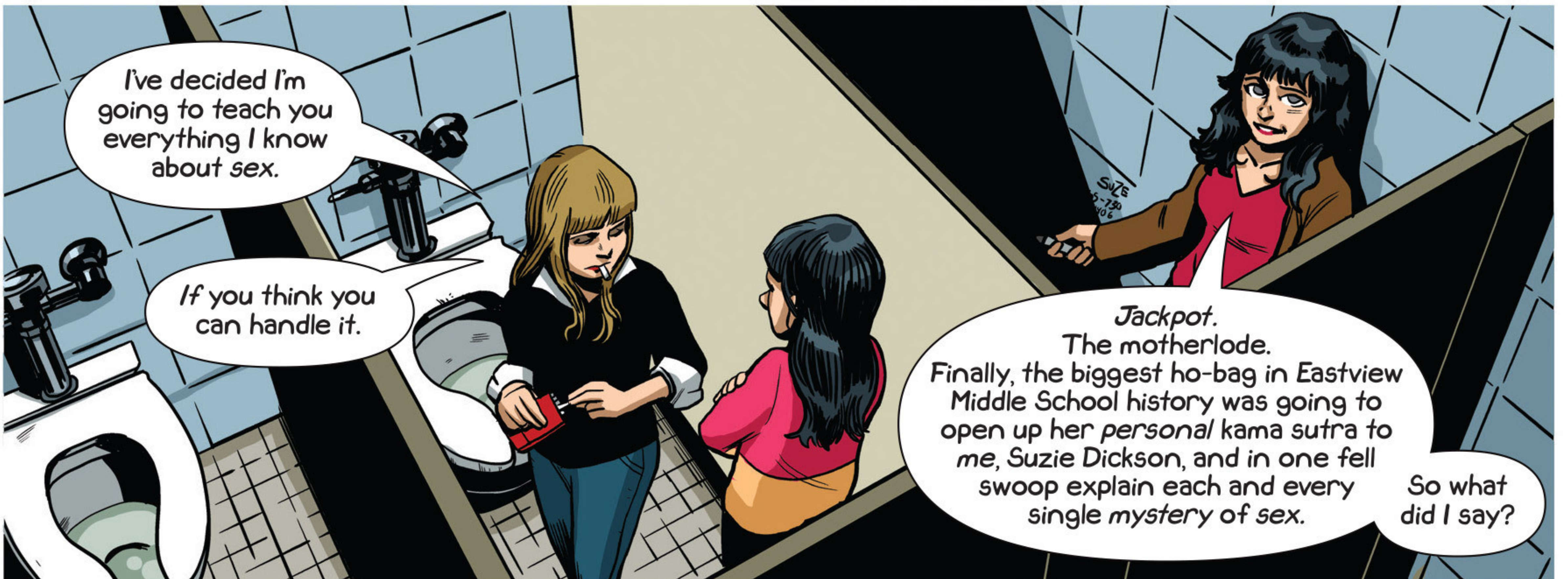


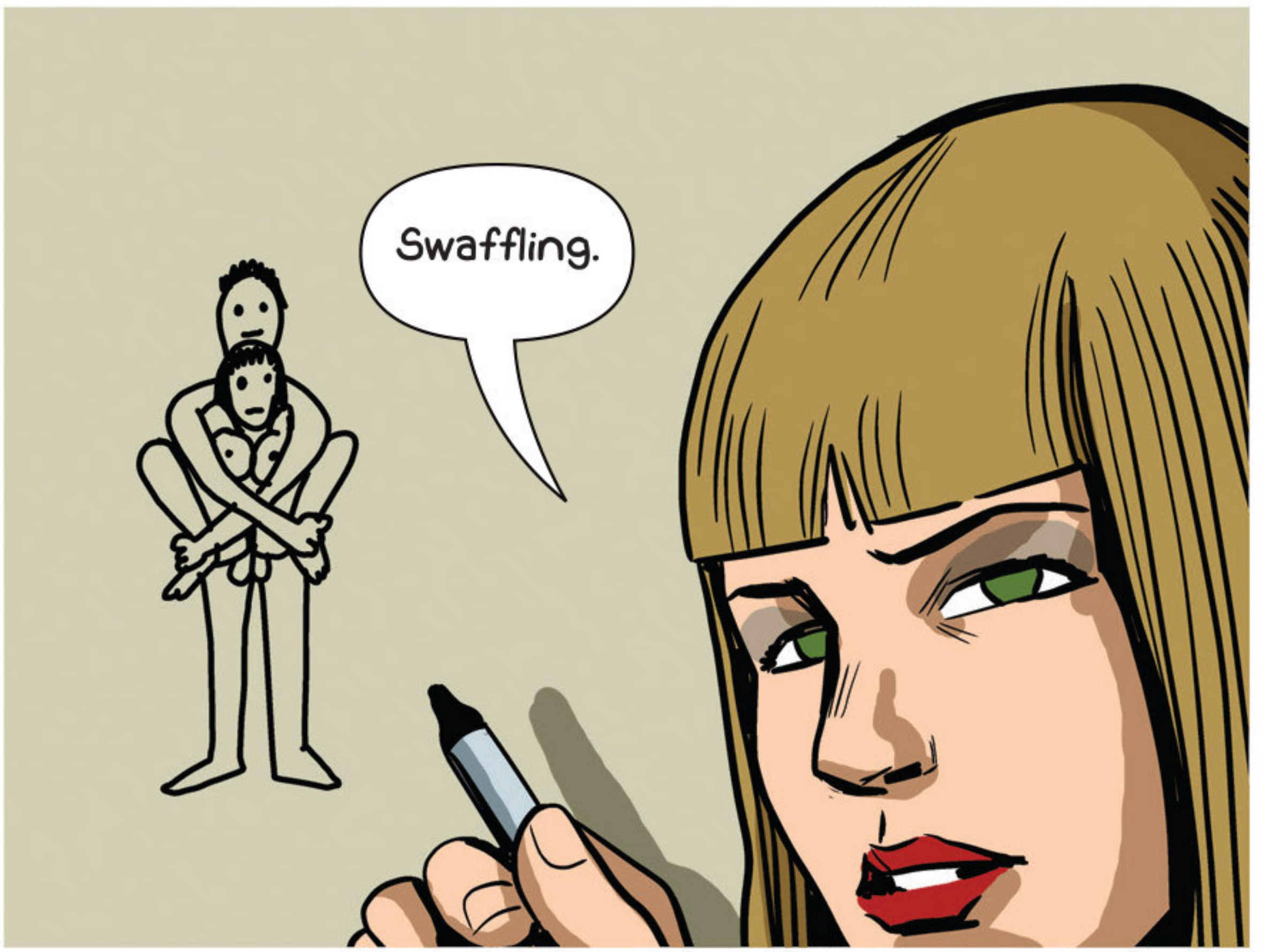


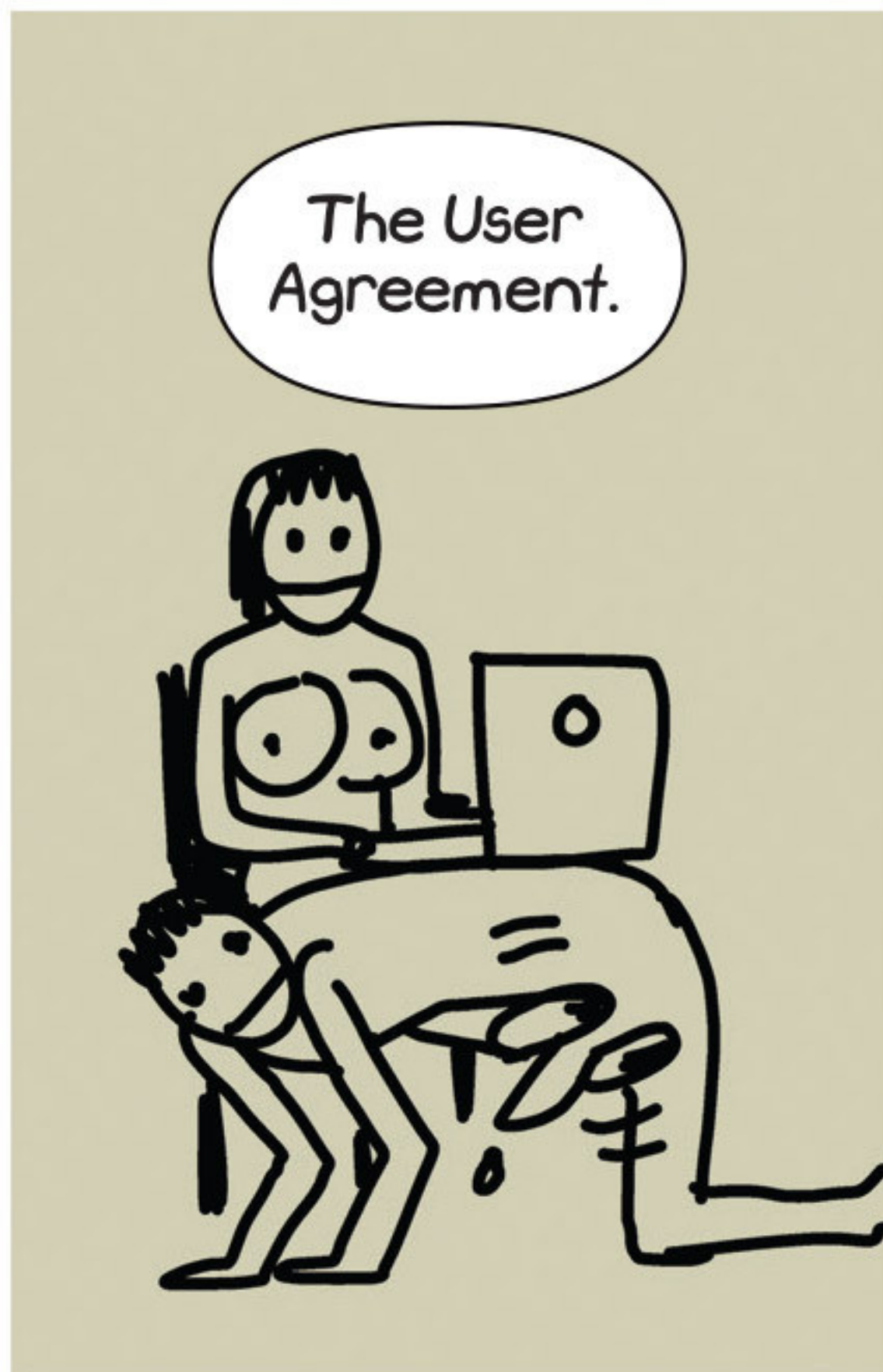
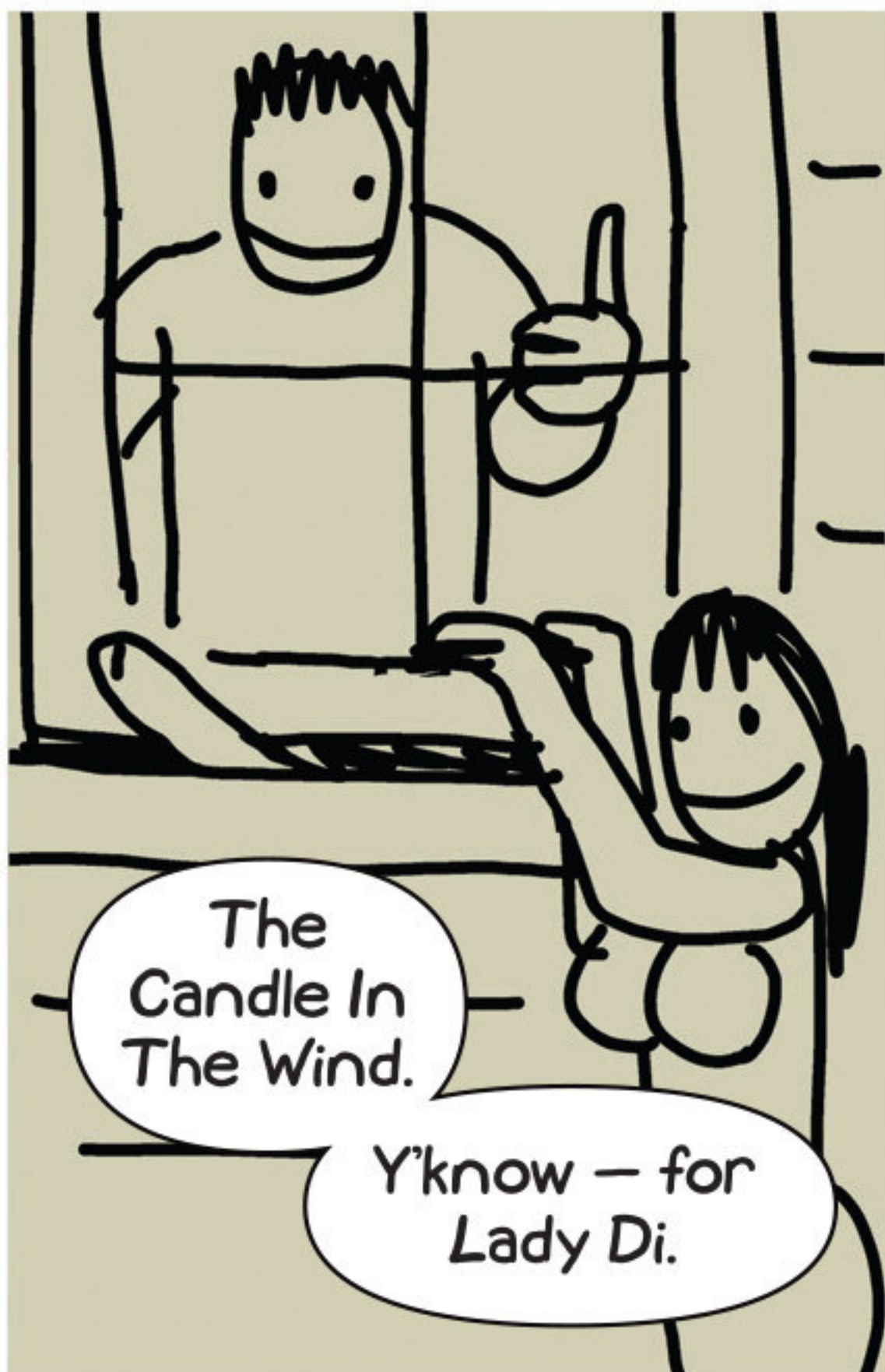
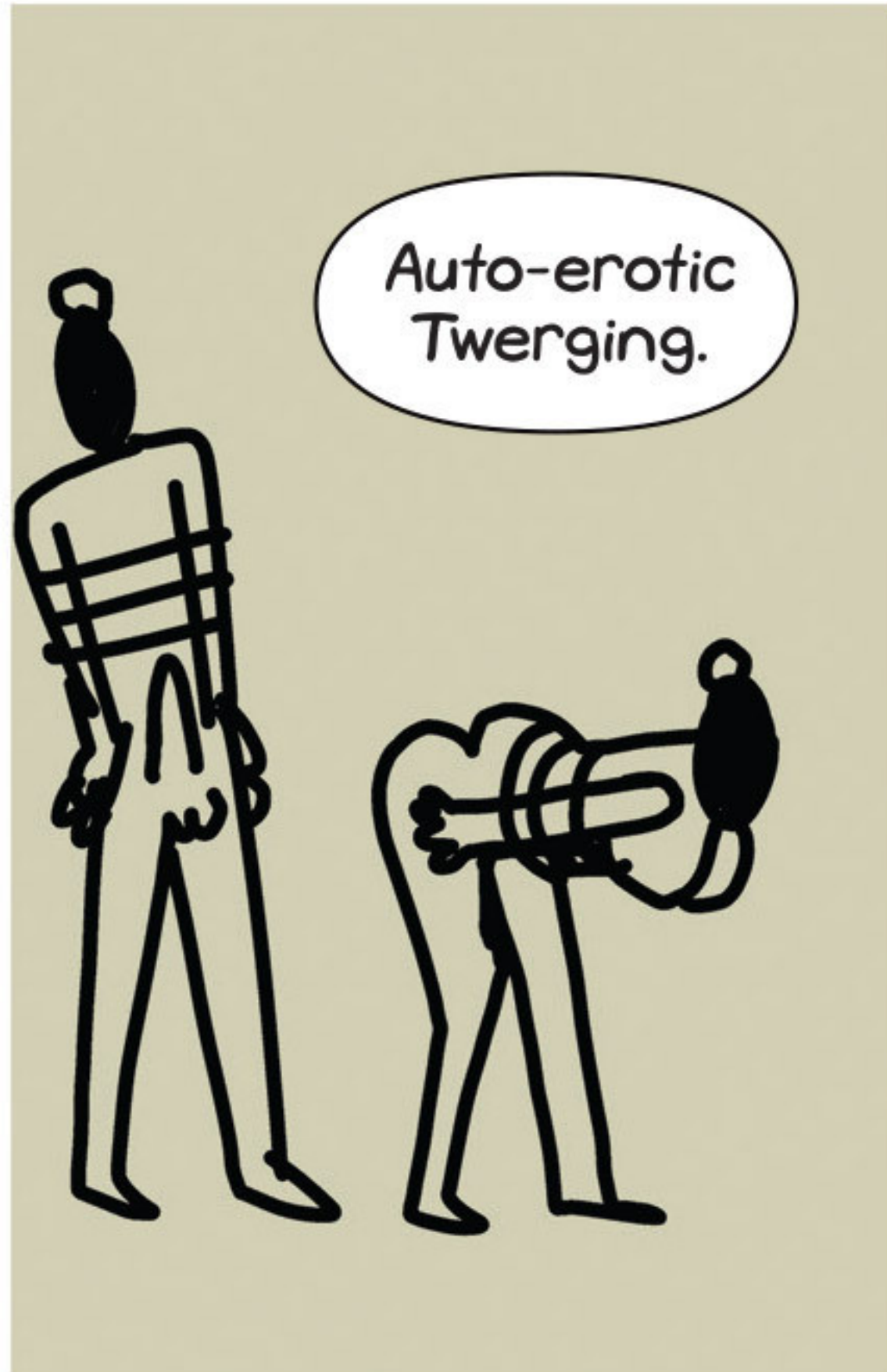
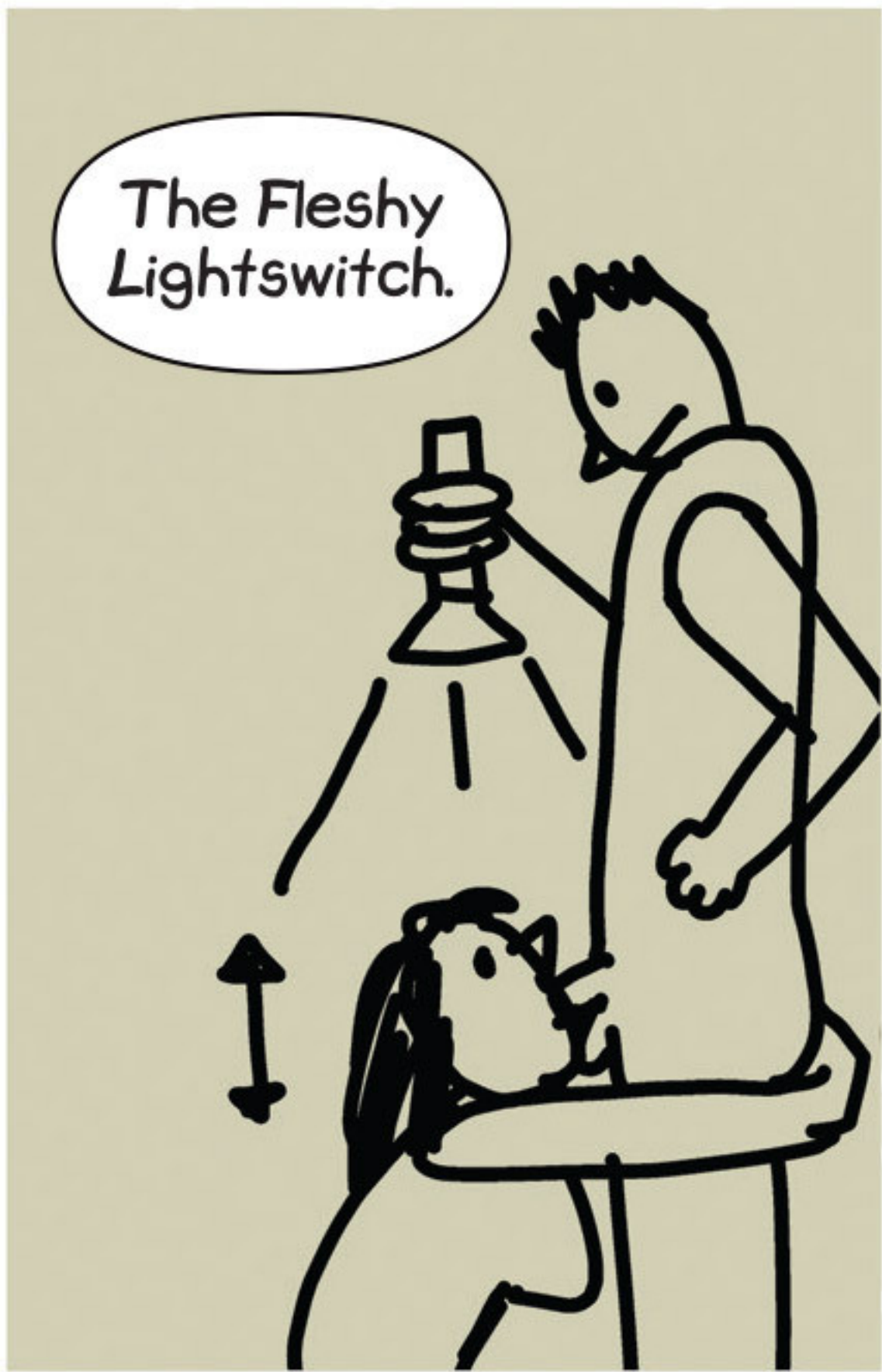
SUZIE
VS
THE DIRTY GIRLS
ROUND 2

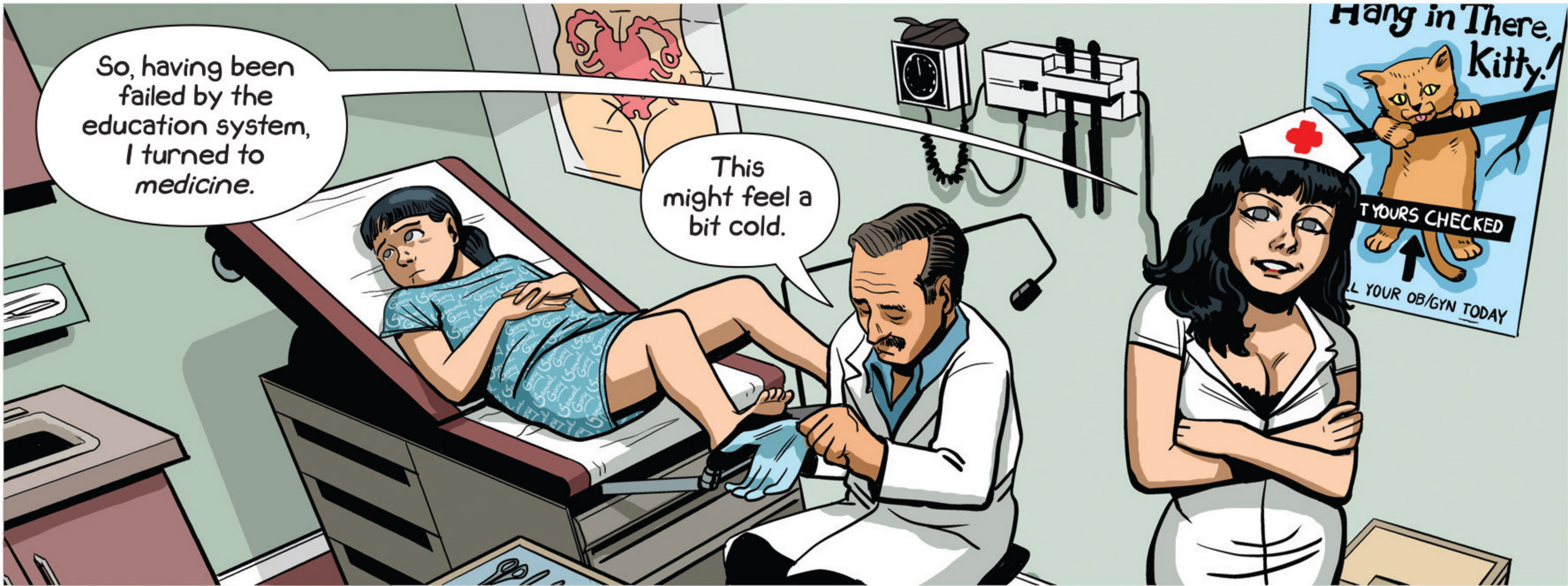


Strike one.

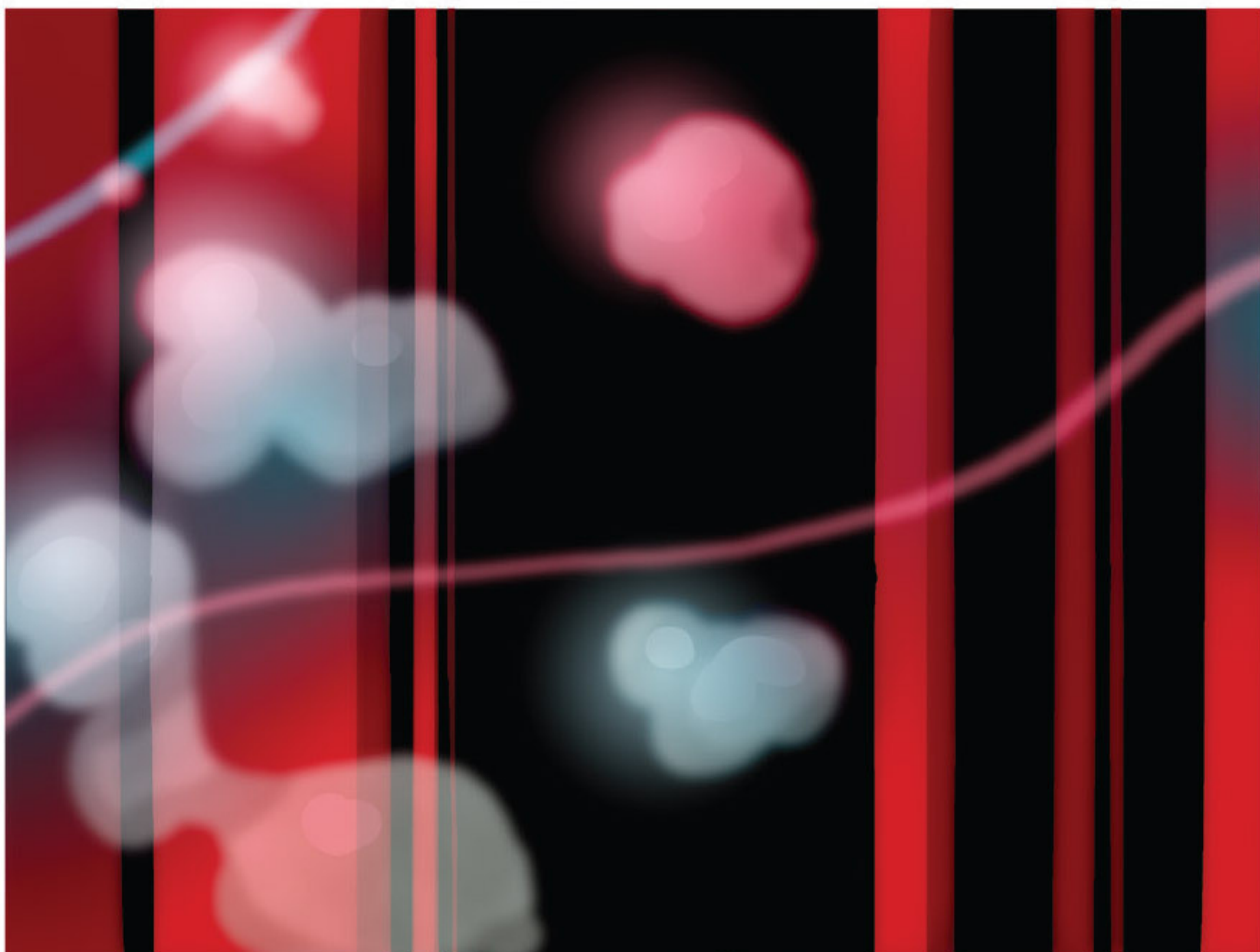












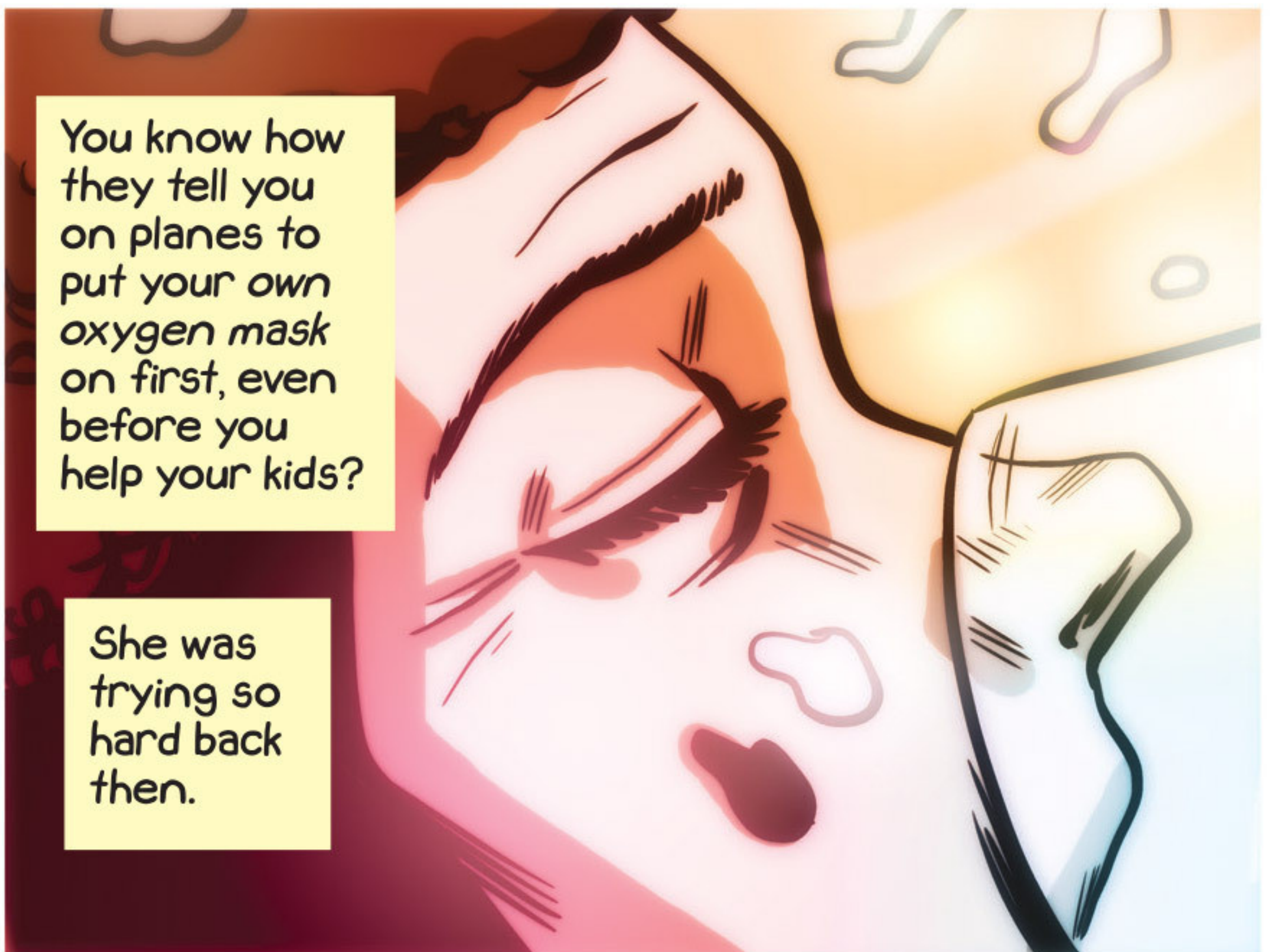
GGHHUUUUUHHH --



Oh boy.

Here it comes.

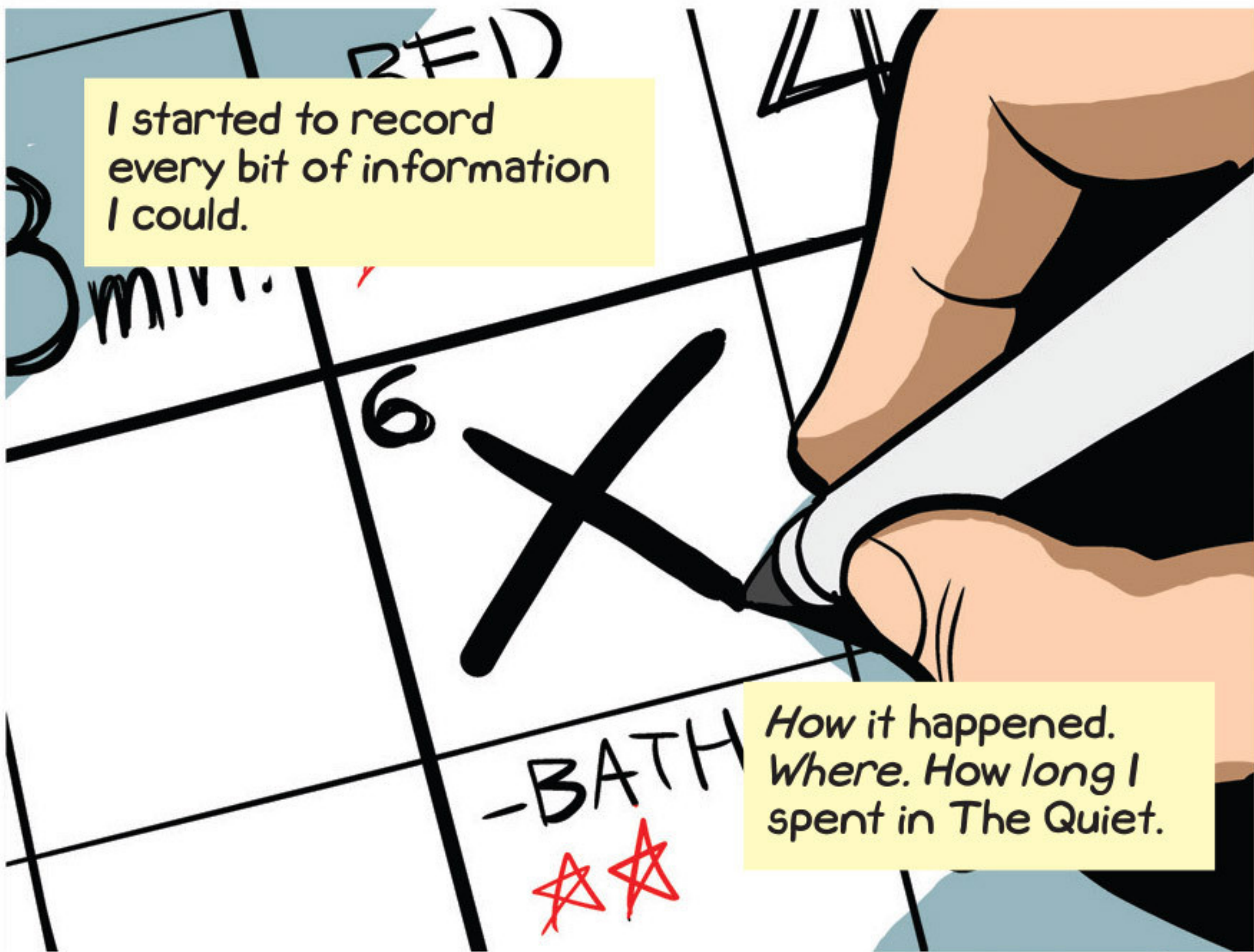
As it were.





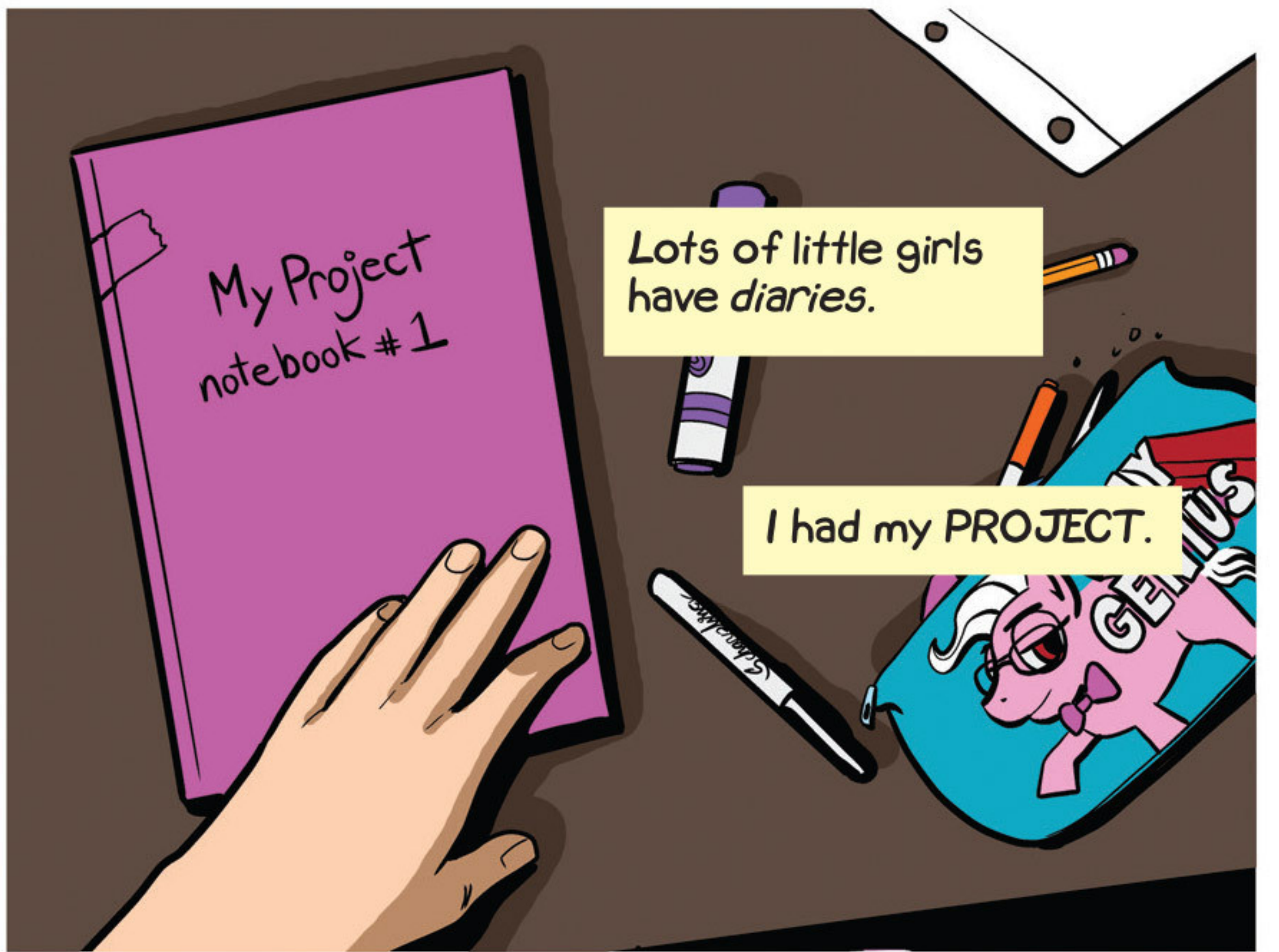
I needed more data.

I would become my own subject.



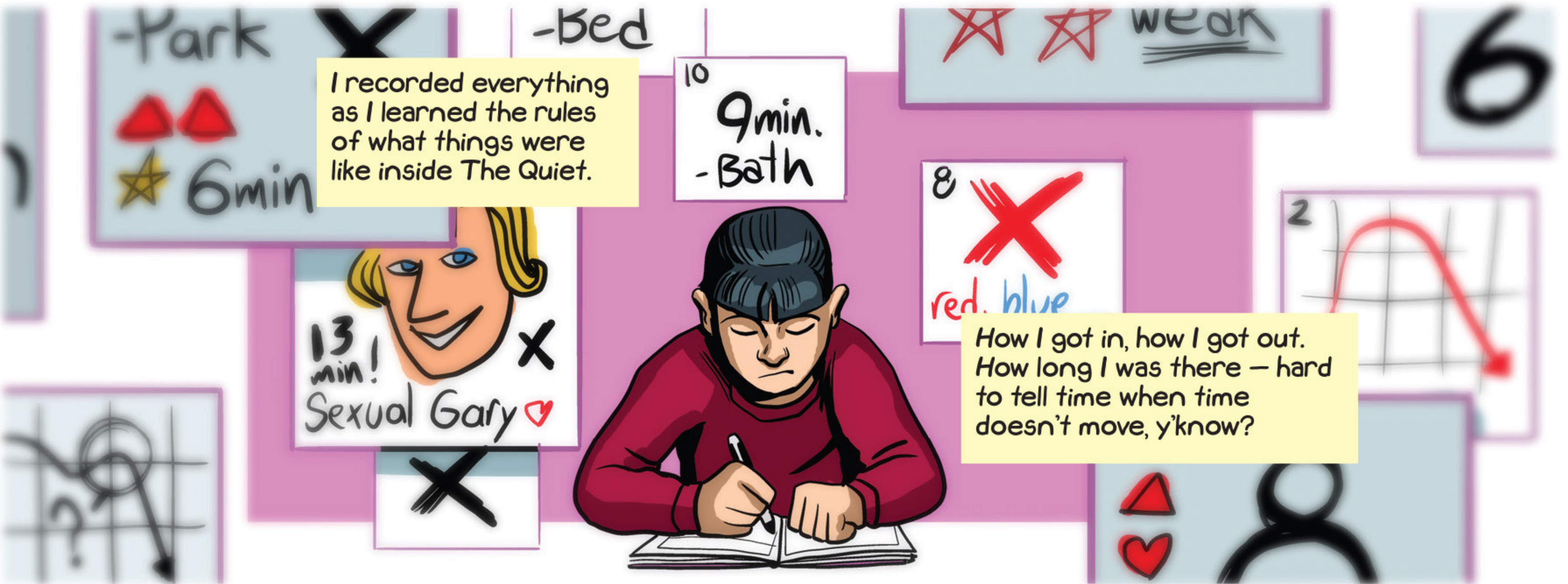
I started to record every bit of information I could.

How it happened. Where. How long I spent in The Quiet.



Lots of little girls have diaries.

I had my PROJECT.



I recorded everything as I learned the rules of what things were like inside The Quiet.

How I got in, how I got out. How long I was there – hard to tell time when time doesn't move, y'know?



I need help. Um.

I have a lot of information, but no good way of sorting it all and searching through it and stuff.







"LO. LEE. TA.

"SHE WAS LO,
PLAIN LO, IN THE
MORNING, STANDING
FOUR FEET TEN IN
ONE SOCK.

"SHE WAS LOLA
IN SLACKS.

"SHE WAS
DOLLY AT
SCHOOL.

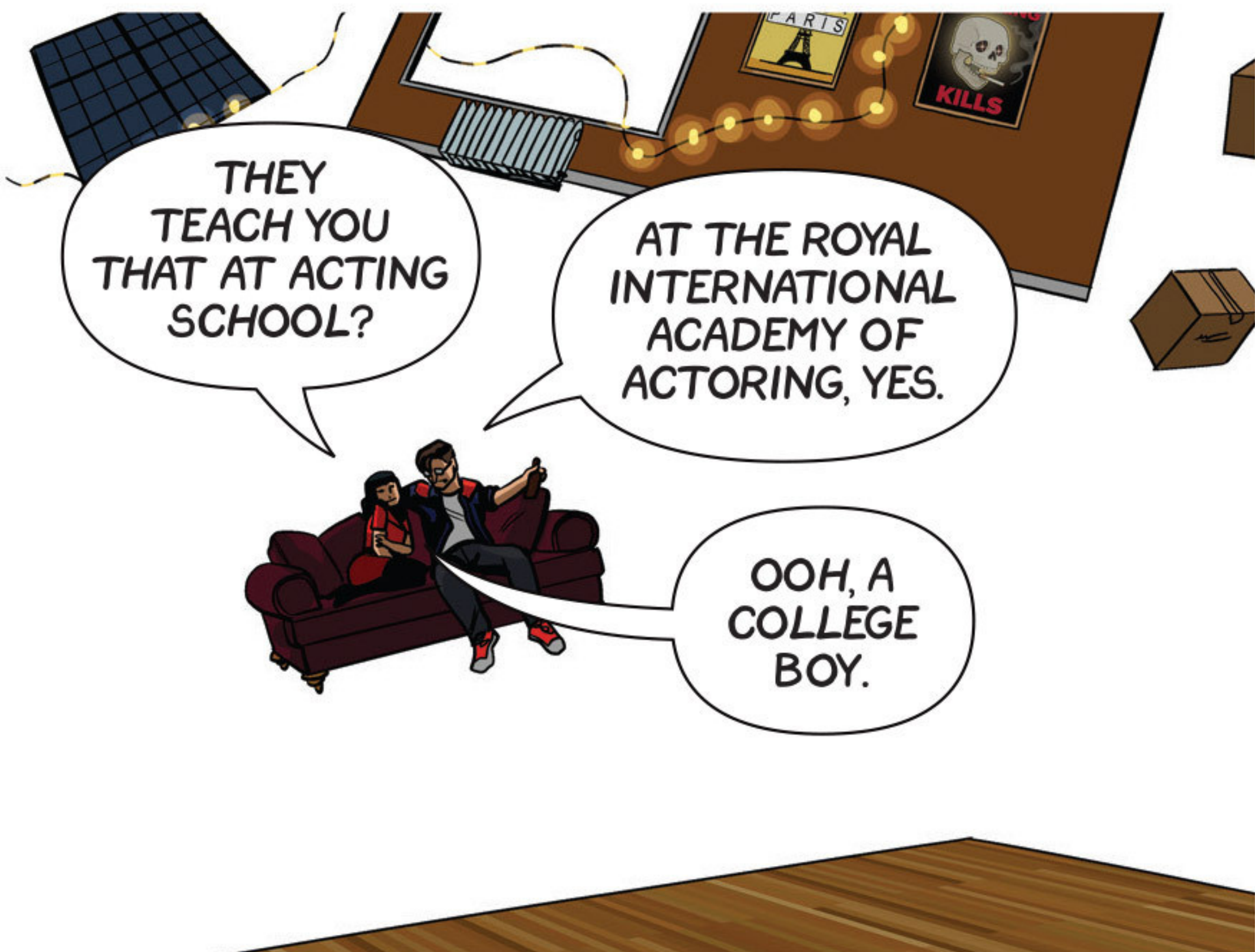
"SHE WAS
DELORES ON
THE DOTTED
LINE.

"BUT IN MY
ARMS SHE WAS
ALWAYS...

"...LOLITA."

HI. I'M
SUZIE.

JON. HEY.



Because of this.

Because you're funny.

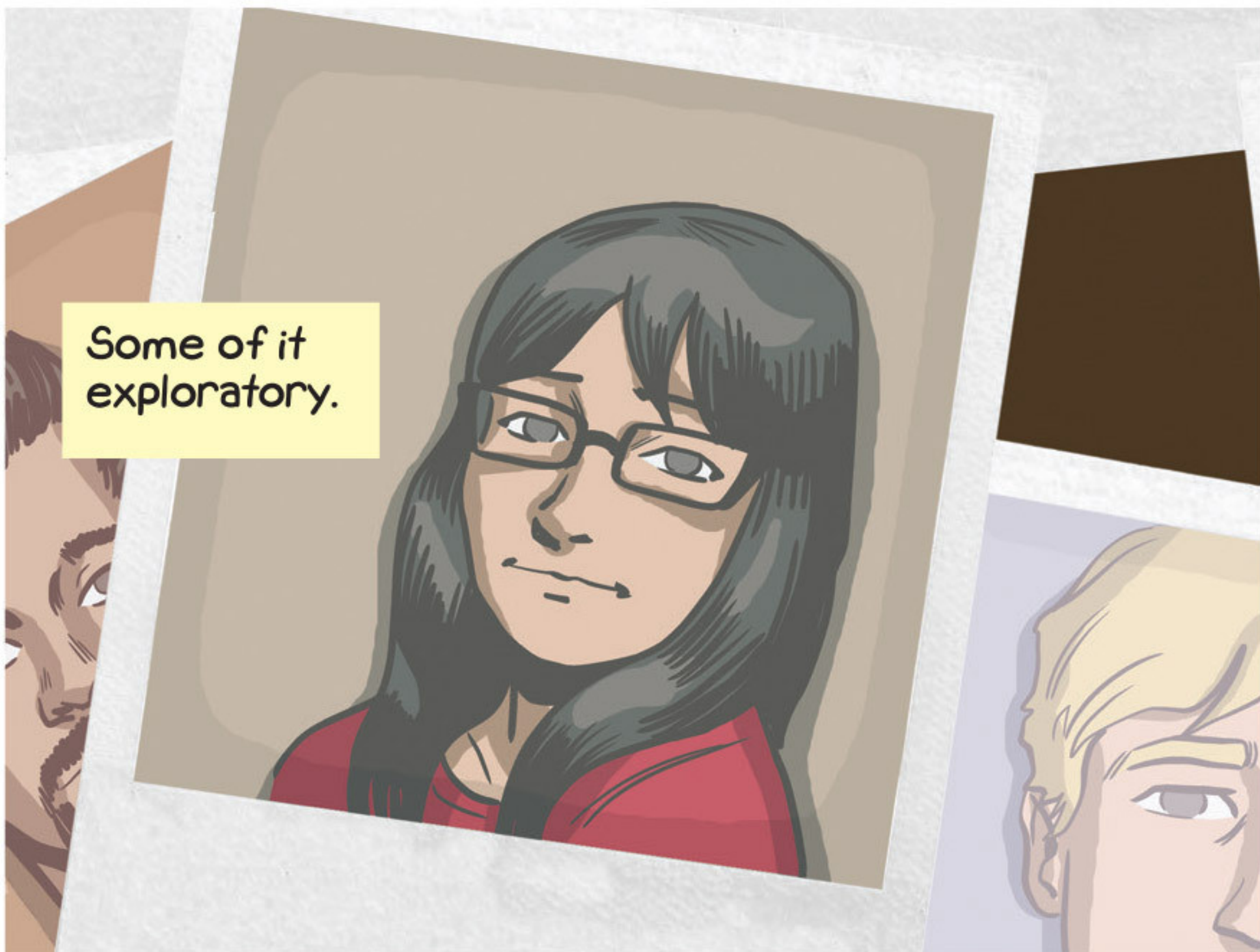
Because you know *Lolita*.

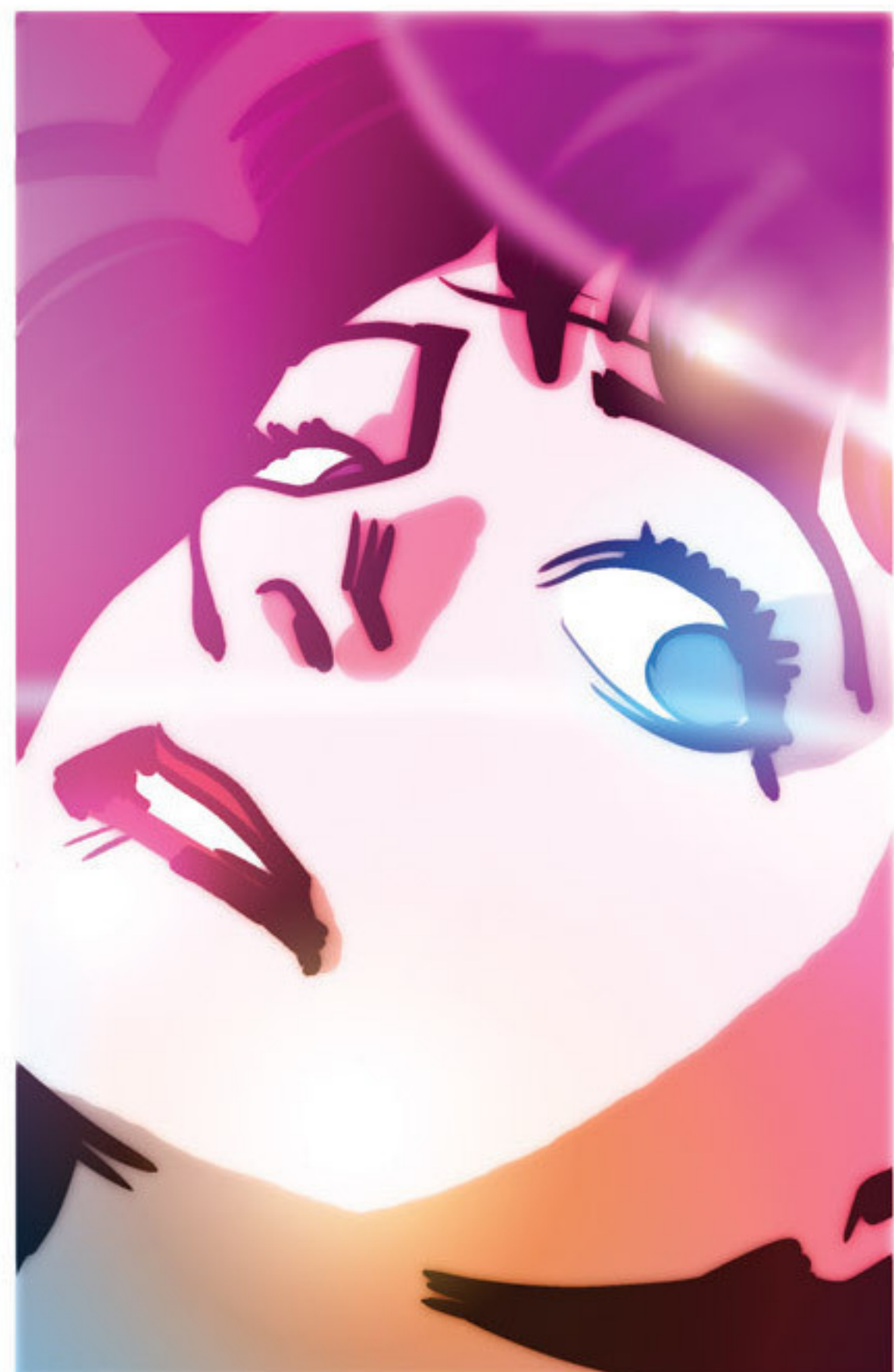
And Nabokov and James Mason too.

Because you're cute and funny and I'm kind of sad and you haven't tried hitting on me once.

Because you weren't even trying...













2
COME,
WORLD





Things got out of control. Out of hand.

Hup.



Look, anyone can see things have gone too —

Shift!



Jon!

'sokay.



I'm okay.

No, Jon, we're—

—We are NOT OKAY—

Let's run. Forget the money, the bank, your job, my dad—

OKAY, CHILDREN.



We're coming.

"How did I learn I could do this?"



"Well..."



"I was young. Ish."

"And, uh..."



Well, y'know.

First time I.

Y'know.



masturbated

What?

self-abused

Excuse me?

jerked off

WHAT?

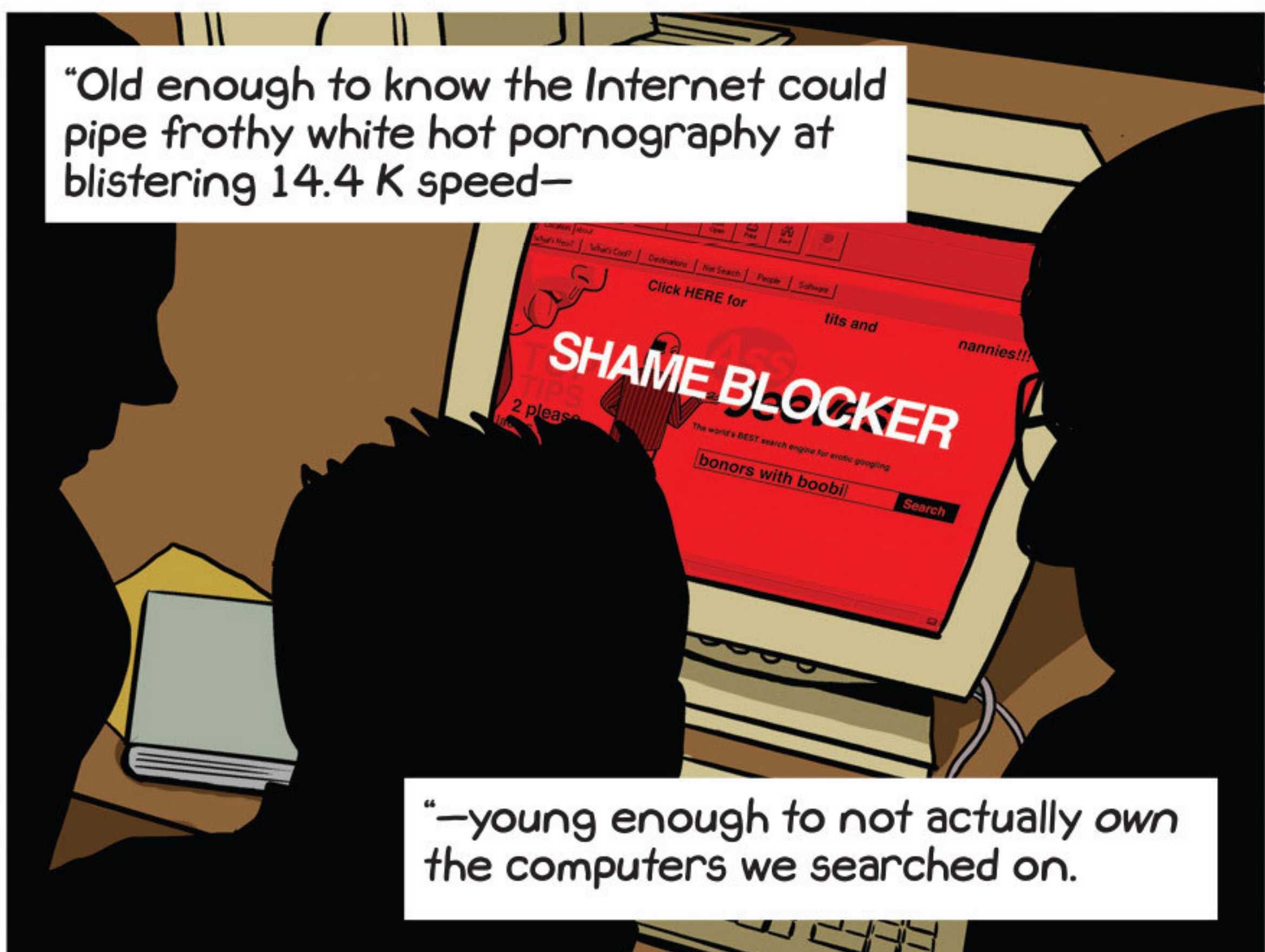
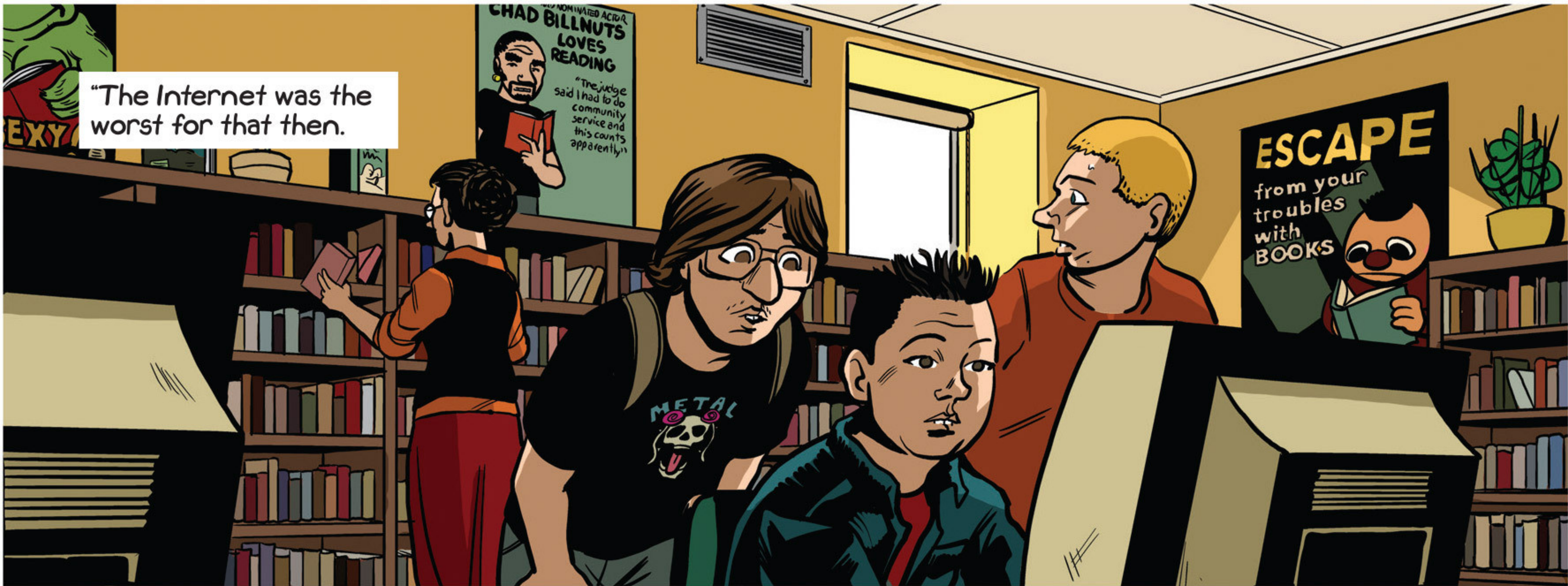
RUBBED ONE OUT JEEZ I know we just slept together, but allow me a shred of modesty...

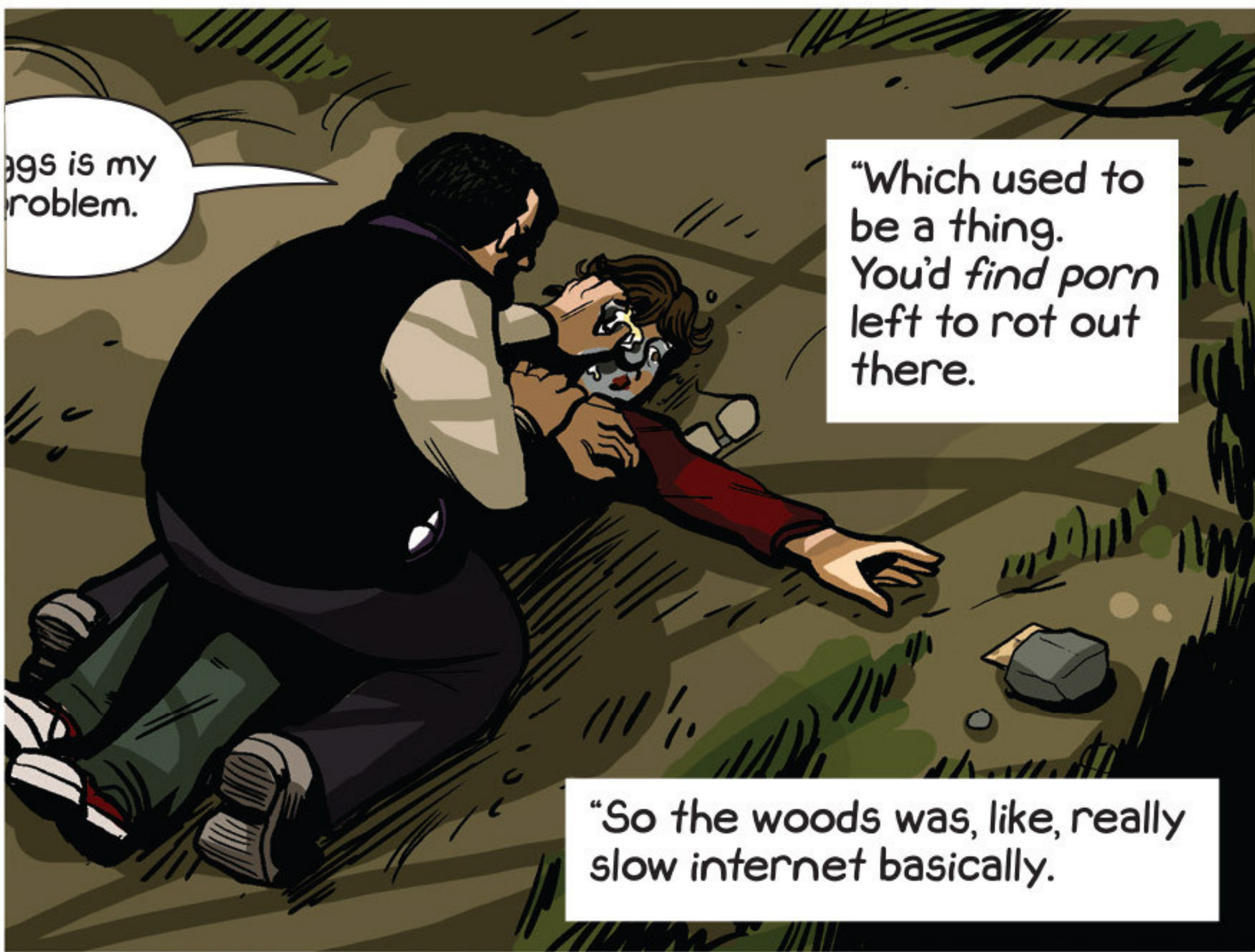
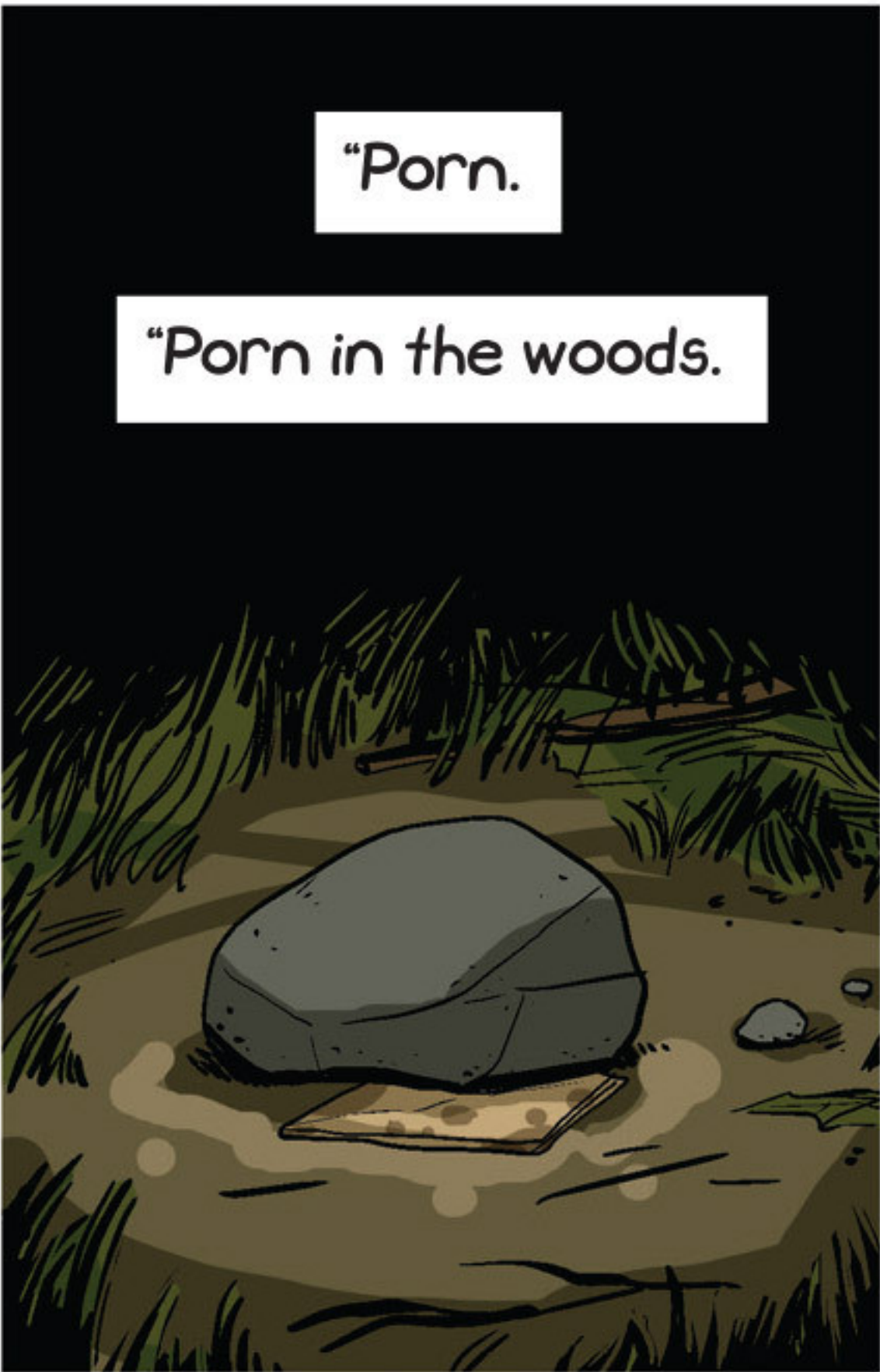


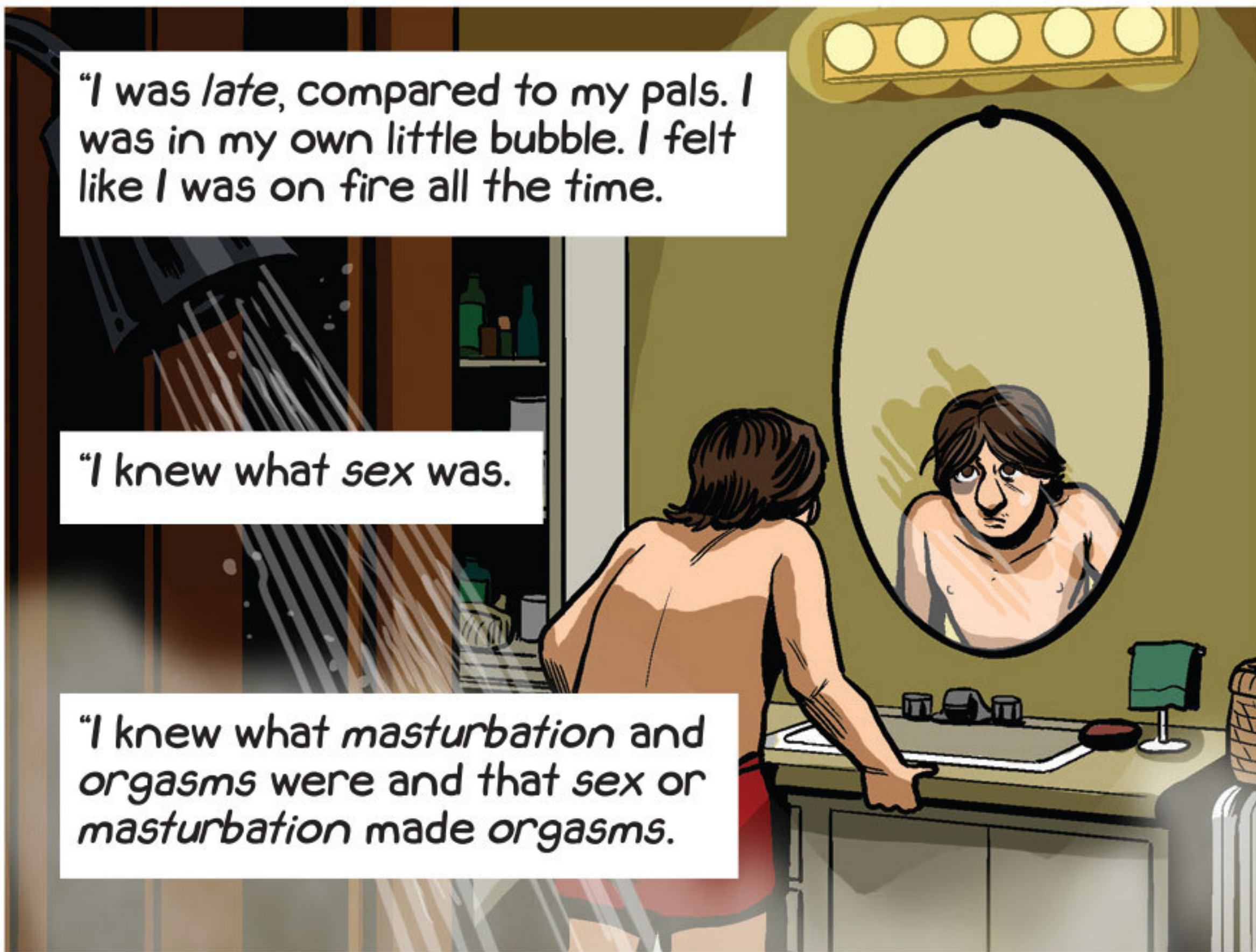
"Back then sex was everywhere..."



"...and, like, nowhere at the same time. Right?"







"I was *late*, compared to my pals. I was in my own little bubble. I felt like I was on fire all the time.

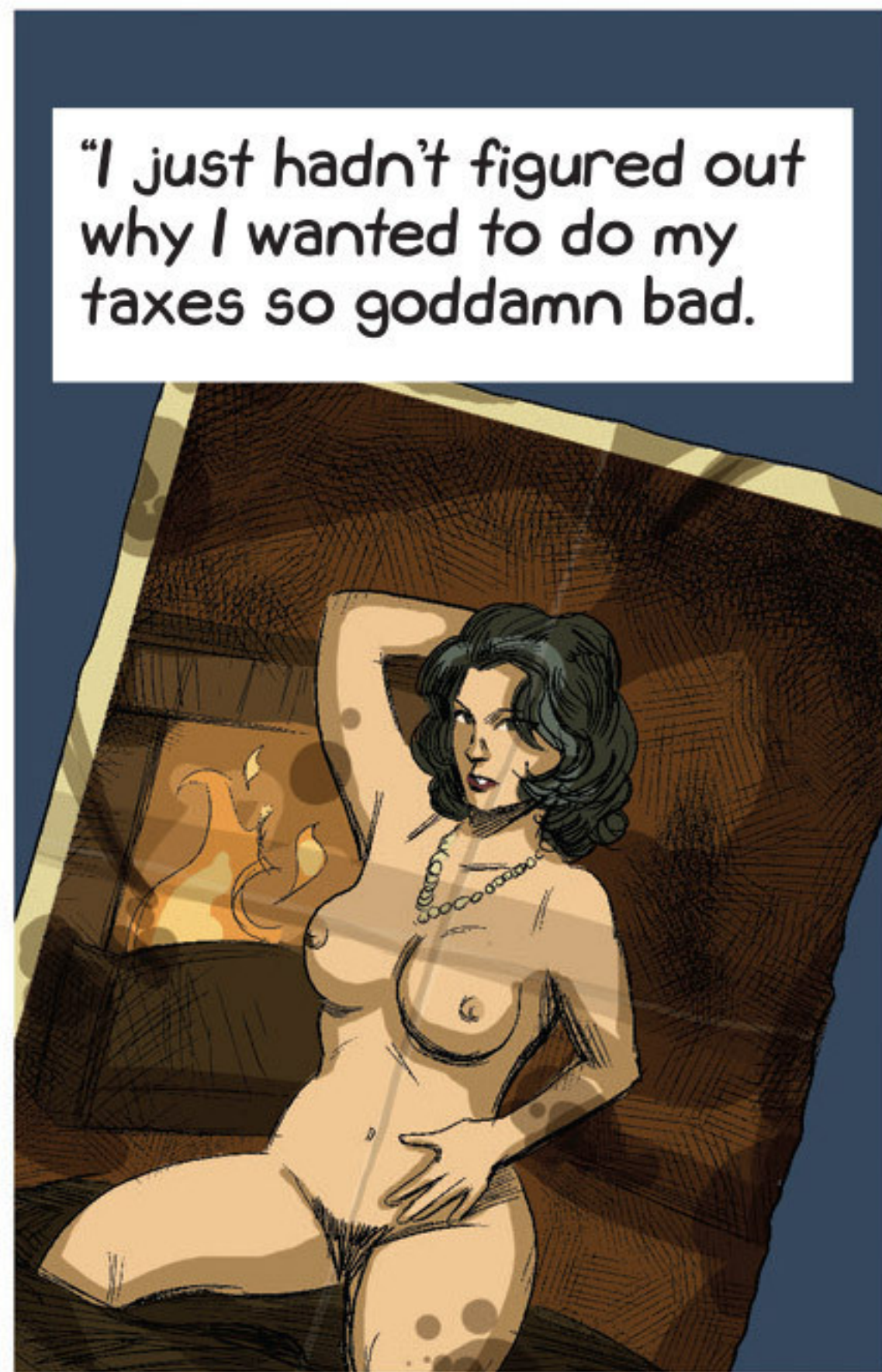
"I knew what sex was.

"I knew what *masturbation* and *orgasms* were and that sex or *masturbation* made *orgasms*.



"But I'd somehow missed that it was the *orgasm* part that felt good.

"I think I thought sex was something like *taxes*: a thing grownups did.



"I just hadn't figured out why I wanted to do my *taxes* so goddamn bad.



"Maybe because we called guys we didn't like '*jerk-offs*.' I didn't do it. I didn't realize...

"It was like I had eggs, milk, sugar, butter, flour—

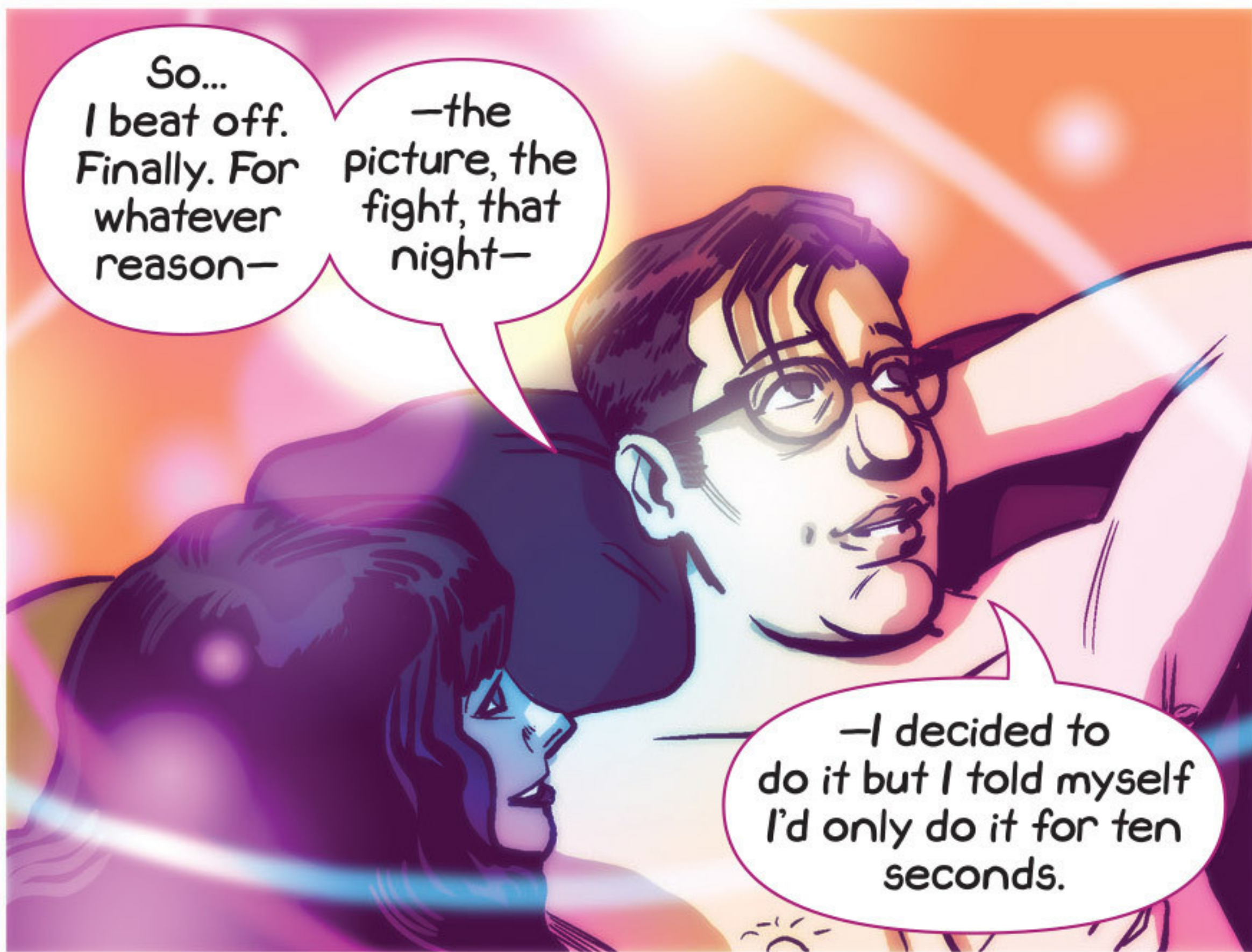
"—and had *no idea* how to turn it all into a cake."



And holy shit did you want cake.

All over my fucking face did I want that cake.

So what happened?



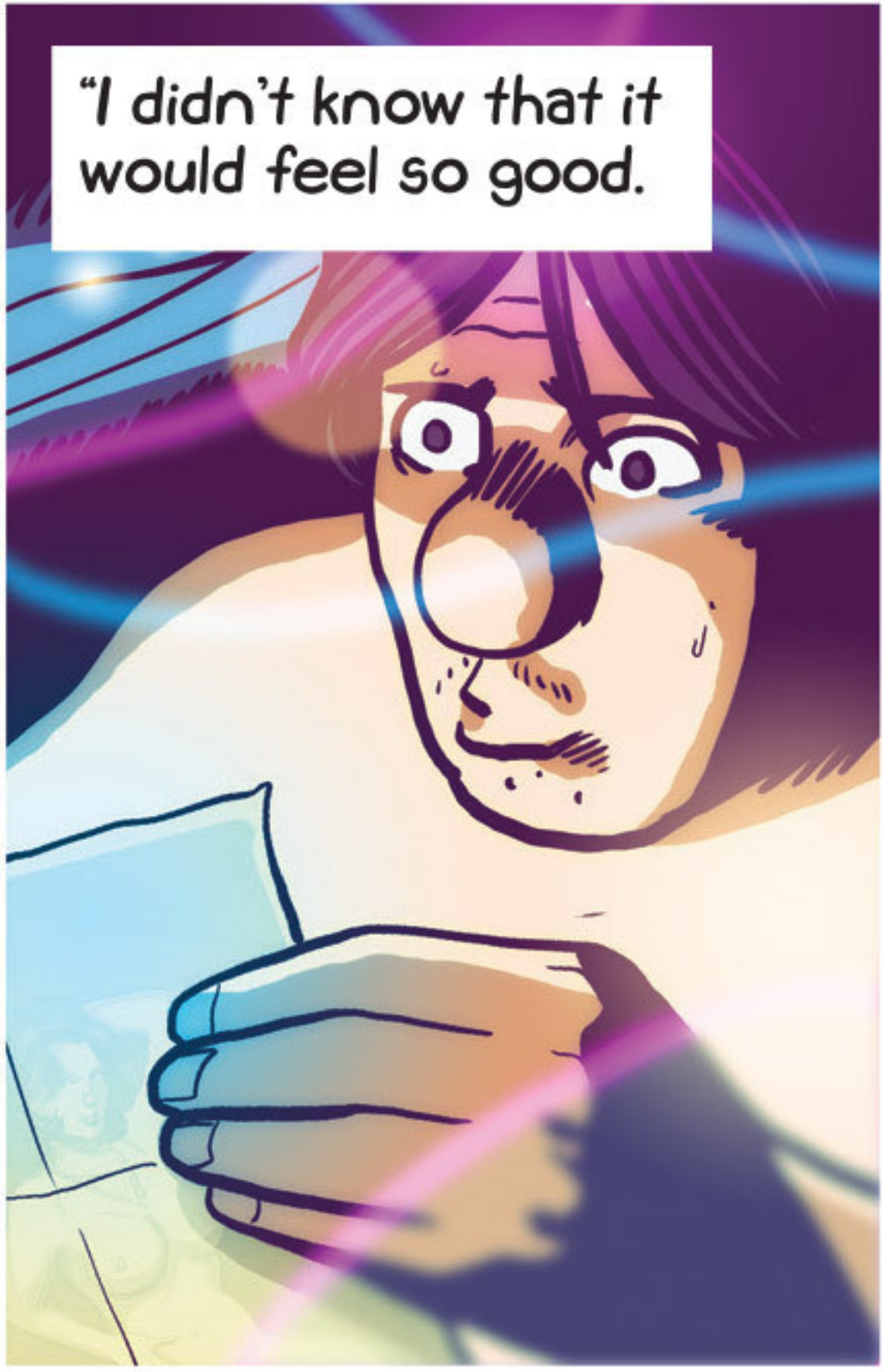
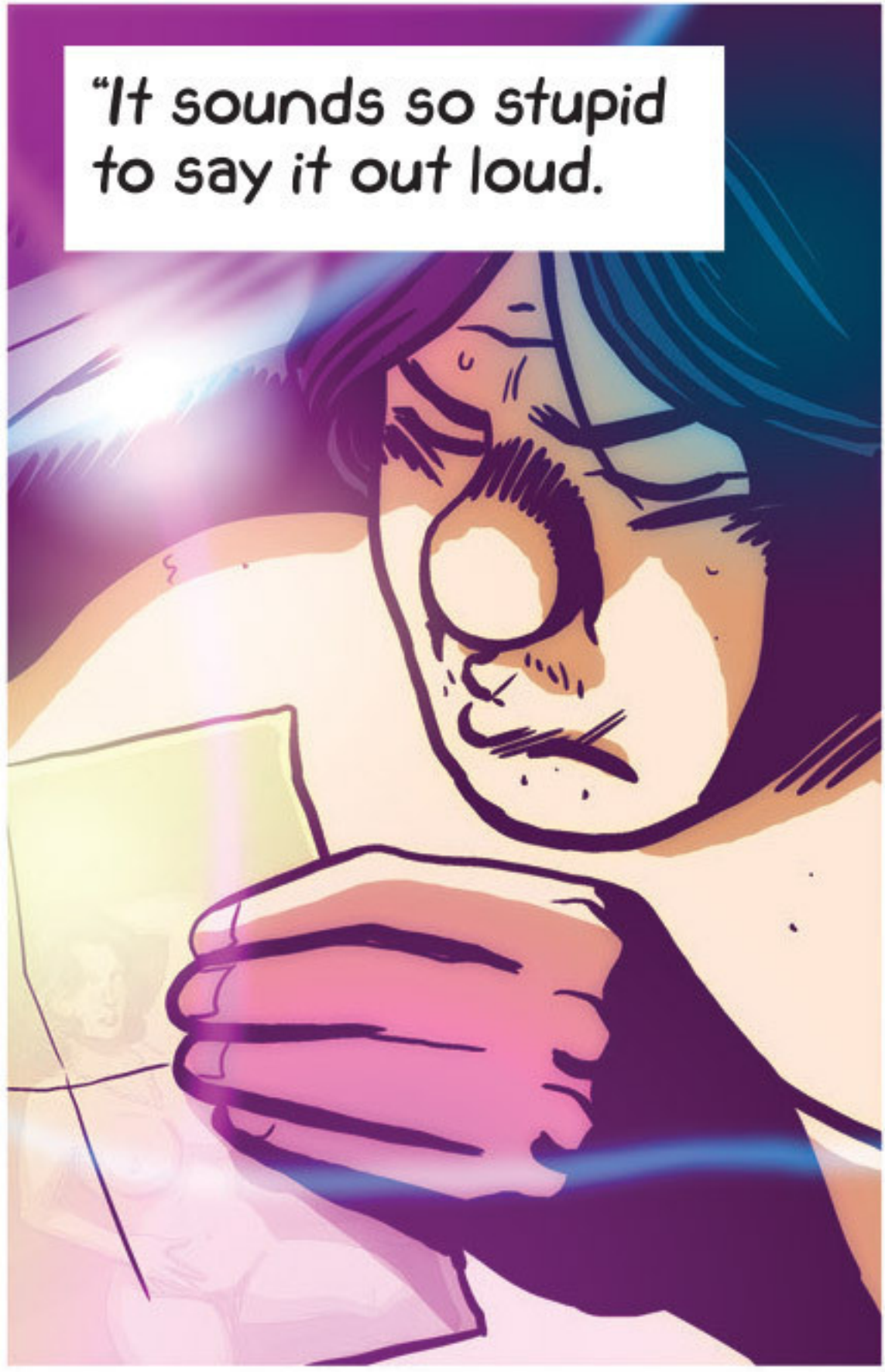
So... I beat off. Finally. For whatever reason—

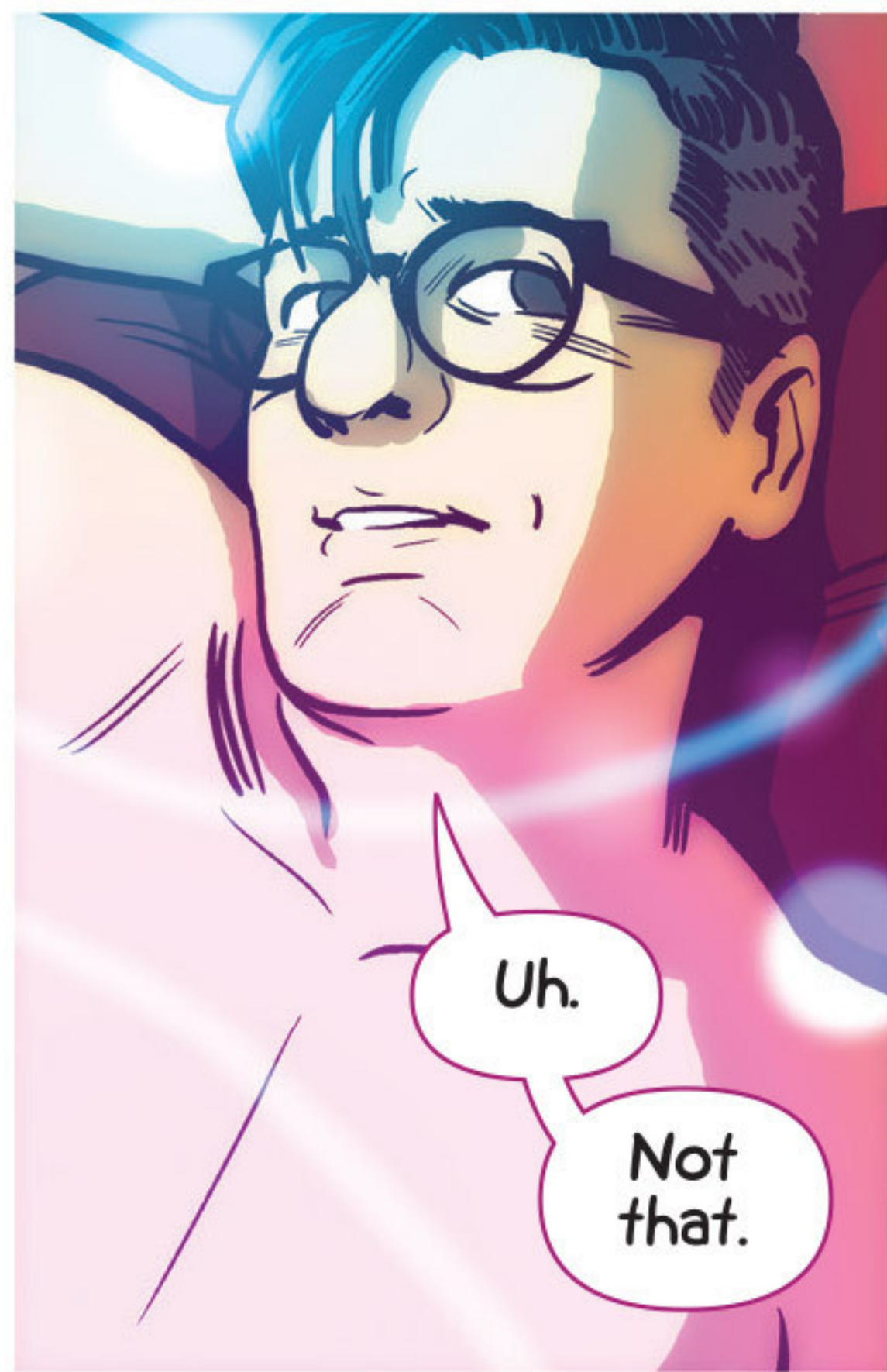
—the picture, the fight, that night—

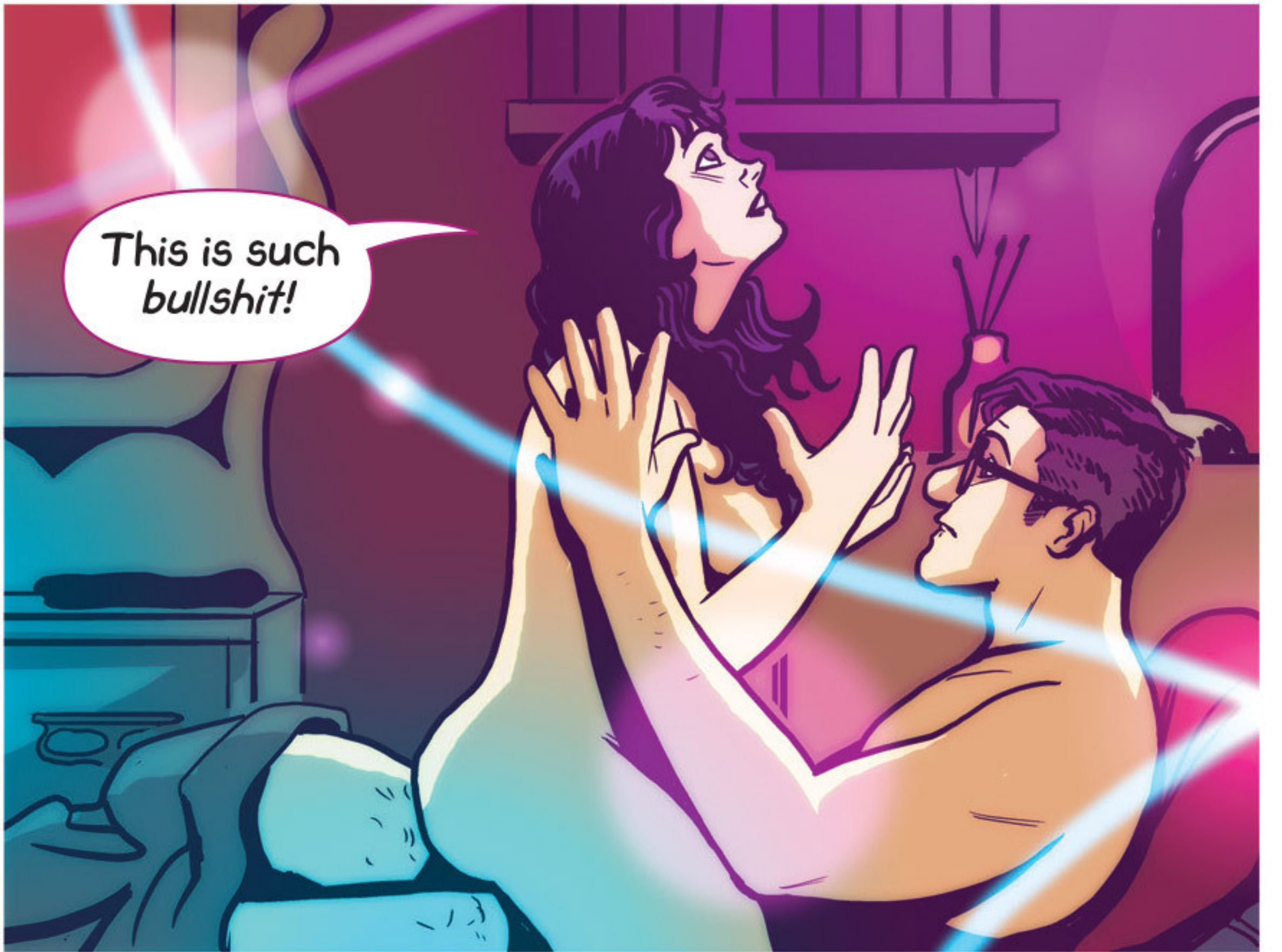
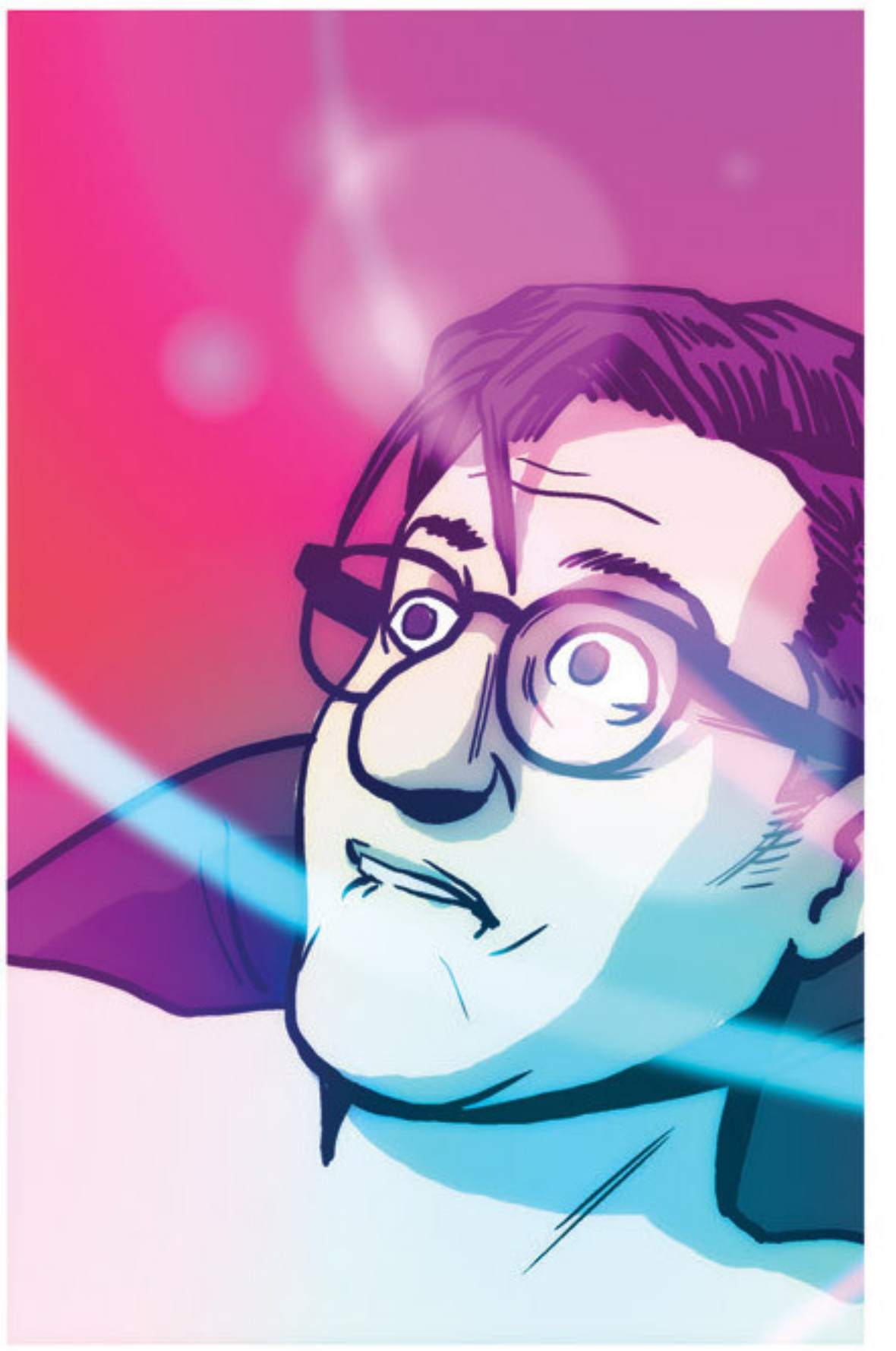
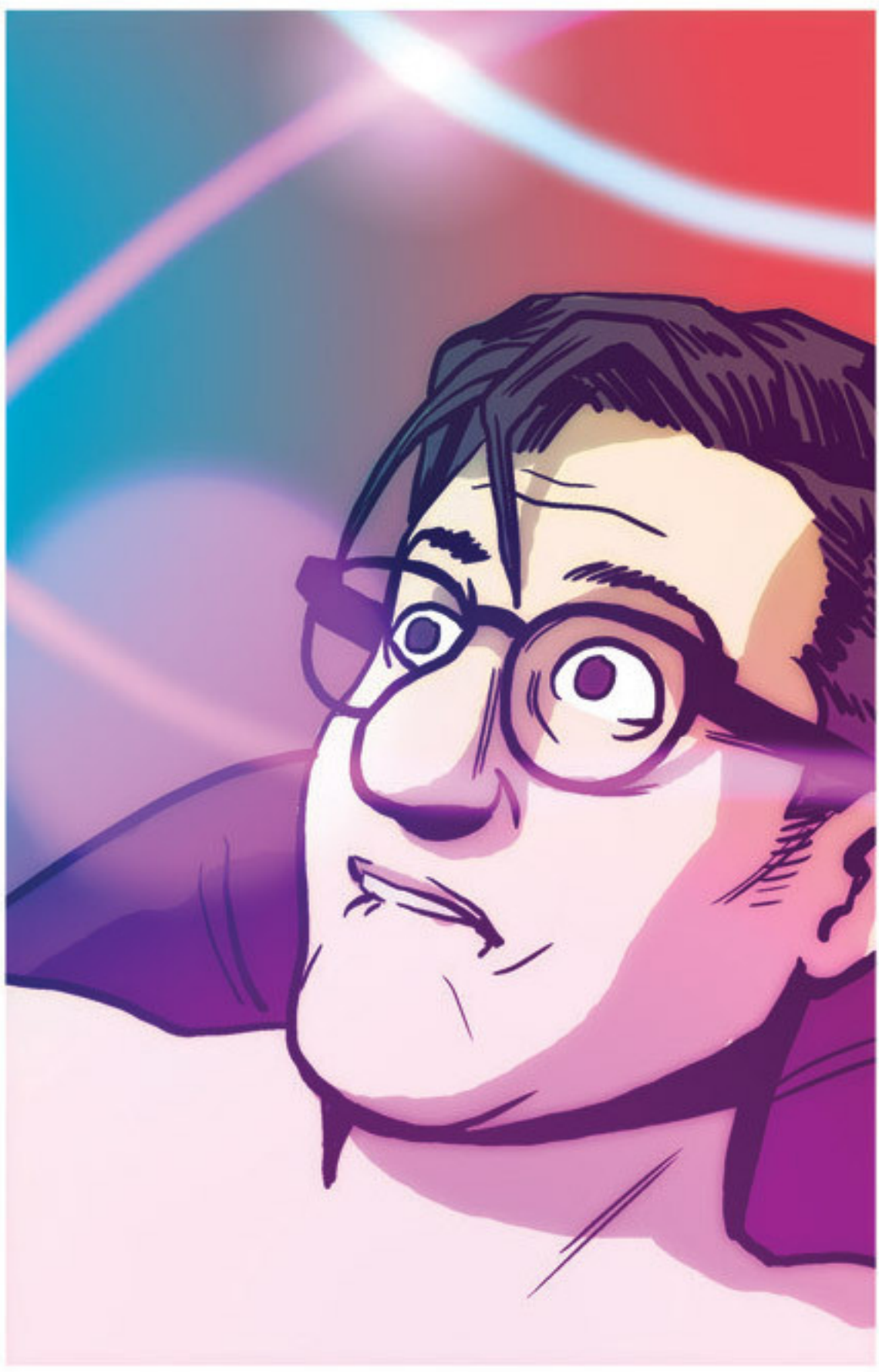
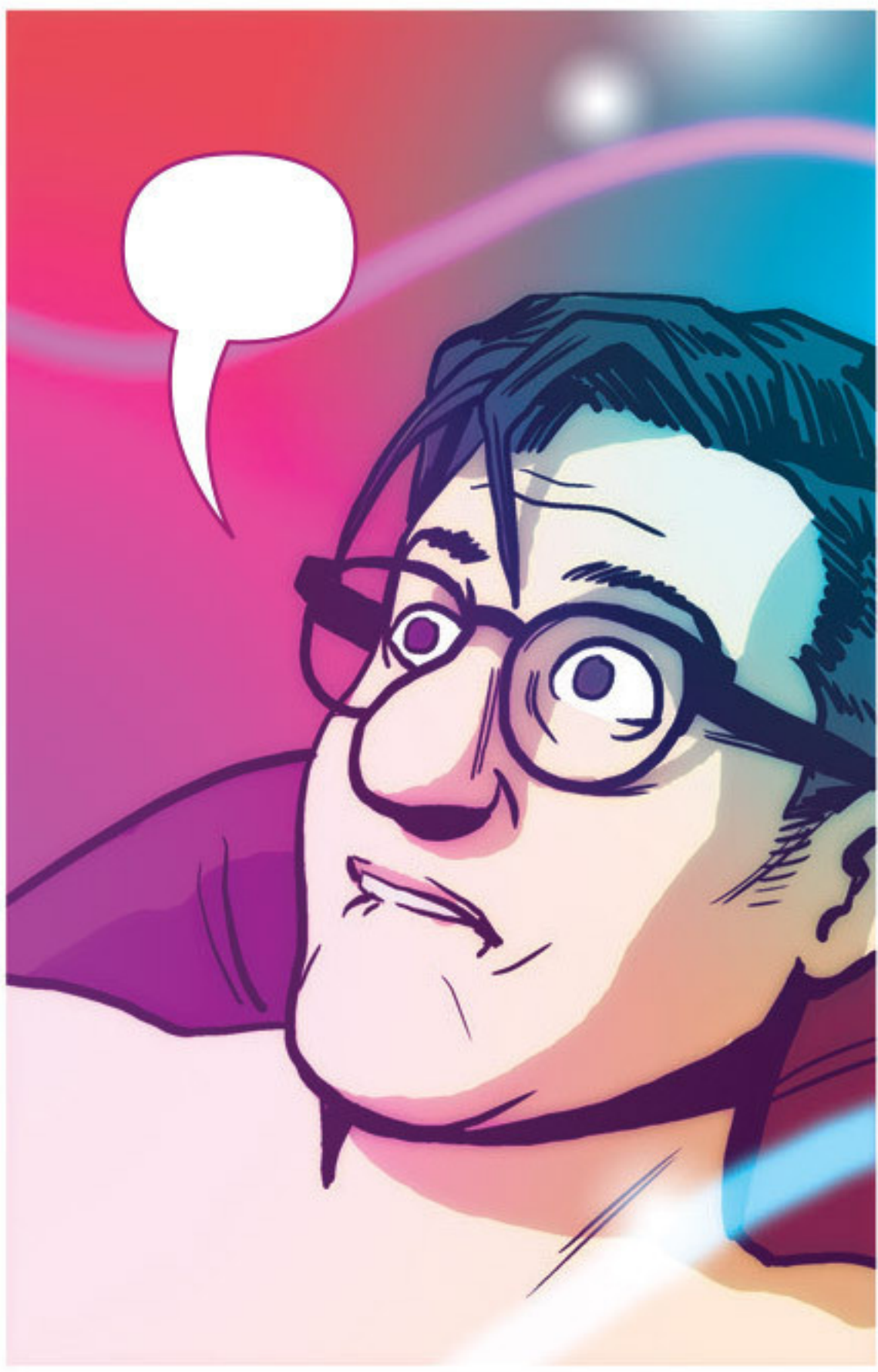
—I decided to do it but I told myself I'd only do it for ten seconds.

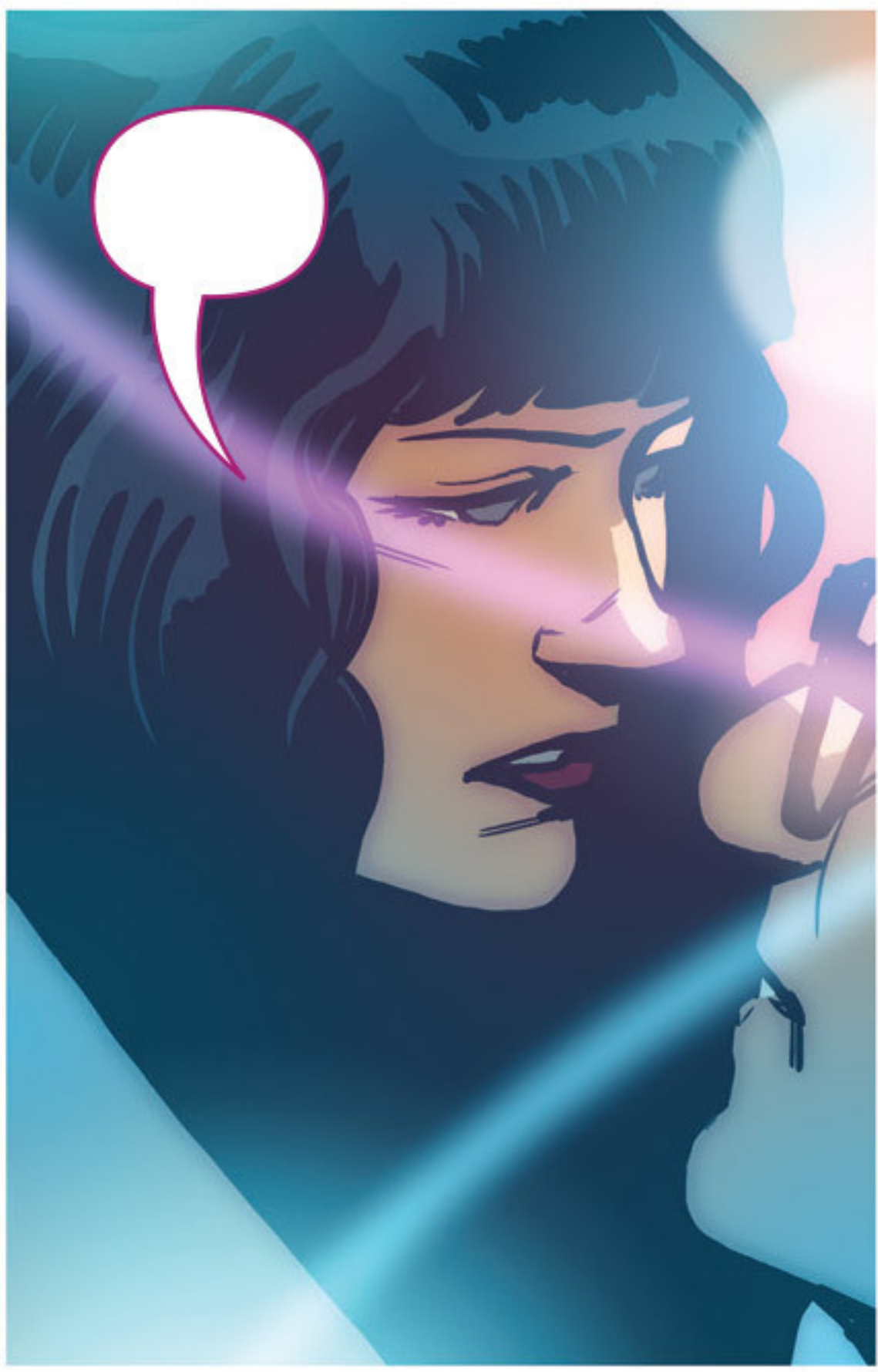
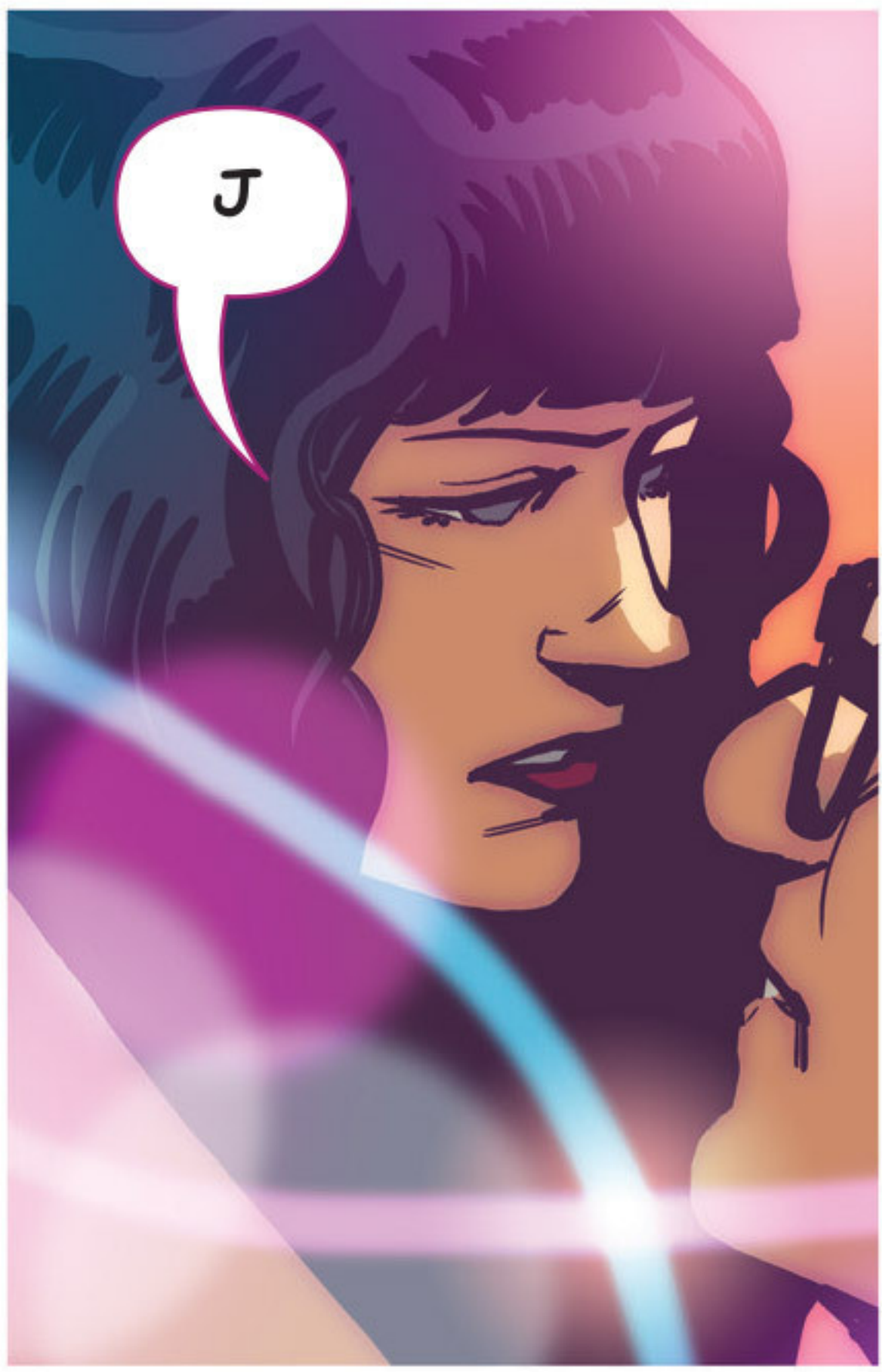


"Only needed eight."



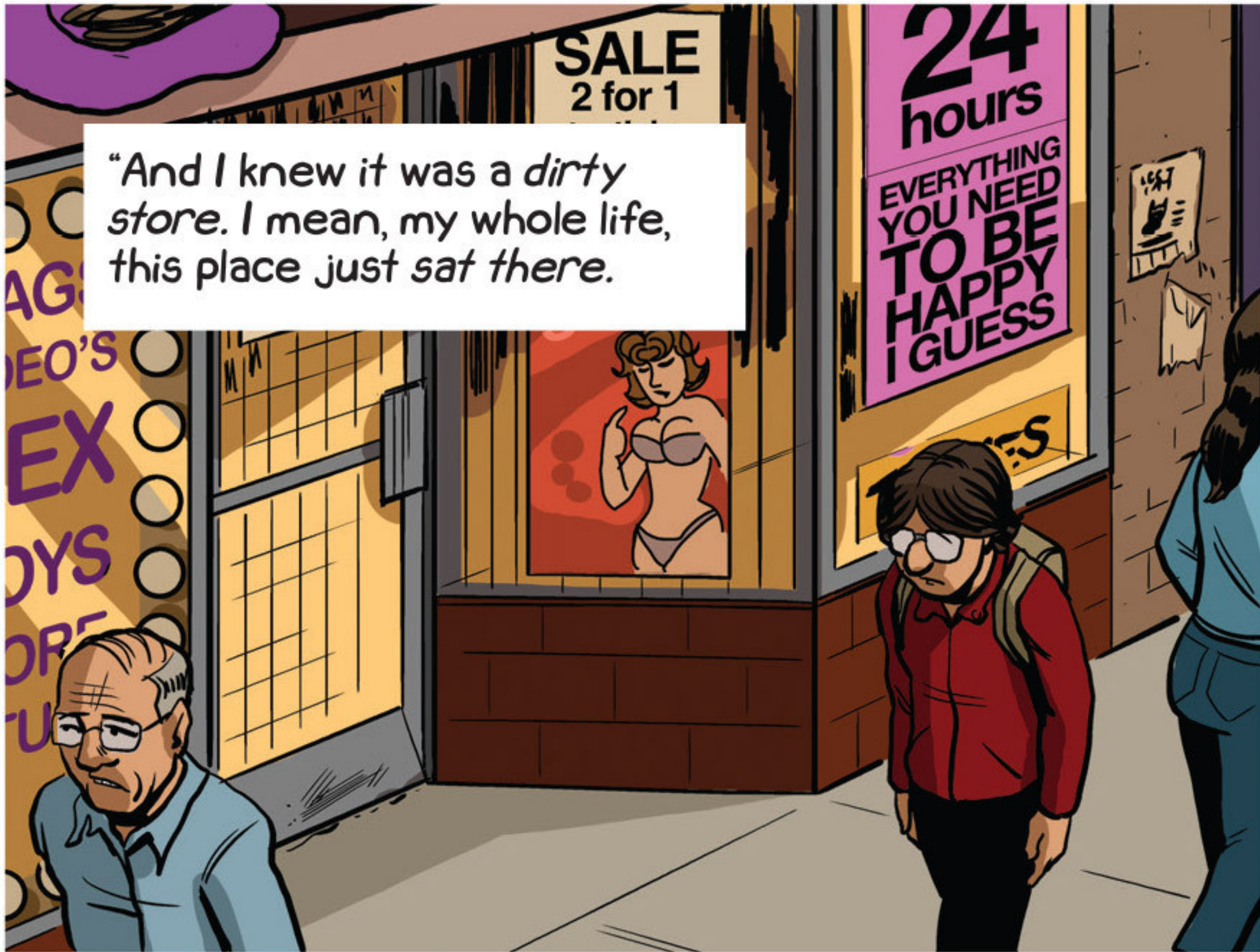








"There was this store, see?"



"And I knew it was a dirty store. I mean, my whole life, this place just sat there."



"Filled with all its dirty secrets."

"Daring me."



"I wasn't old enough anyway, but lots of my friends had gone in."

"I never had the guts."



"Well, who needed guts, right?"

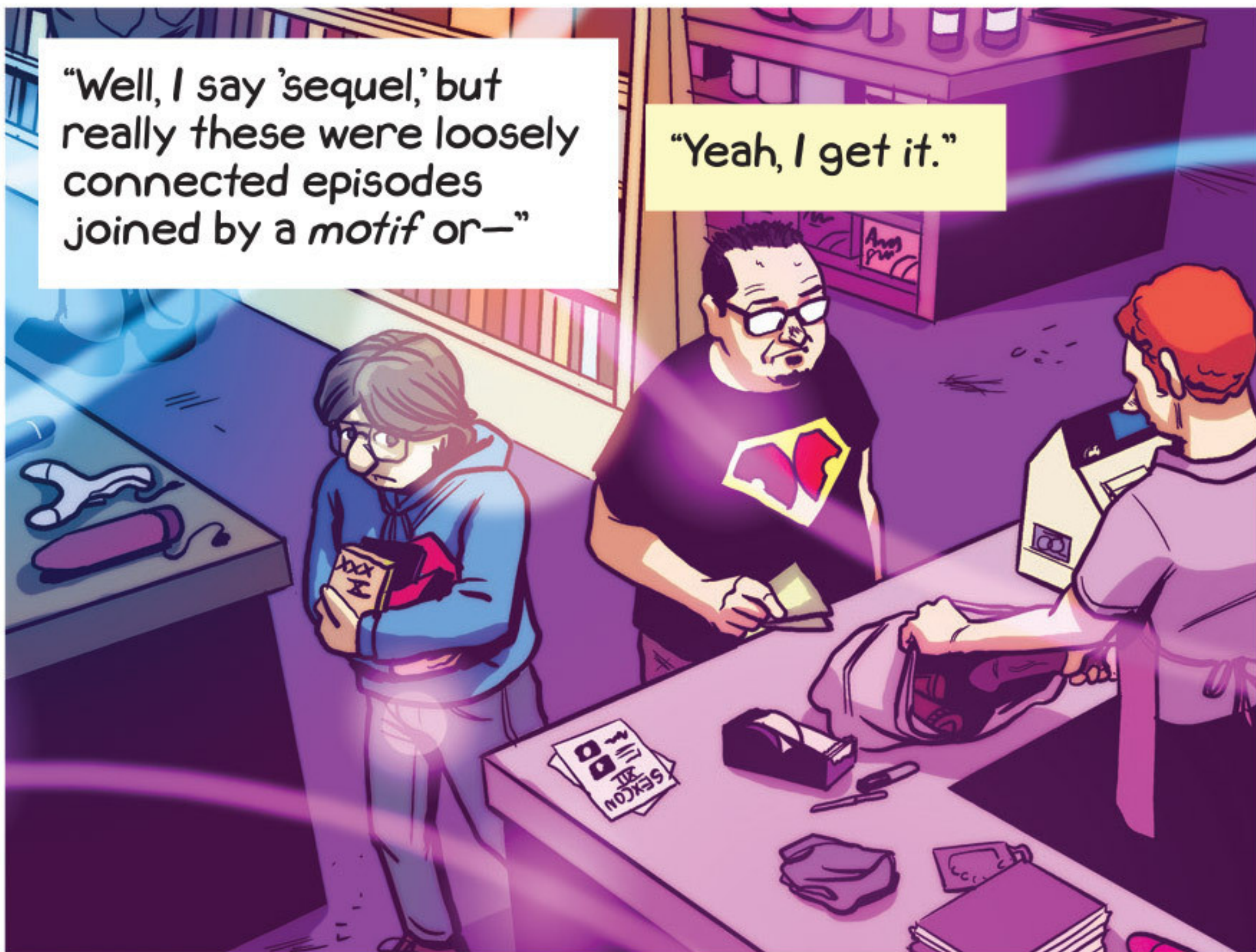
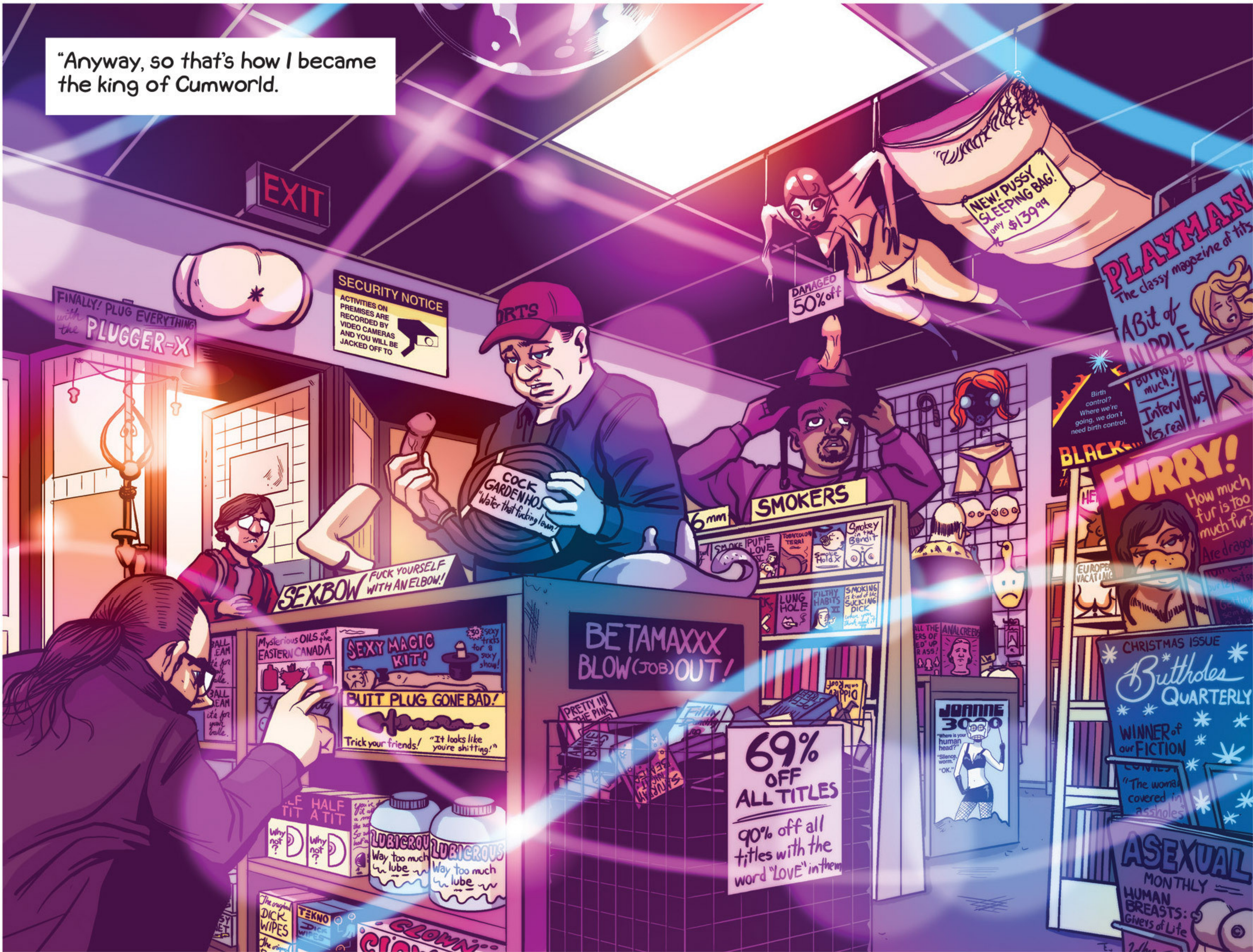


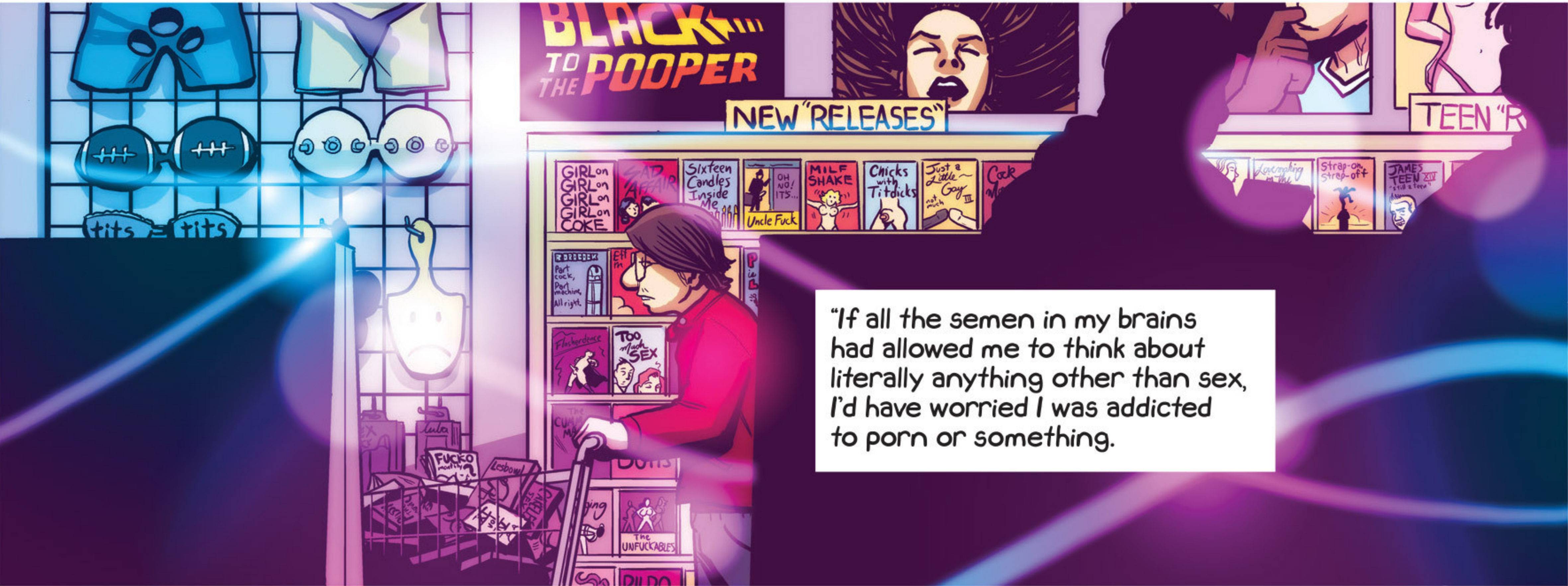
"There was a little bank branch right across the street."

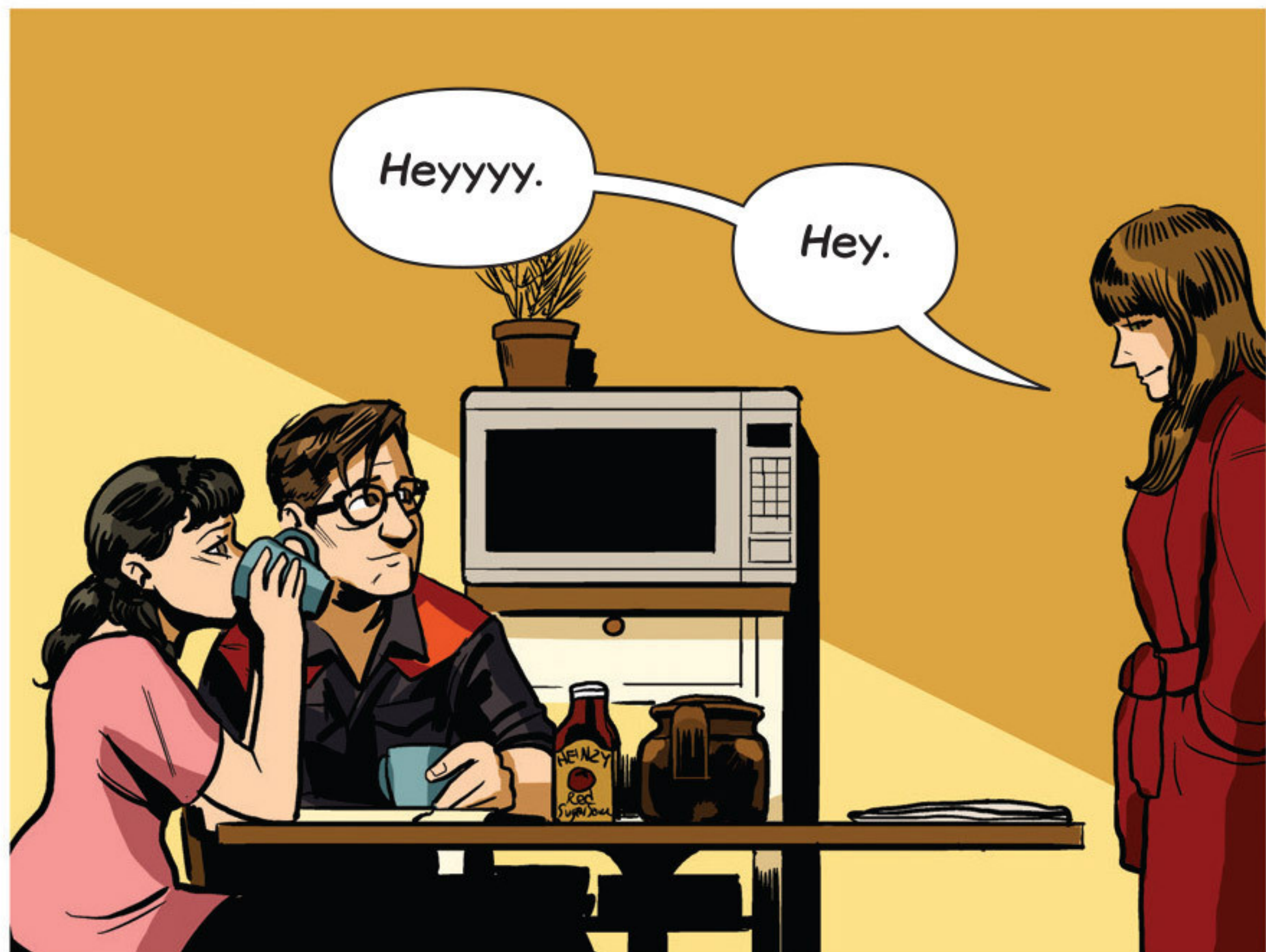
"Nothing weird about a young man running into a bank, right?"

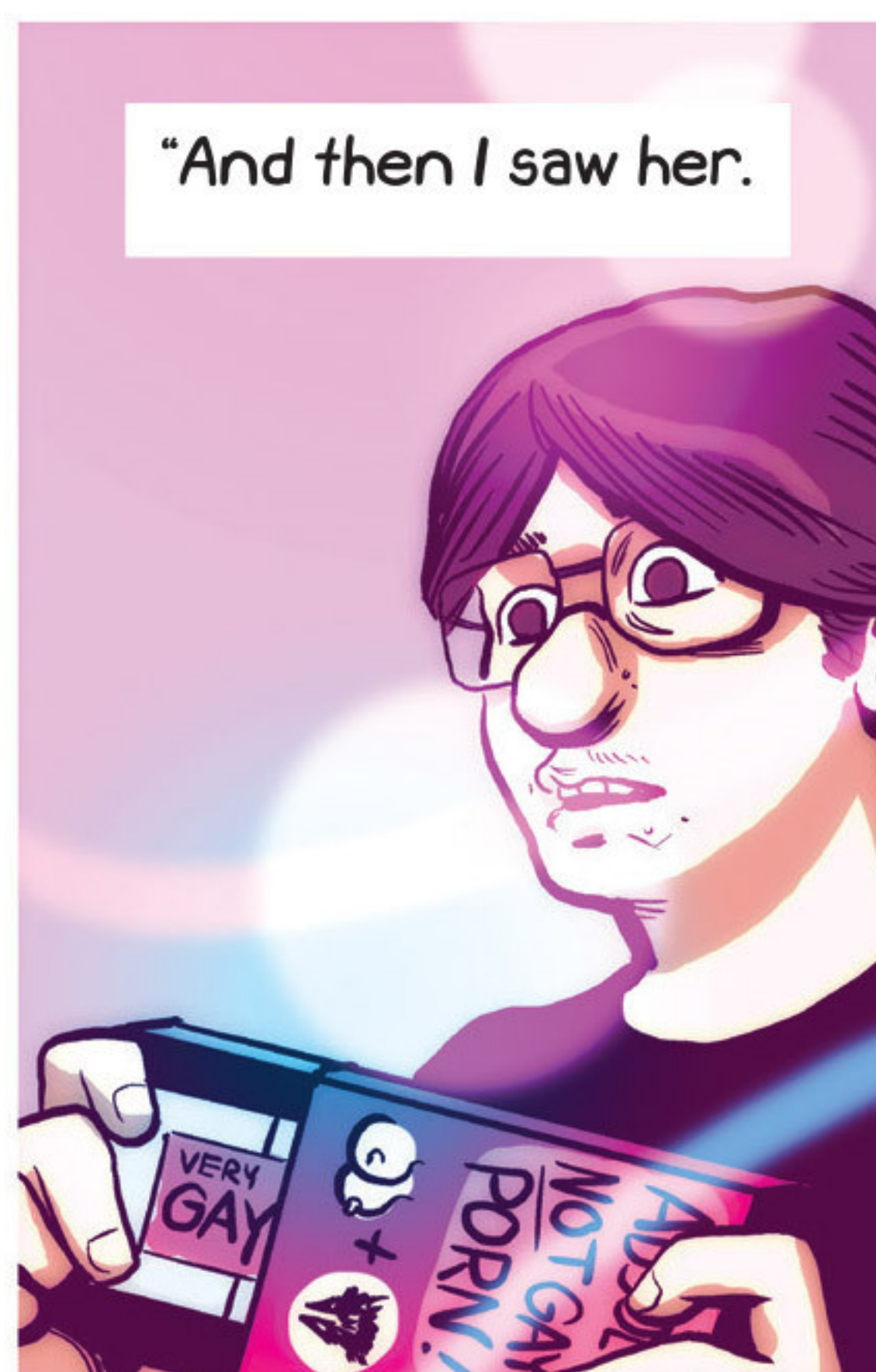
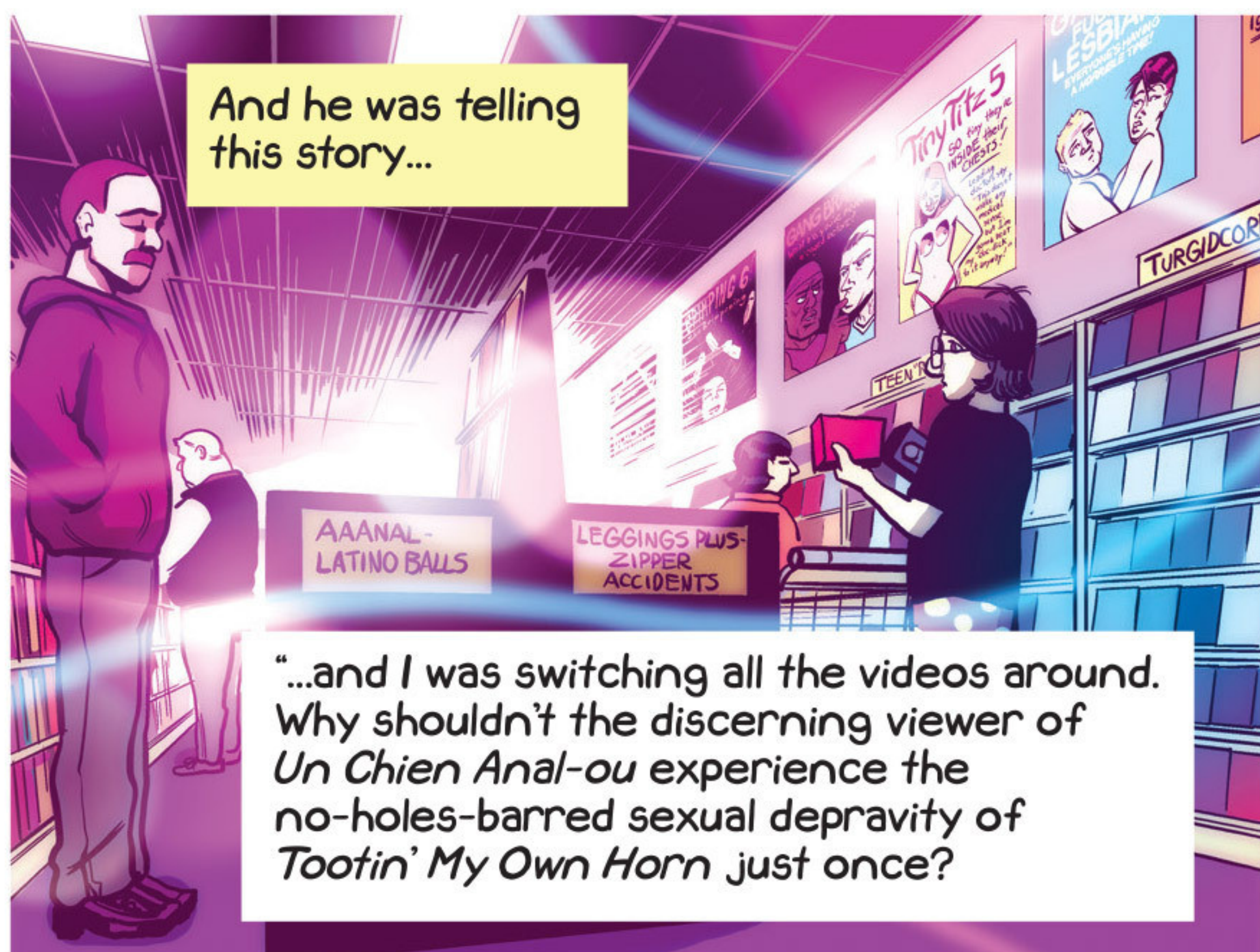


"Or using their public restroom."

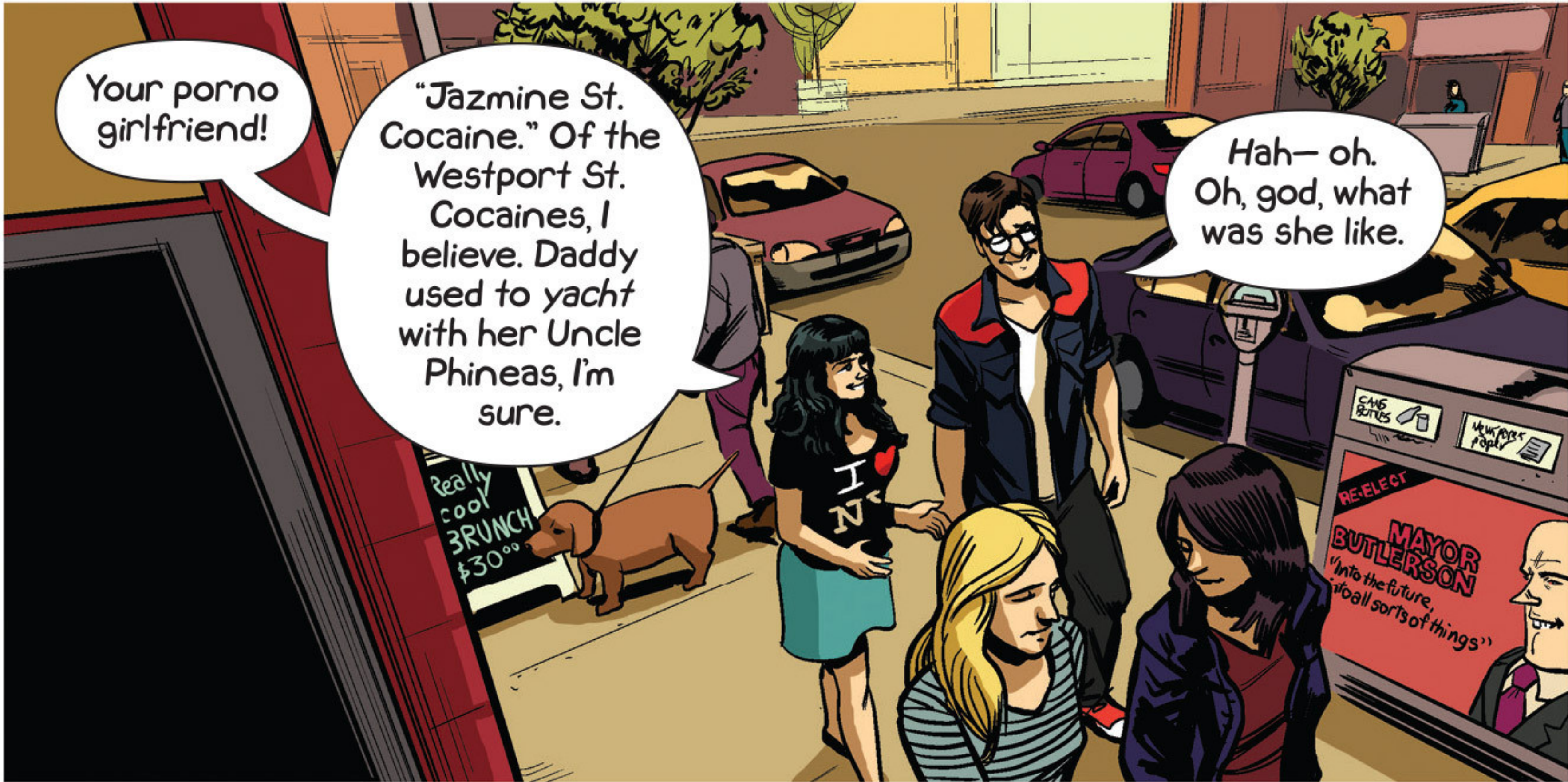


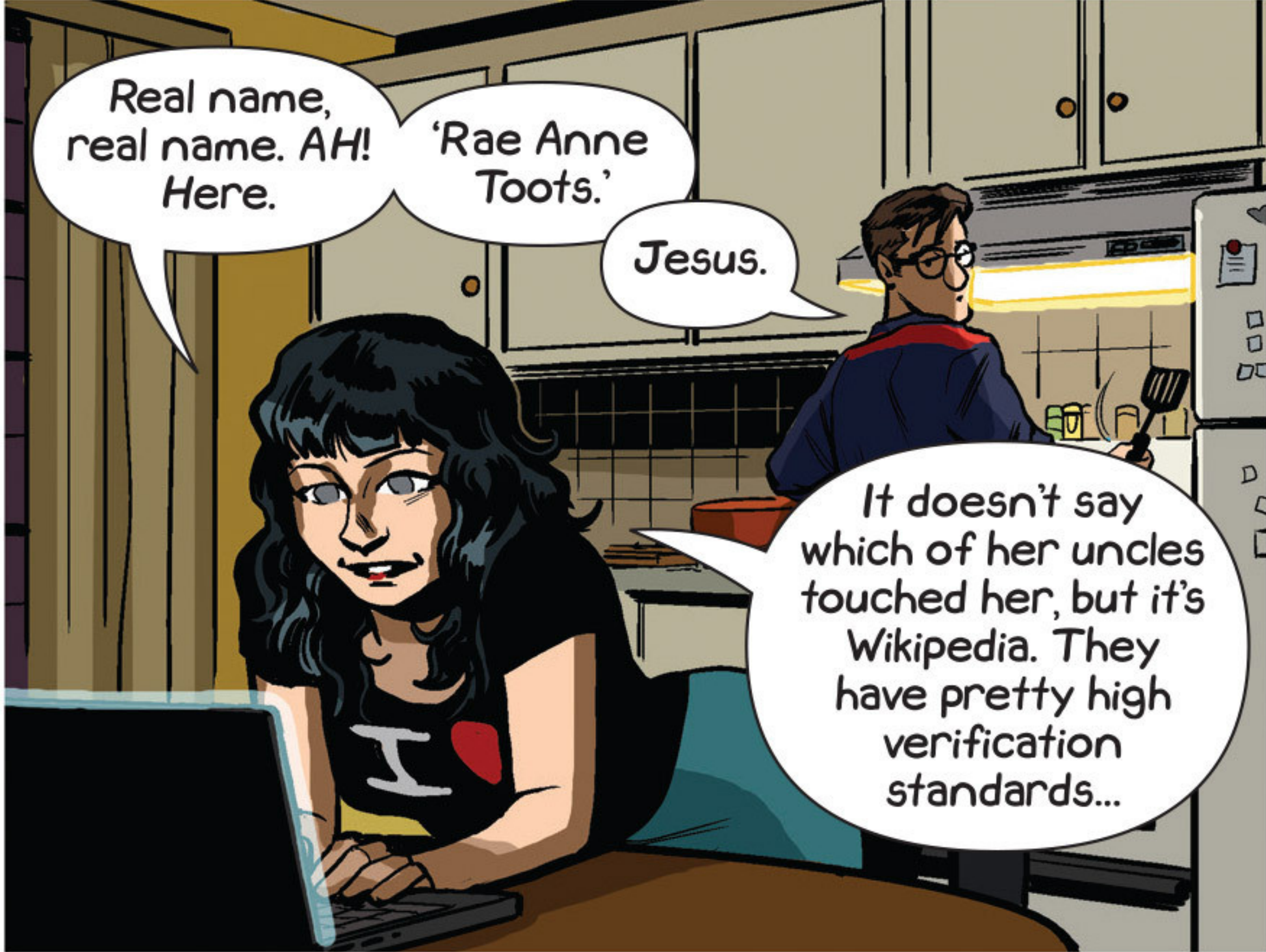


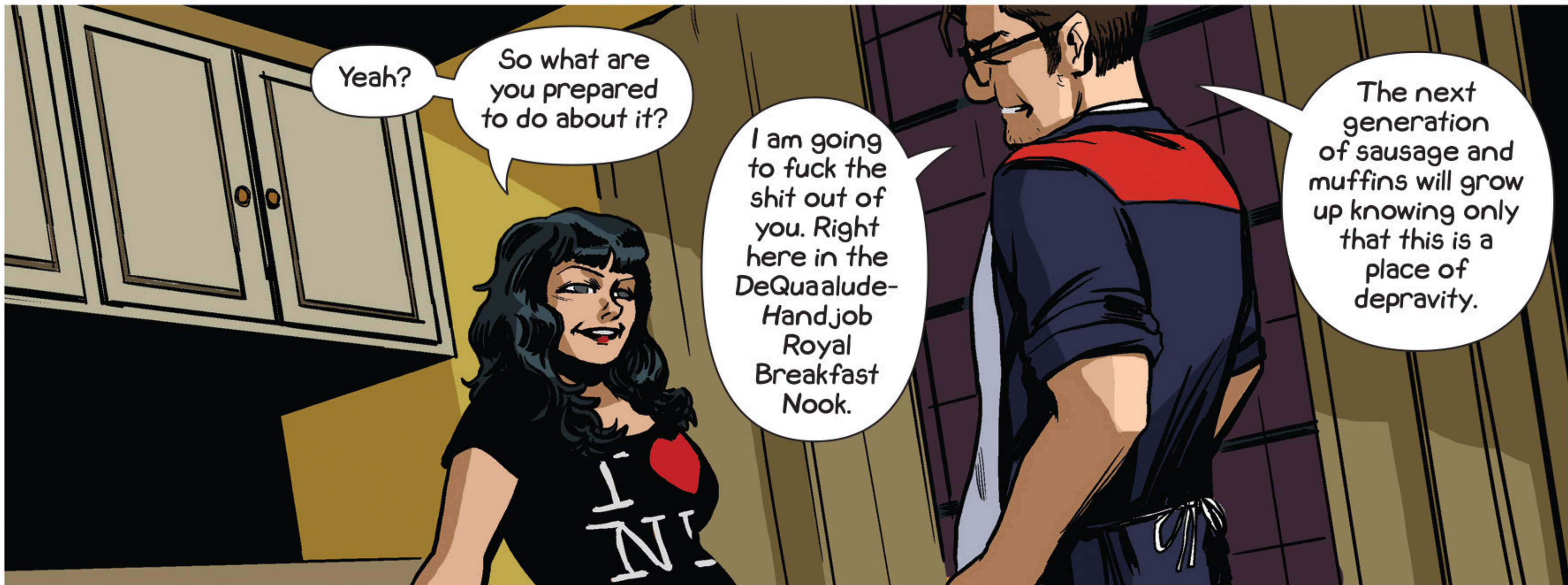












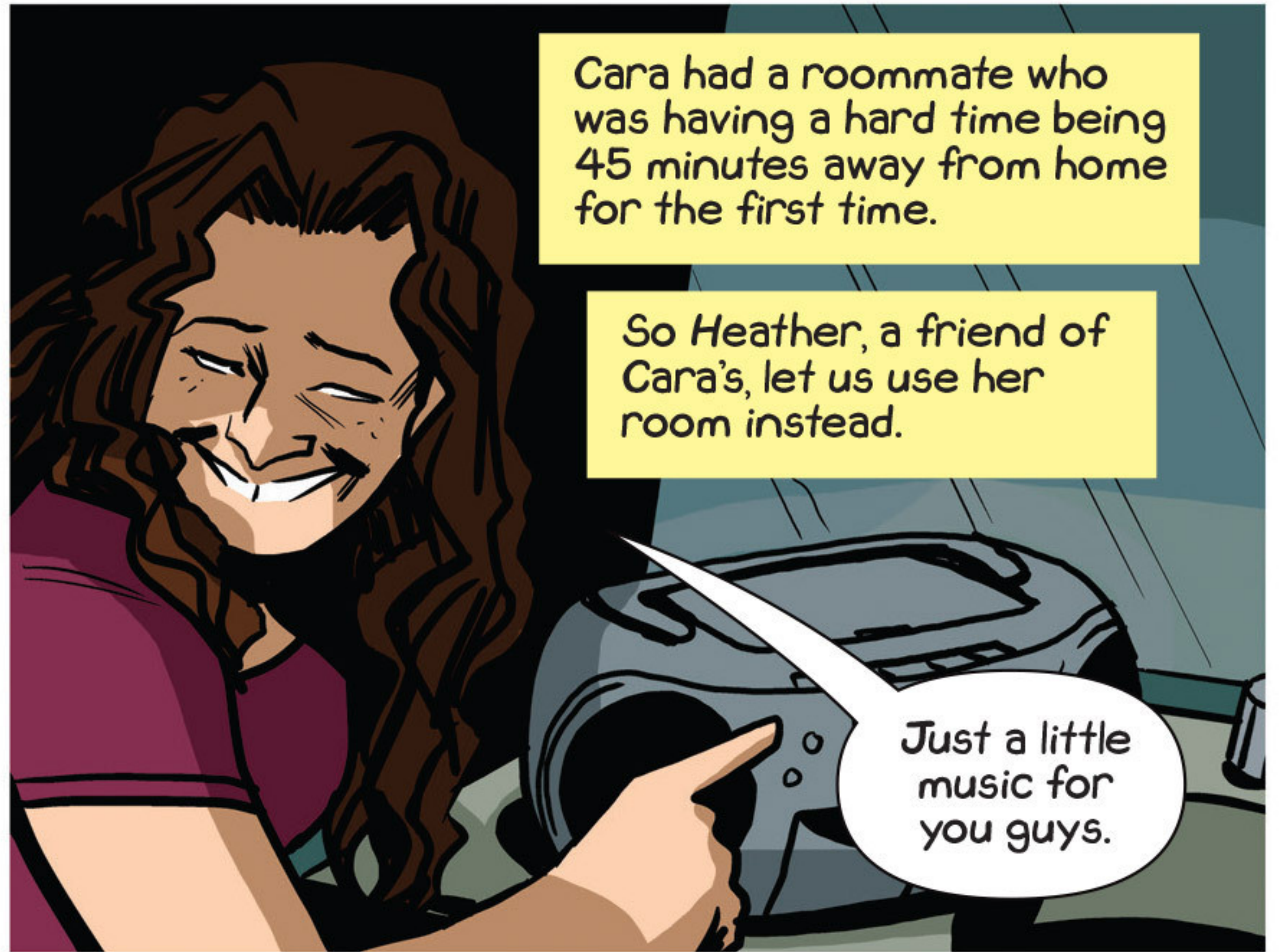




3

**MY SEXUAL
ERRORS &
MISFORTUNES
(2001-PRESENT)**







It's like England everywhere
It's like England every day

Awful – just awful
Everything just completely awful.

And that's how I lost my virginity to the shimmering, dulcet tones of England's own Esteban.



Oh god –

I know, right? So bad. So bad.

So – so, okay. Esteban crooning away like a dying otter.



I manage to get her bra off, to undo the – yknow –

– the thing –

– which was about the extent of foreplay.



So it's go time.



Right, so.

So she, yknow. She grabs me and pulls me forward.



She shoves.

I pushed. And then –

Is it –



I love you.



This is just the worst place in the world
And you're here all by yourself

Except for me
I'm here
And it's awful

So that was that. We were fuckin'.





And, god, did that suck even more.

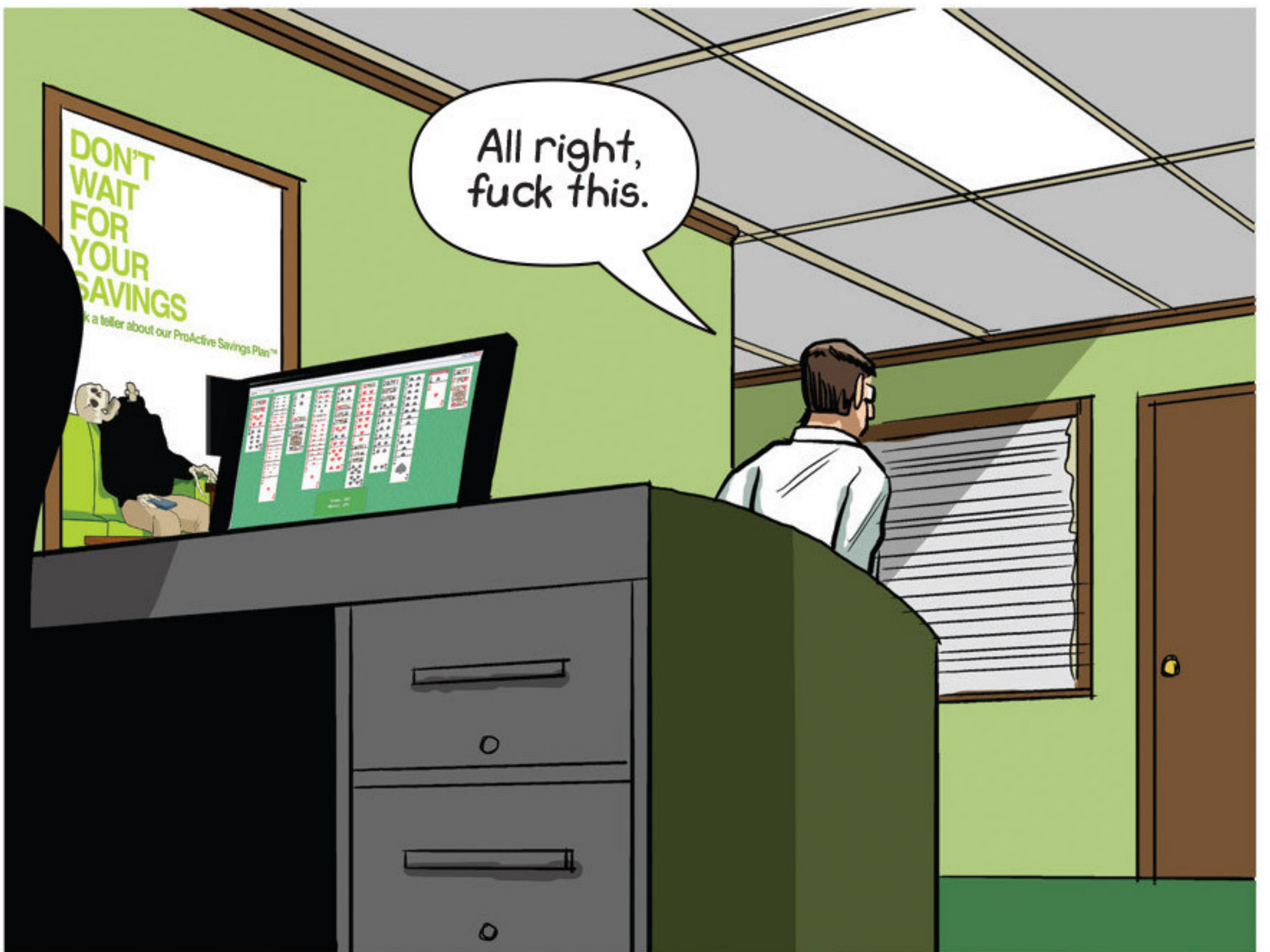
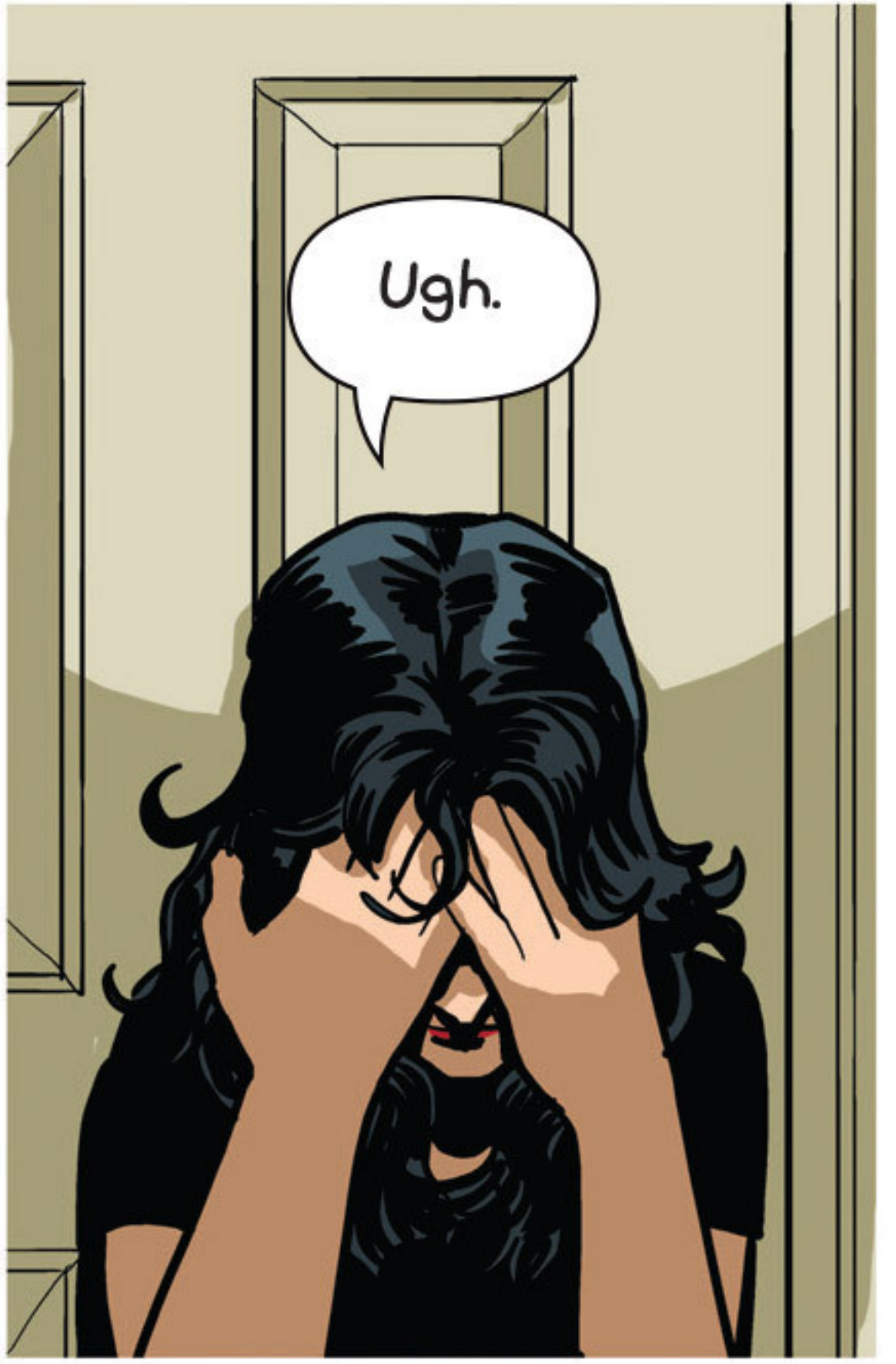
All it meant was something was wrong with me.

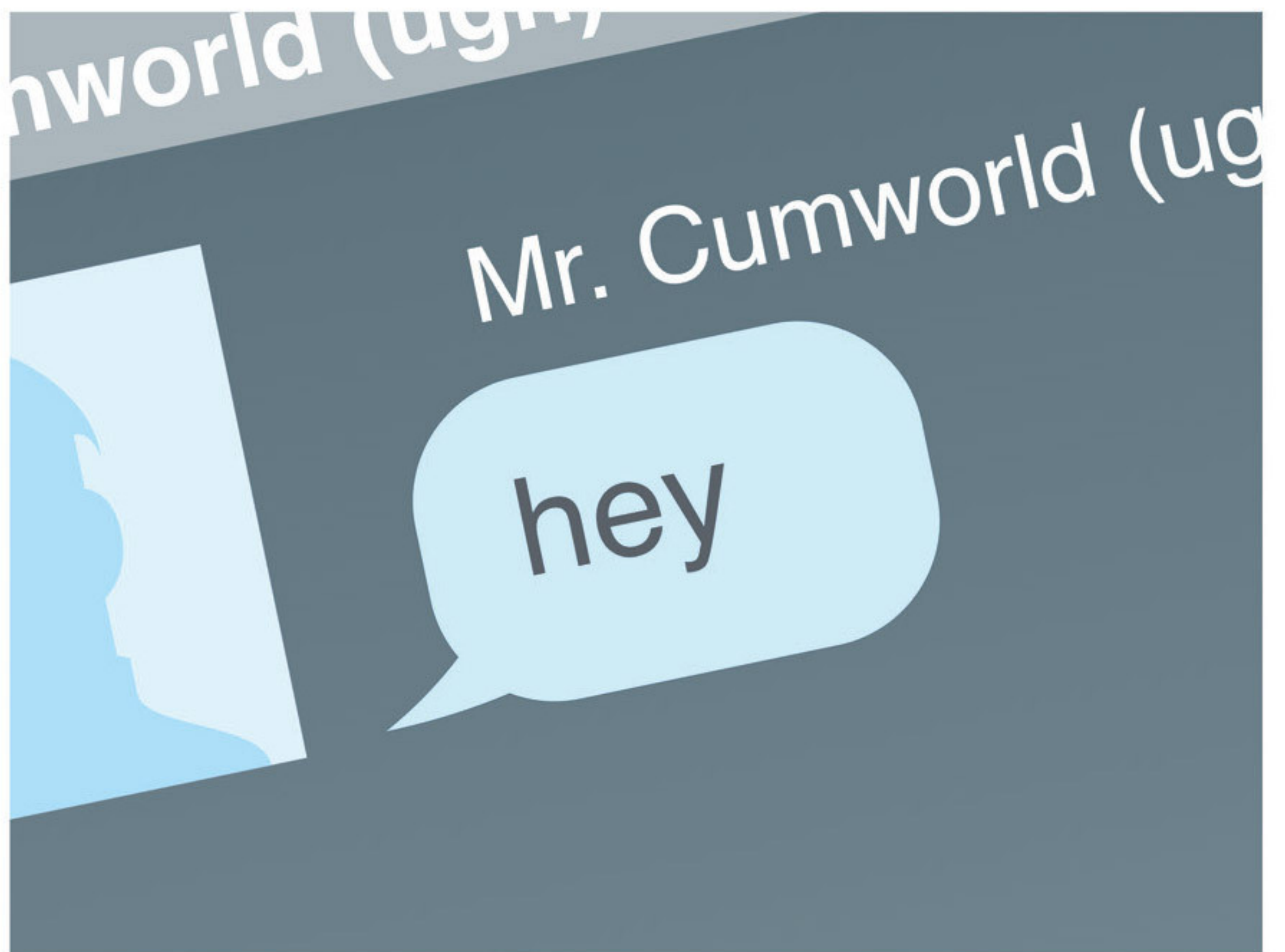
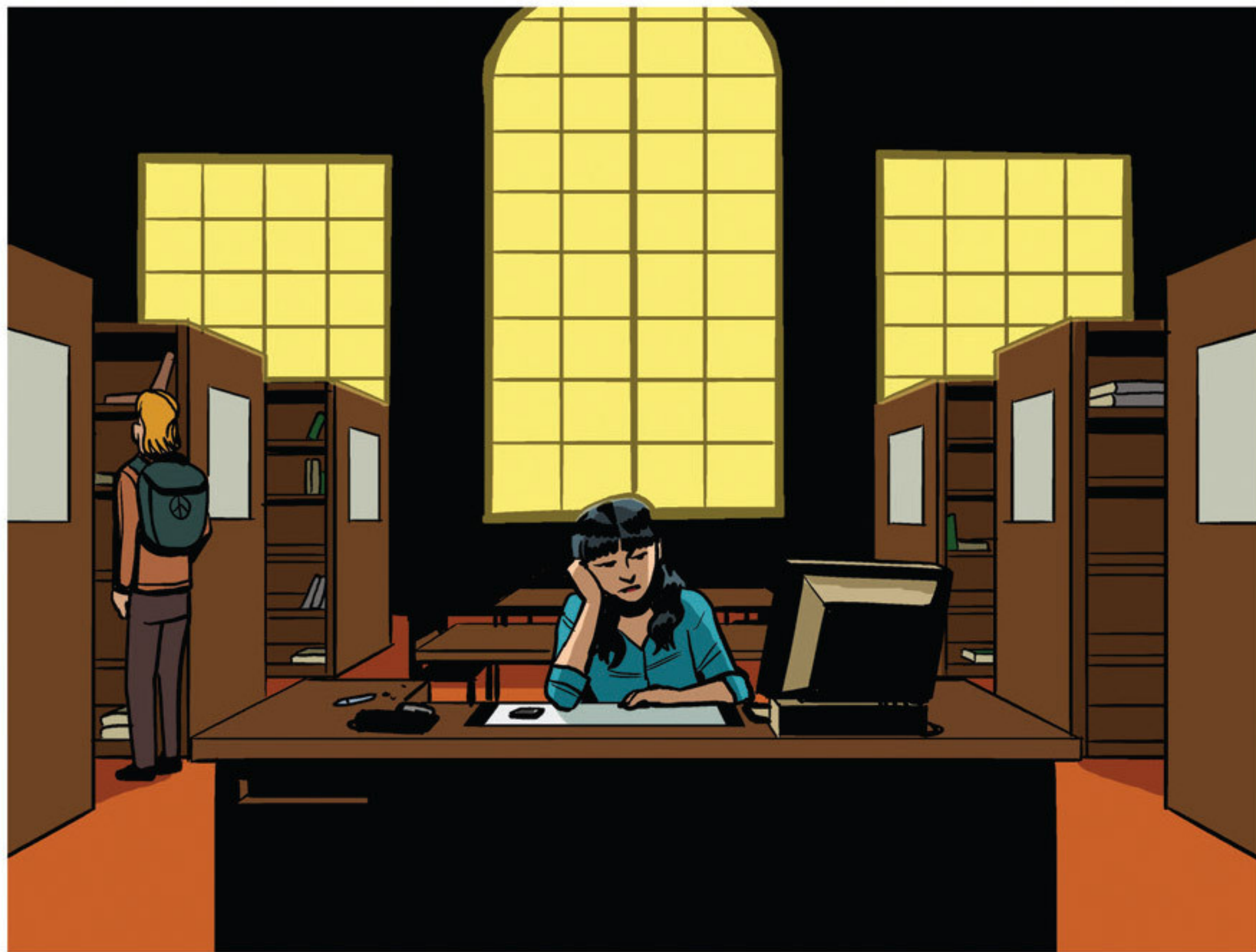
It was always wrong with me, and never Cara-with-a-C, or...

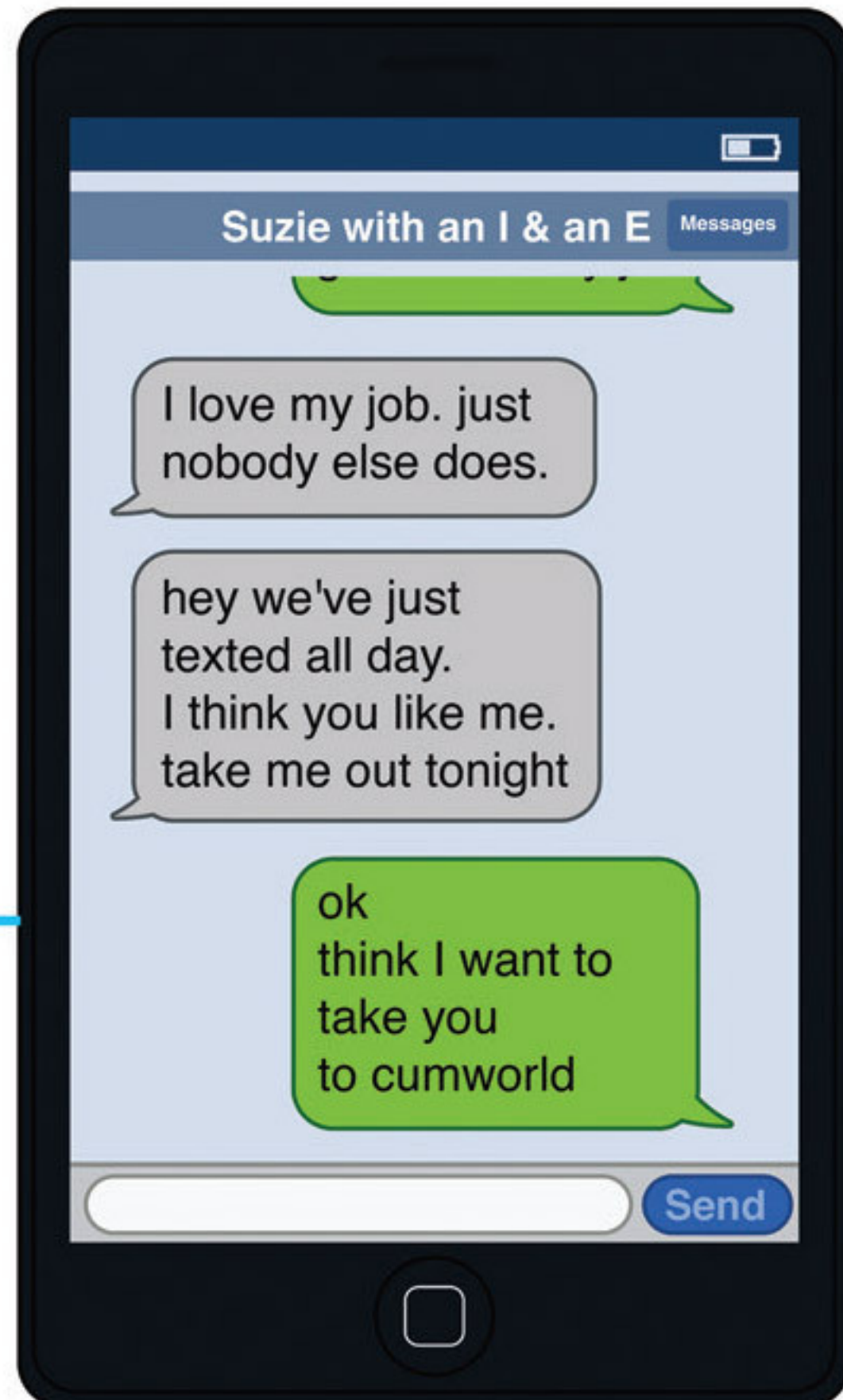
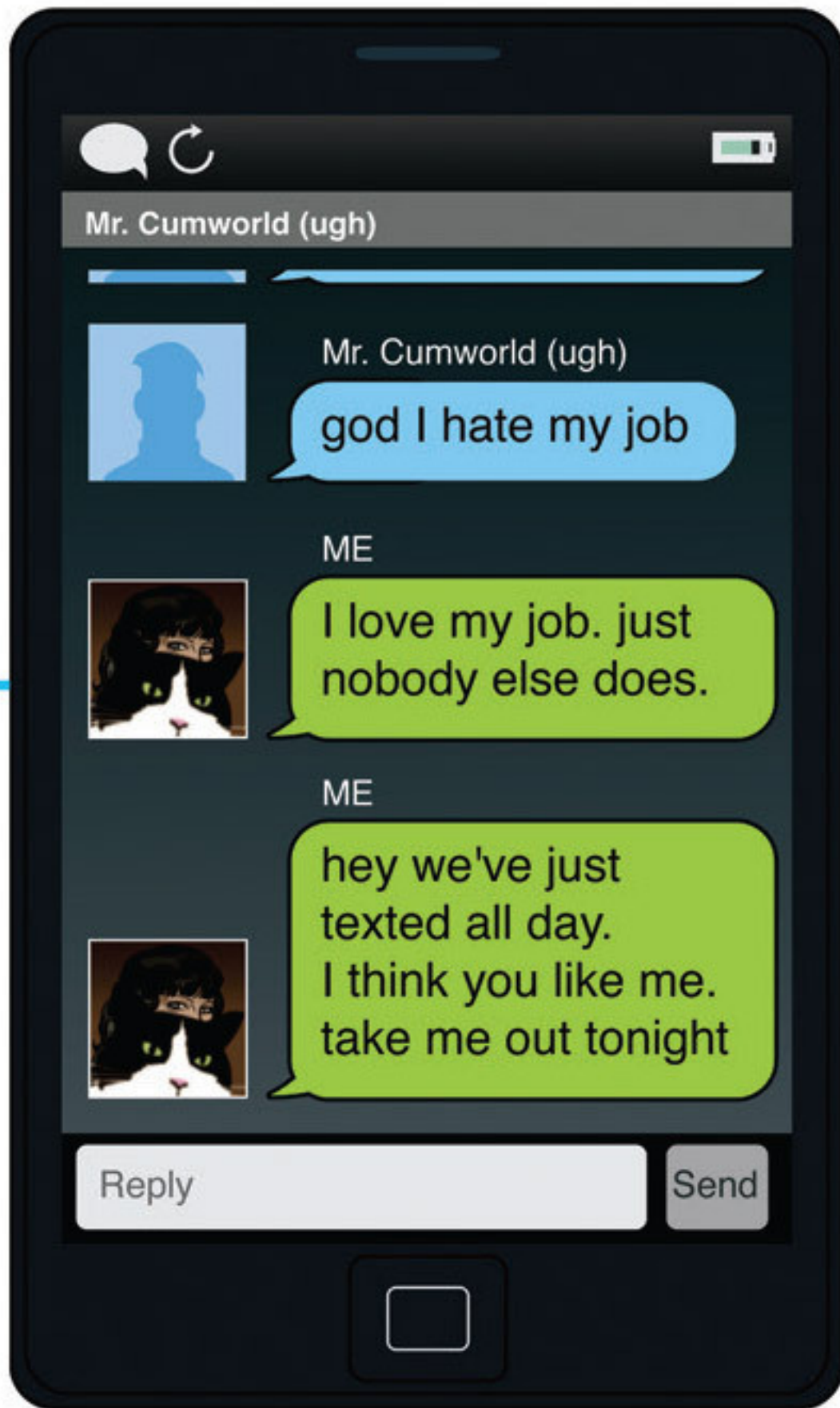
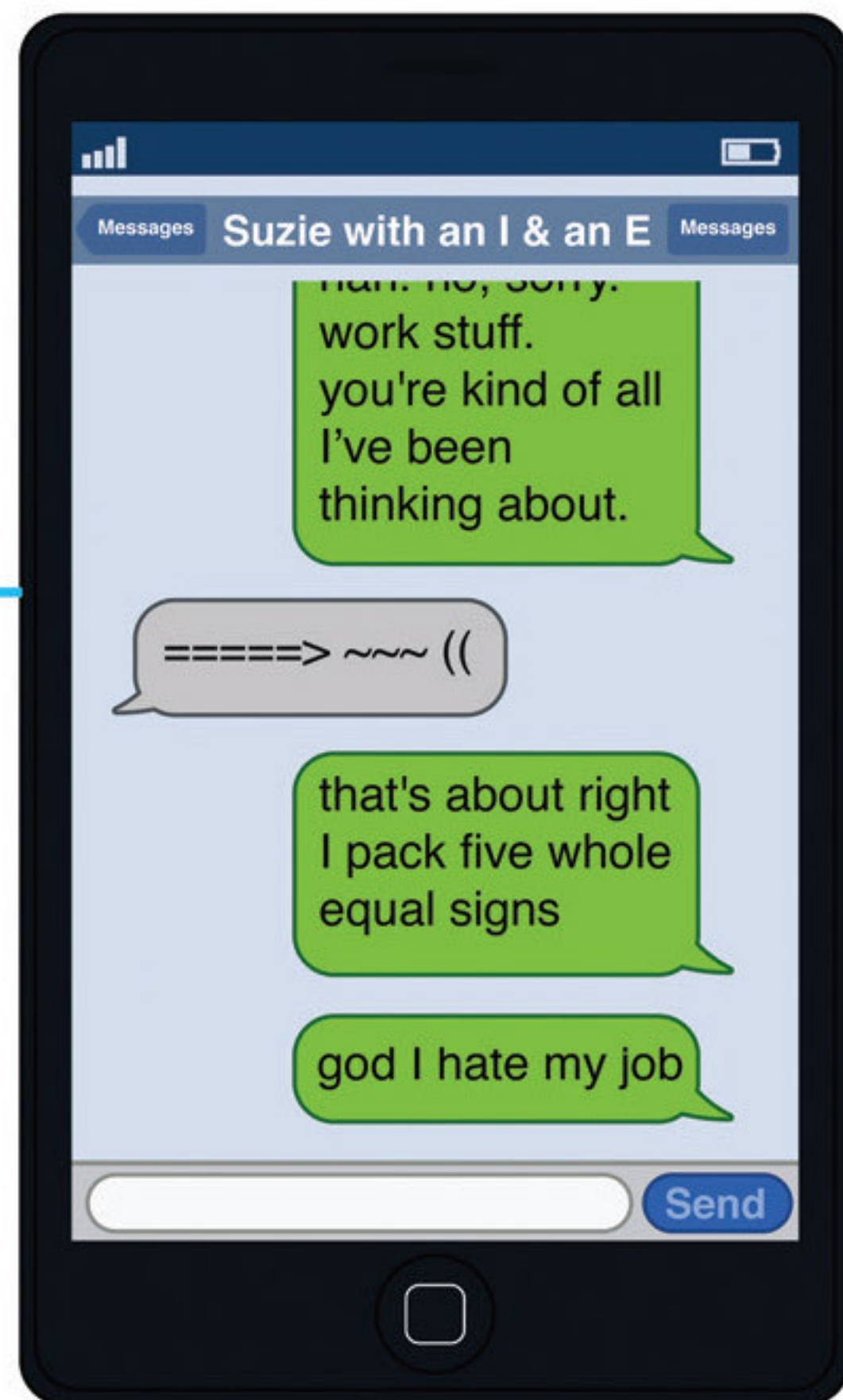
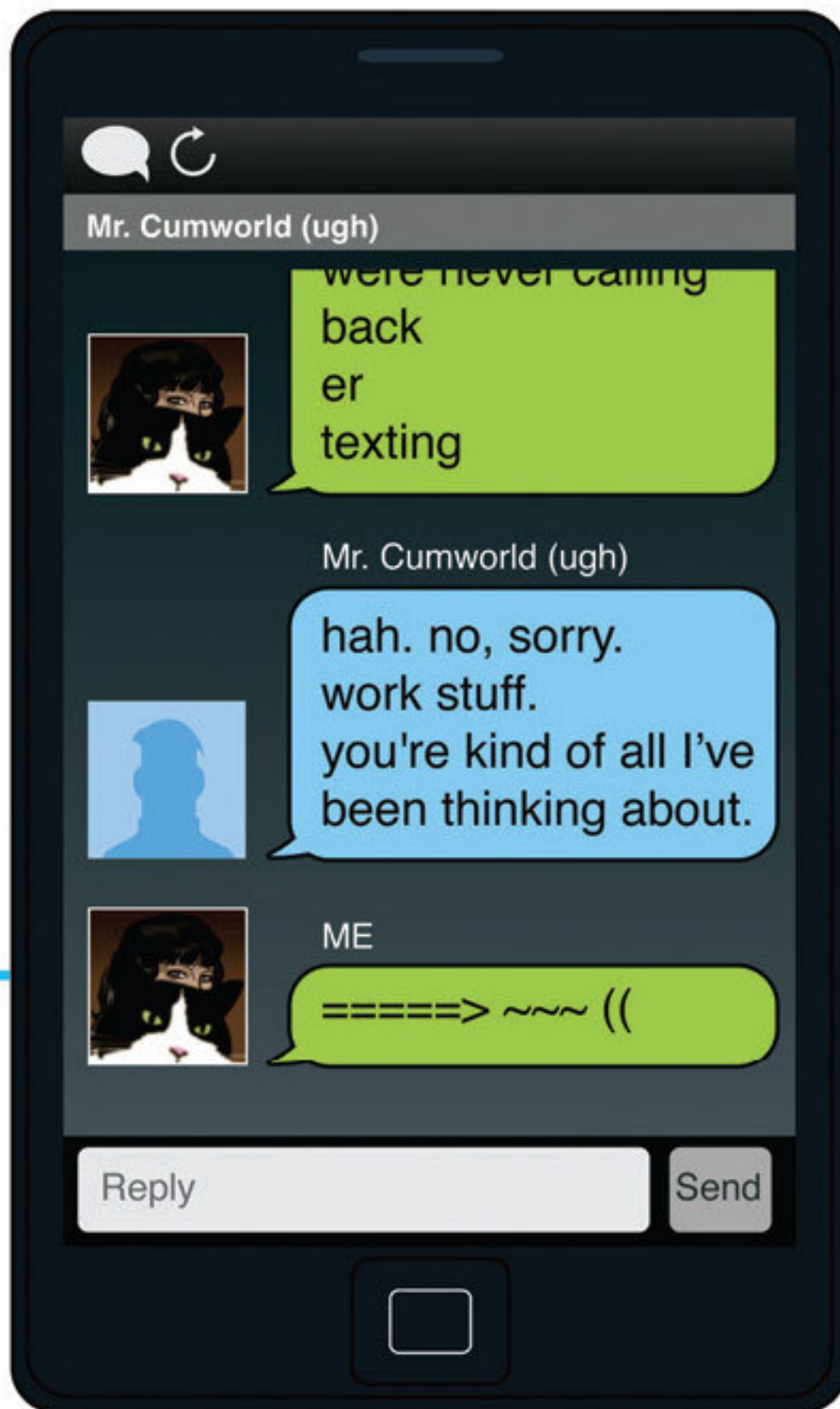
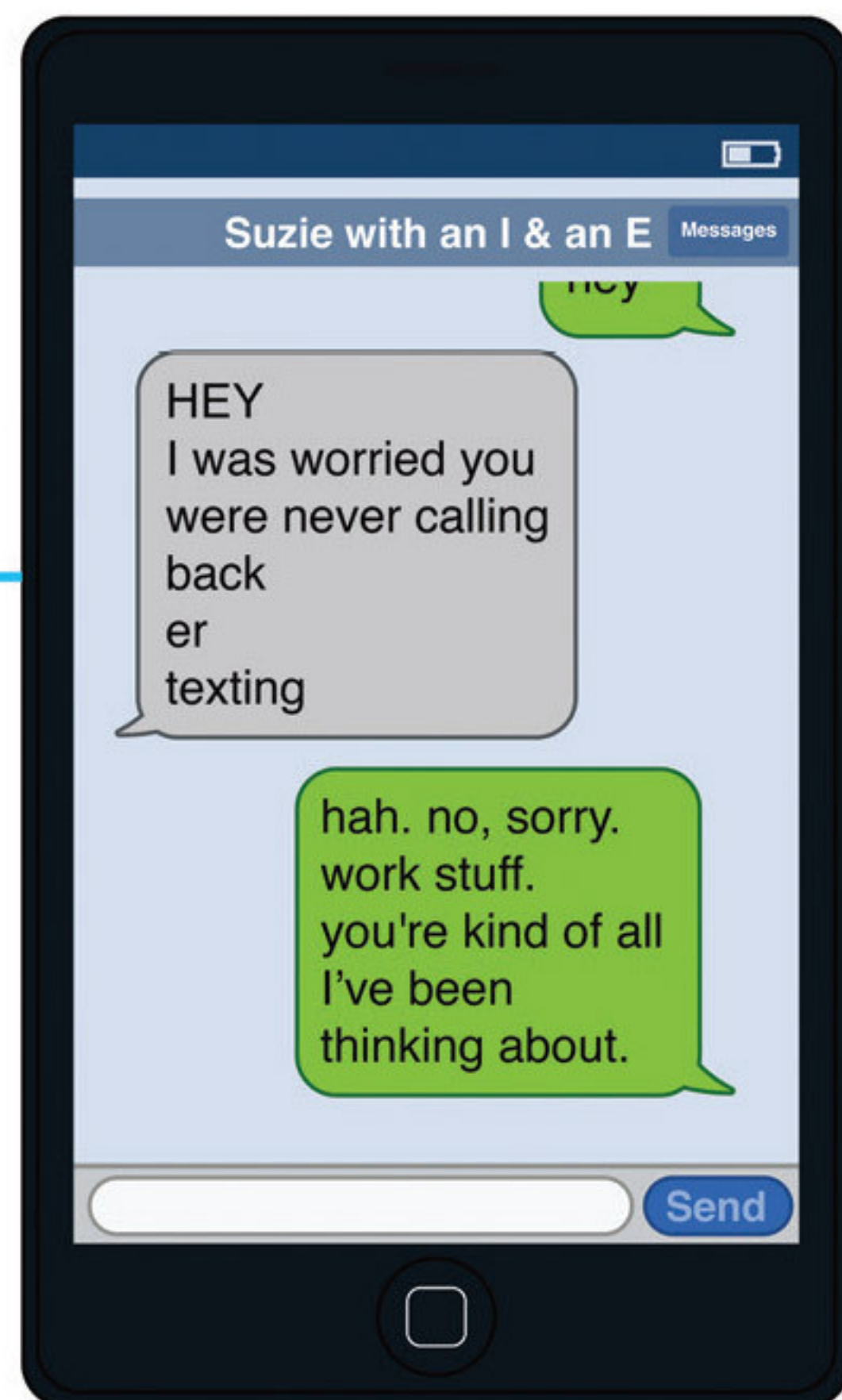
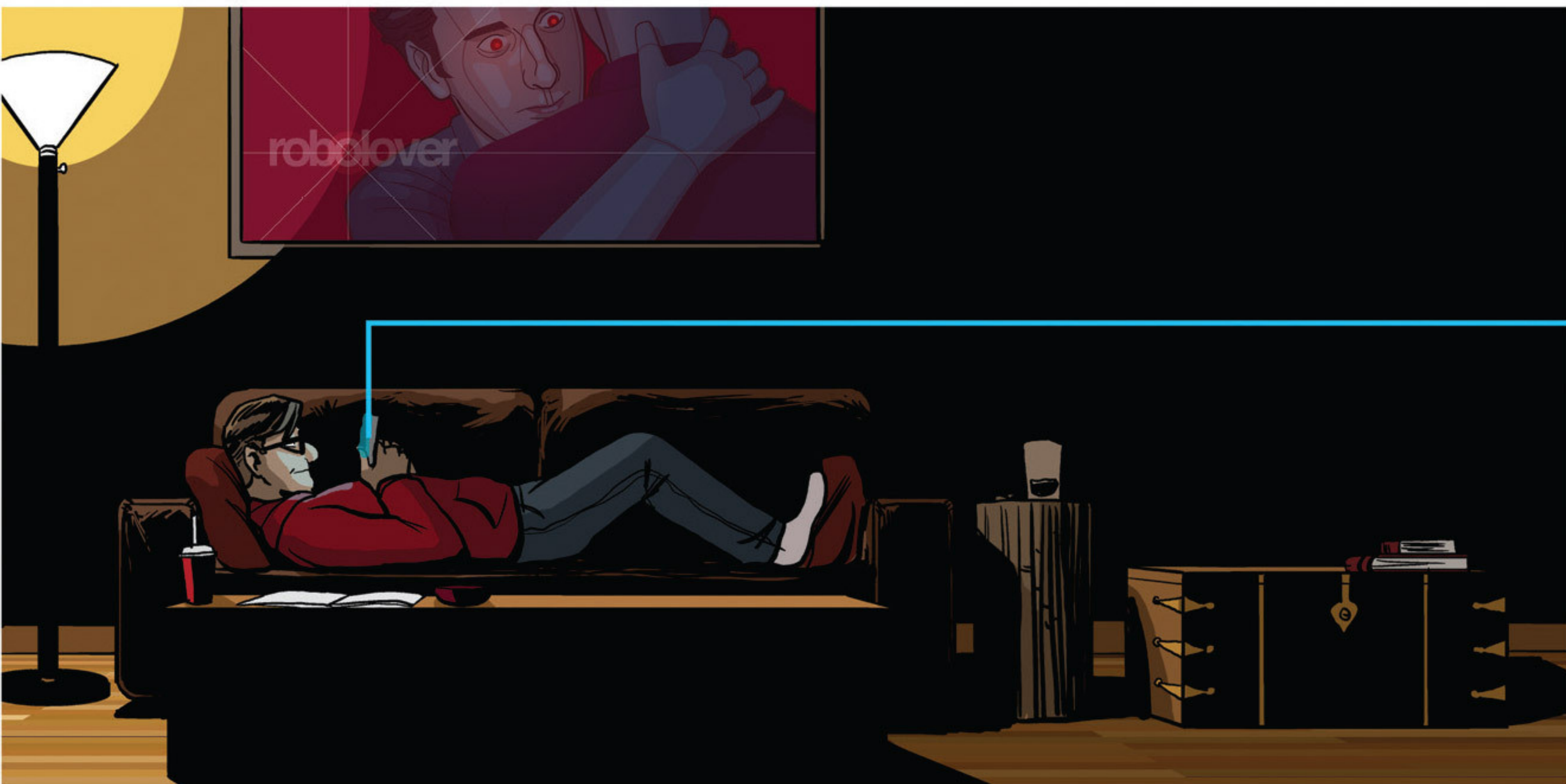
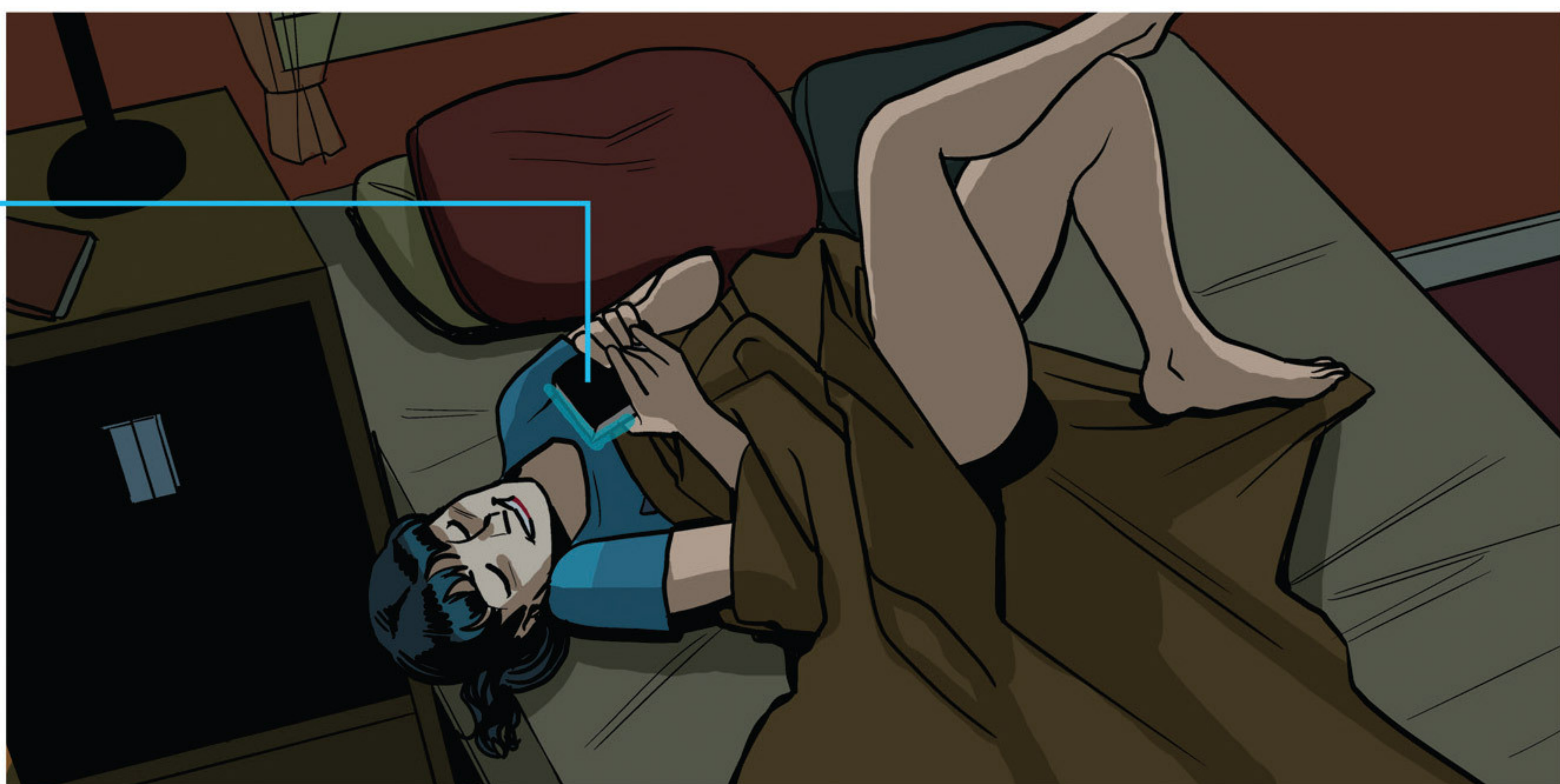


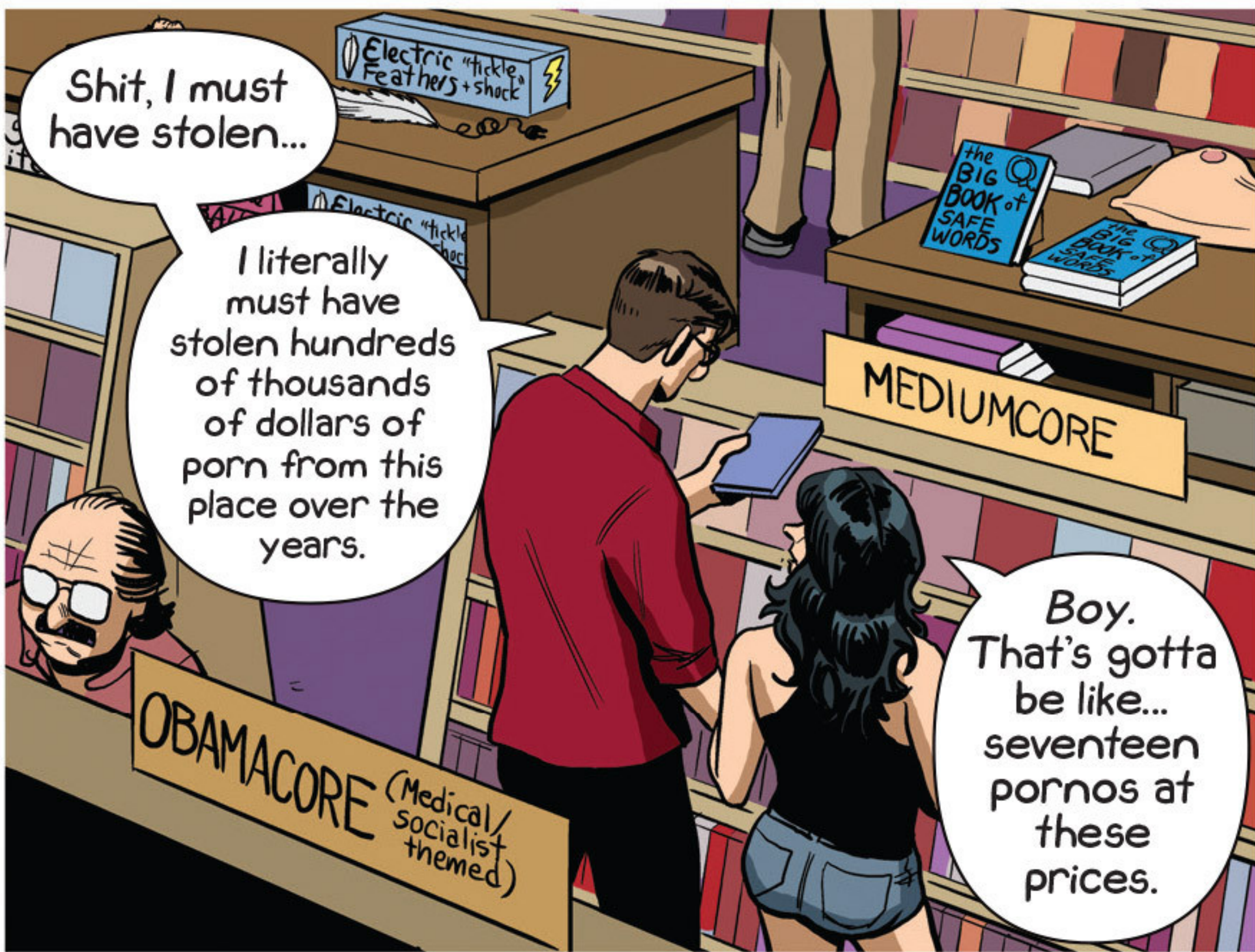


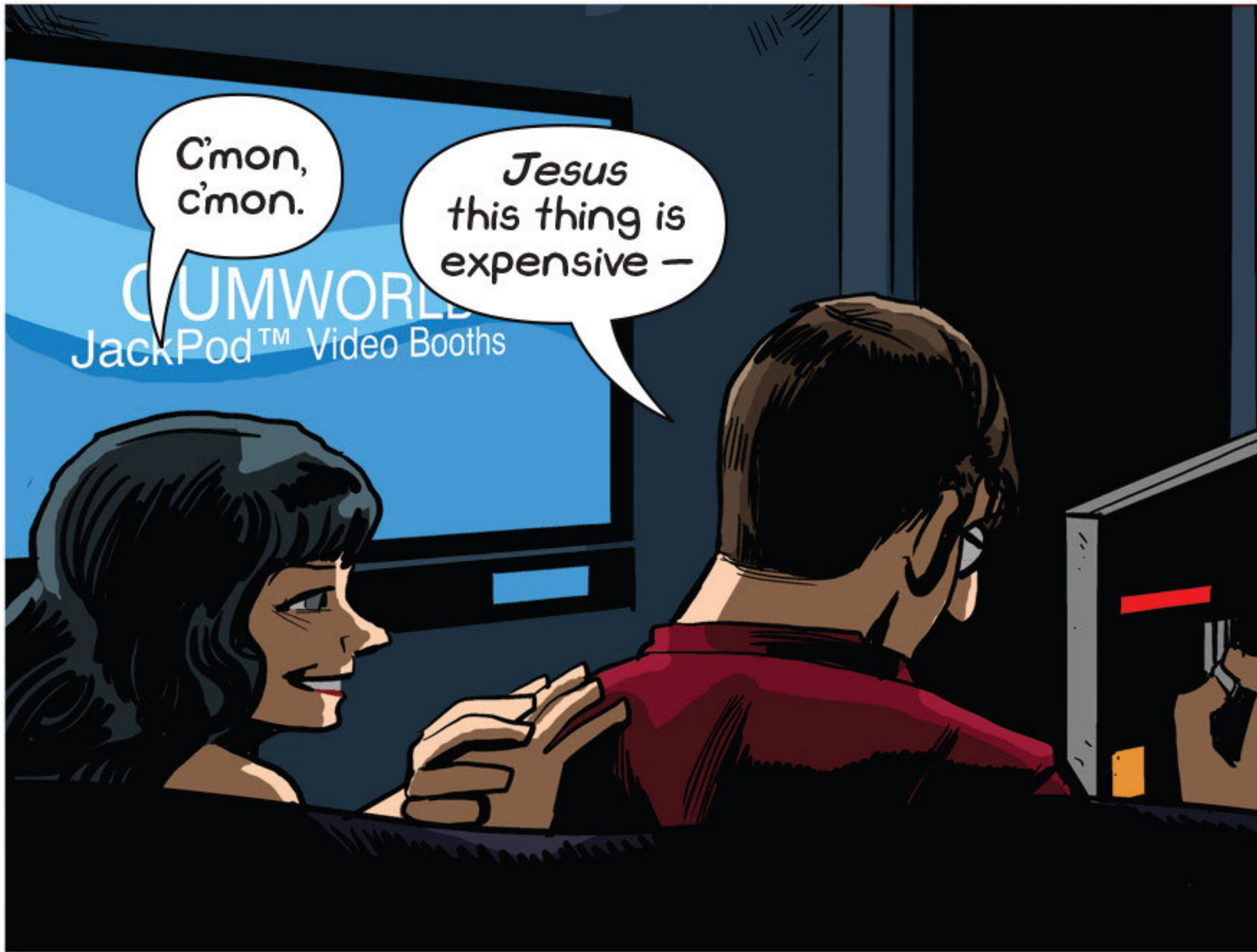
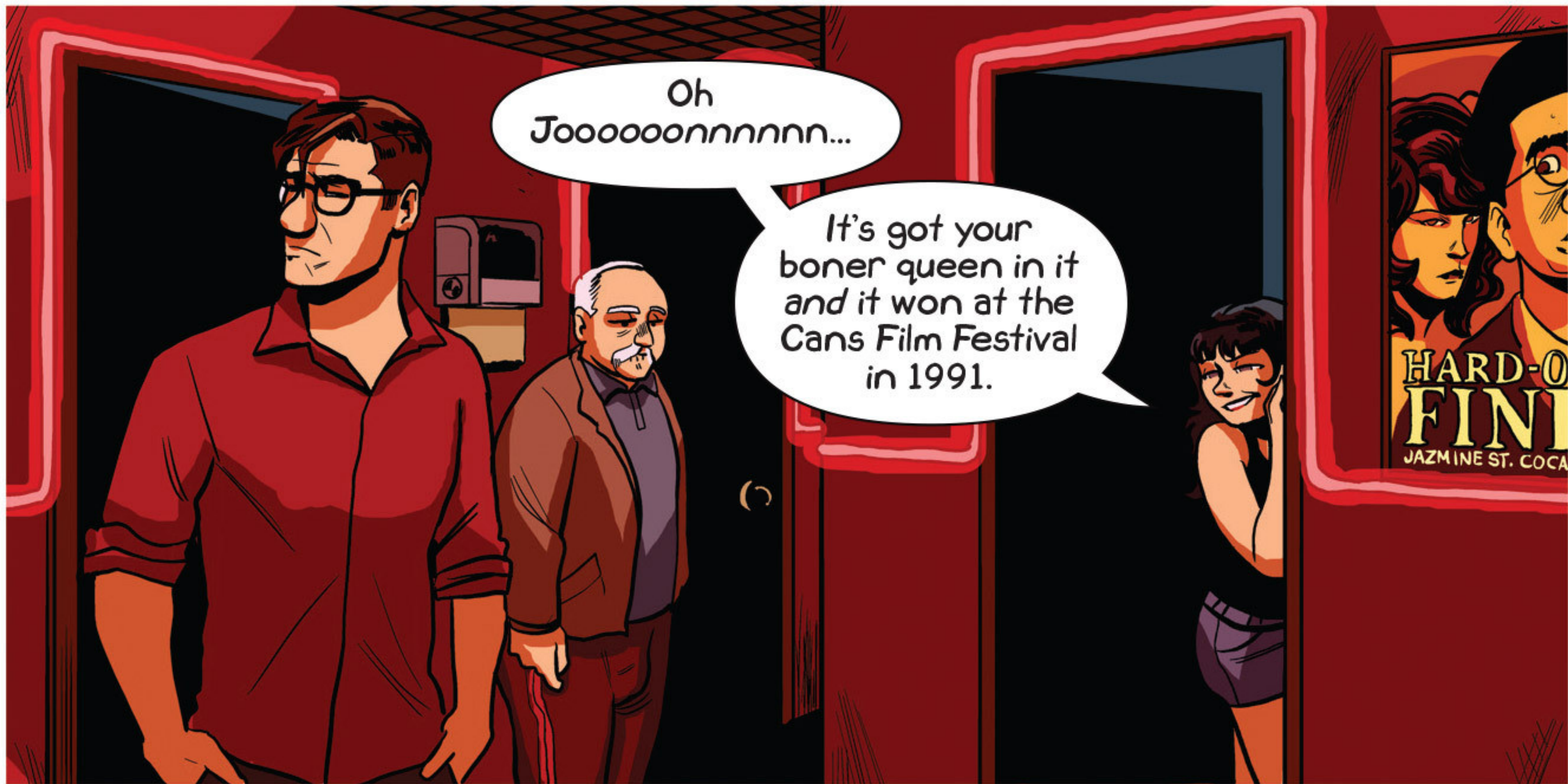


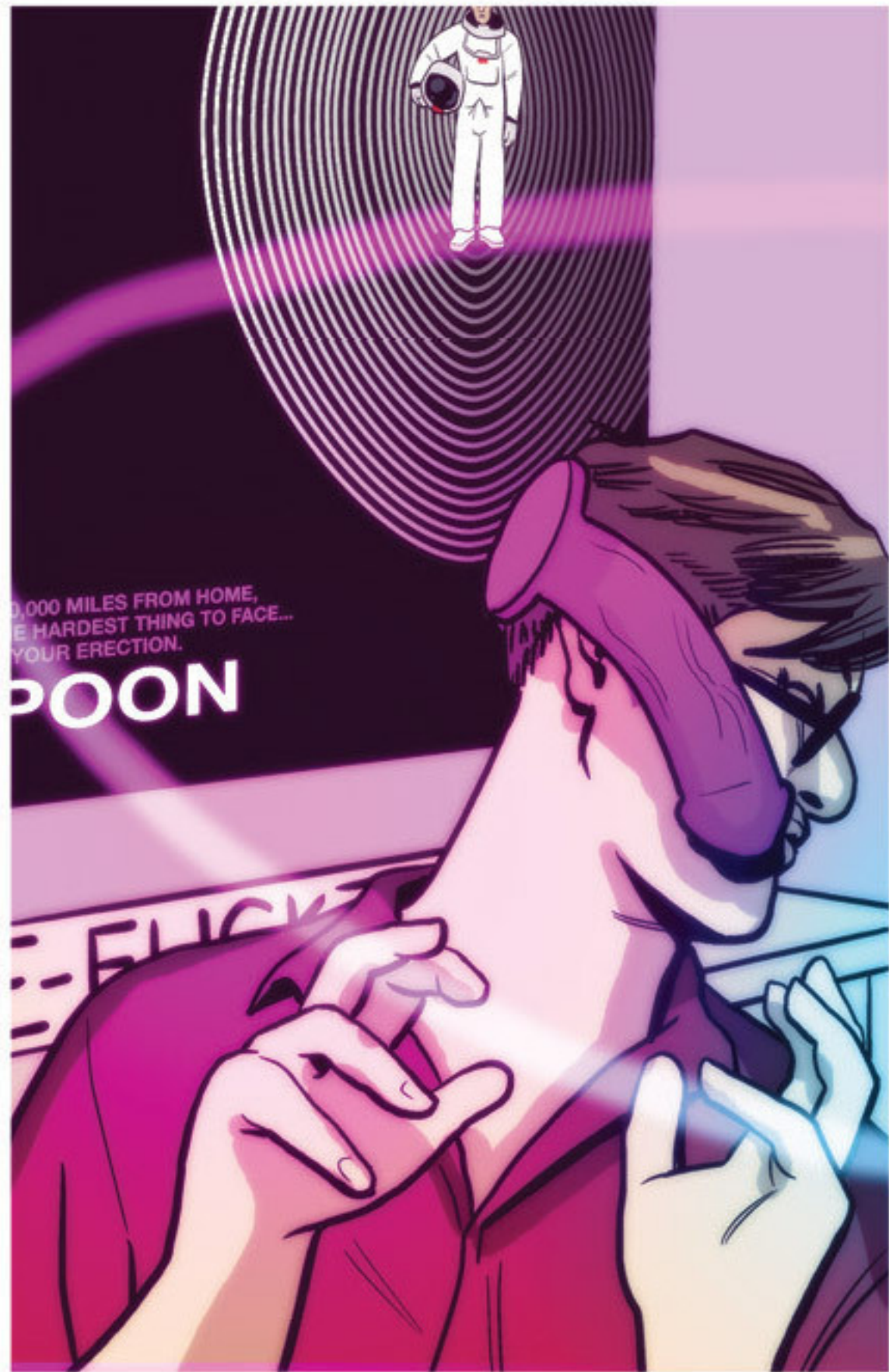










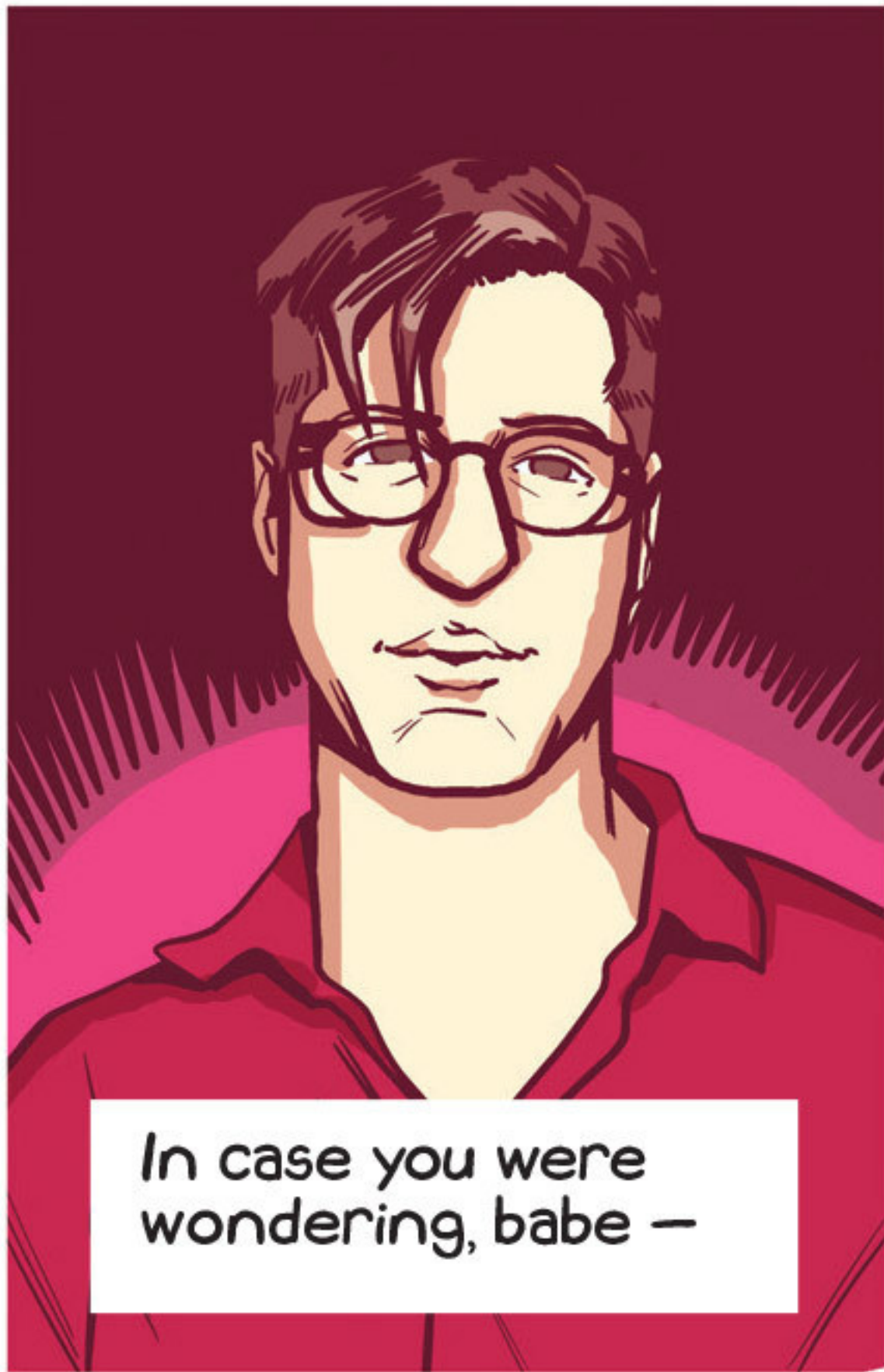






That was rhetorical. You don't need to answer. We couldn't hear you anyway, this is a book and you are a person and that's not how it works.

Hey!



In case you were wondering, babe —



Anyway, the day we uploaded the book we heard, *again*, there might be a chance.

So we tried.



— "Fat Bottomed Girls" was when I knew I loved you.

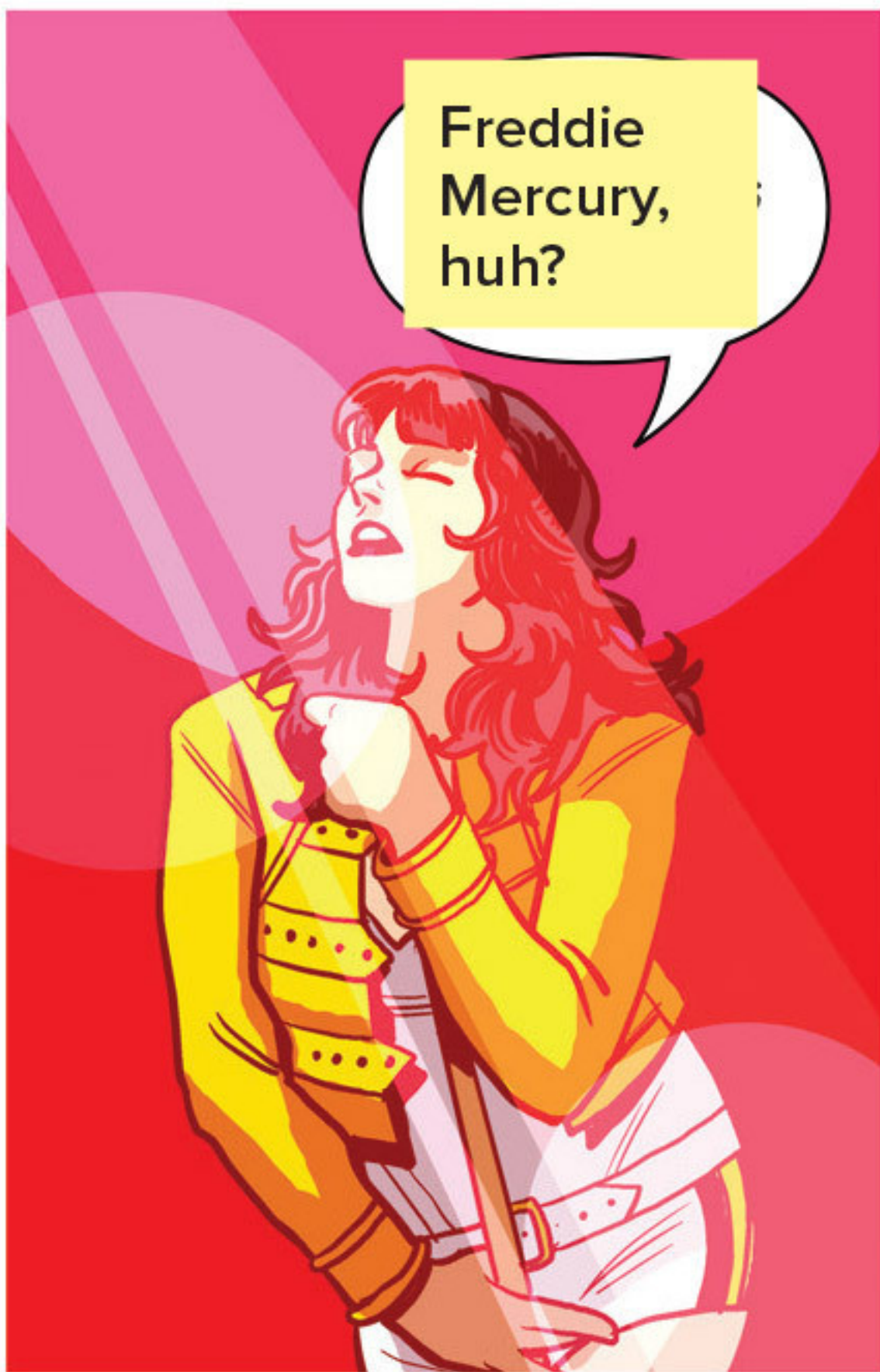


But if you're reading this, we clearly either couldn't afford the lyric usage, or they weren't made available to us, or their lawyers just couldn't move fast enough.

We've almost harassed poor Brian May at this point.



Anyway,
so.



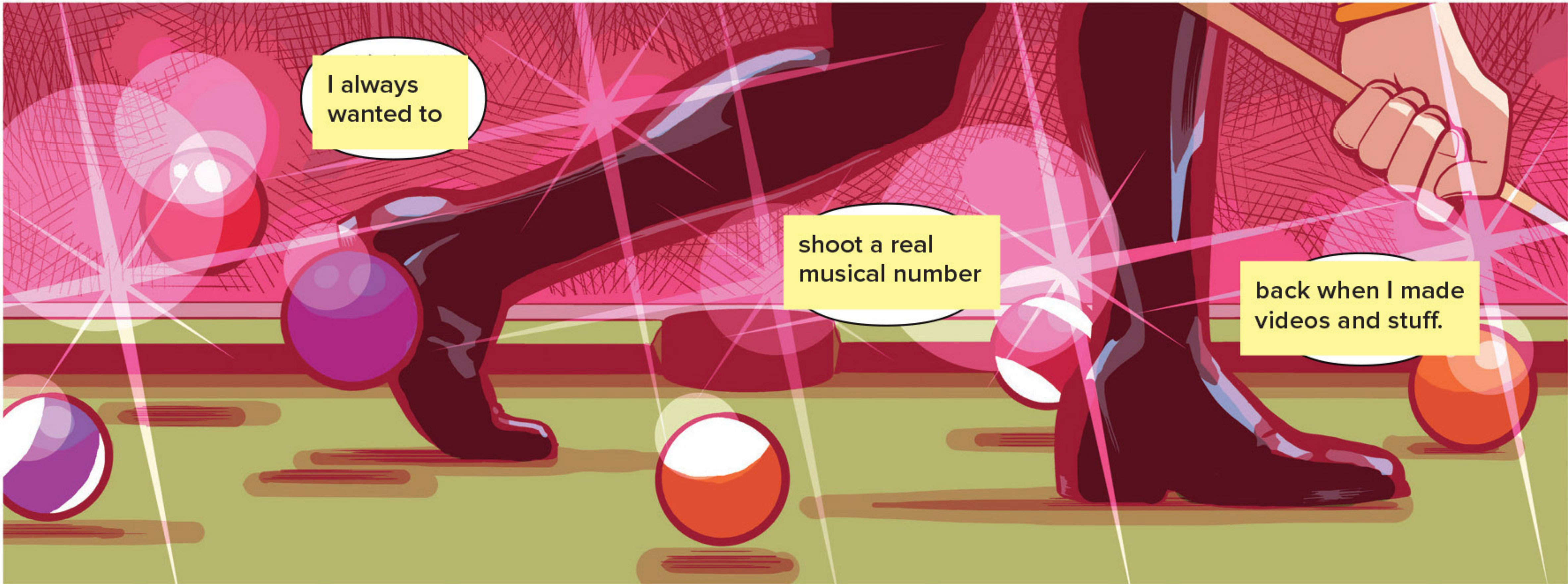
Freddie
Mercury,
huh?



Best pipes
ever.



It would've
been fun.
Ah, well.



I always
wanted to

shoot a real
musical number

back when I made
videos and stuff.

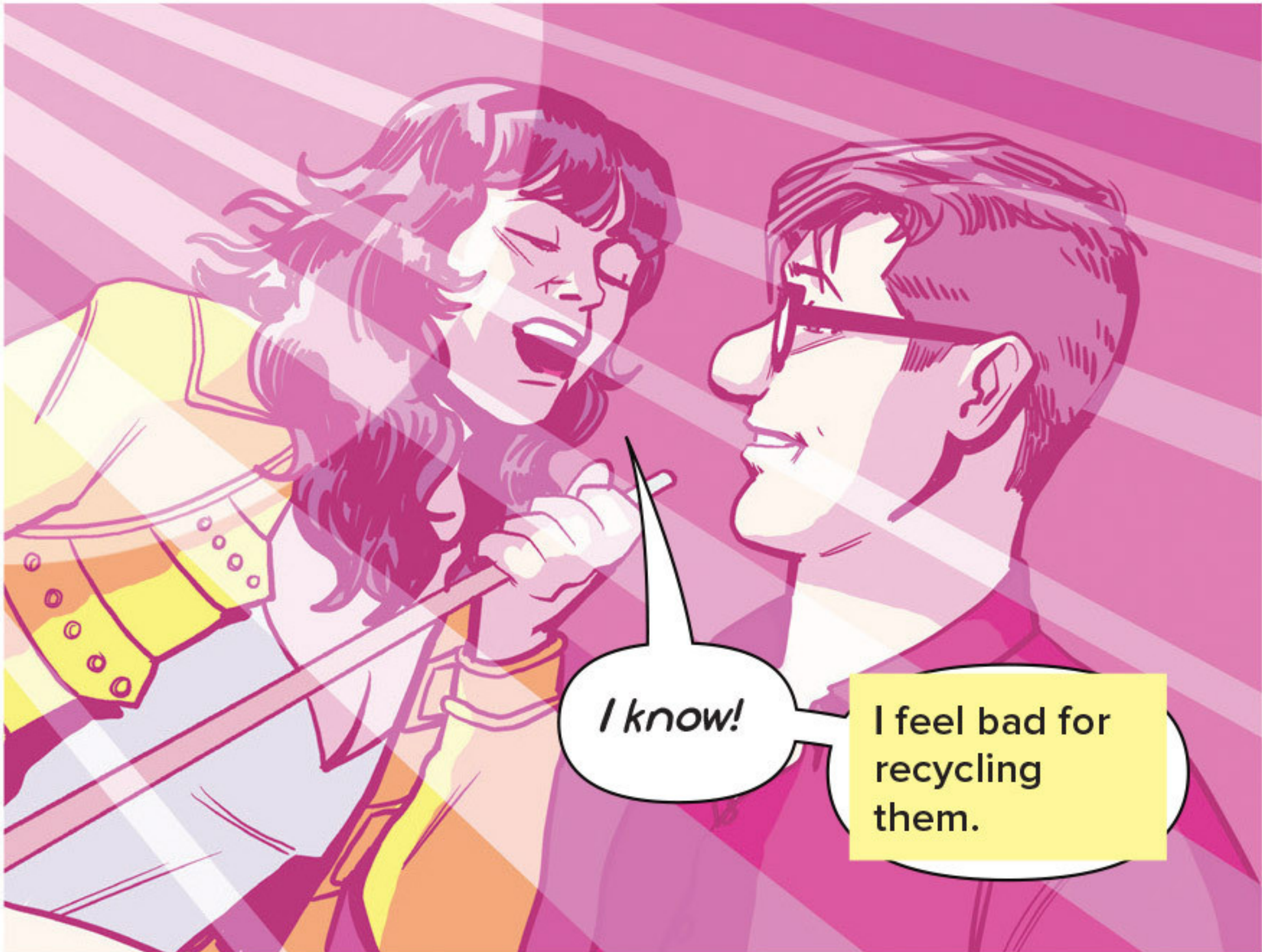


Those captions
were the same
in the comic.

They're still
true, but,
y'know.



Ohhhhhh



I know!

I feel bad for
recycling
them.

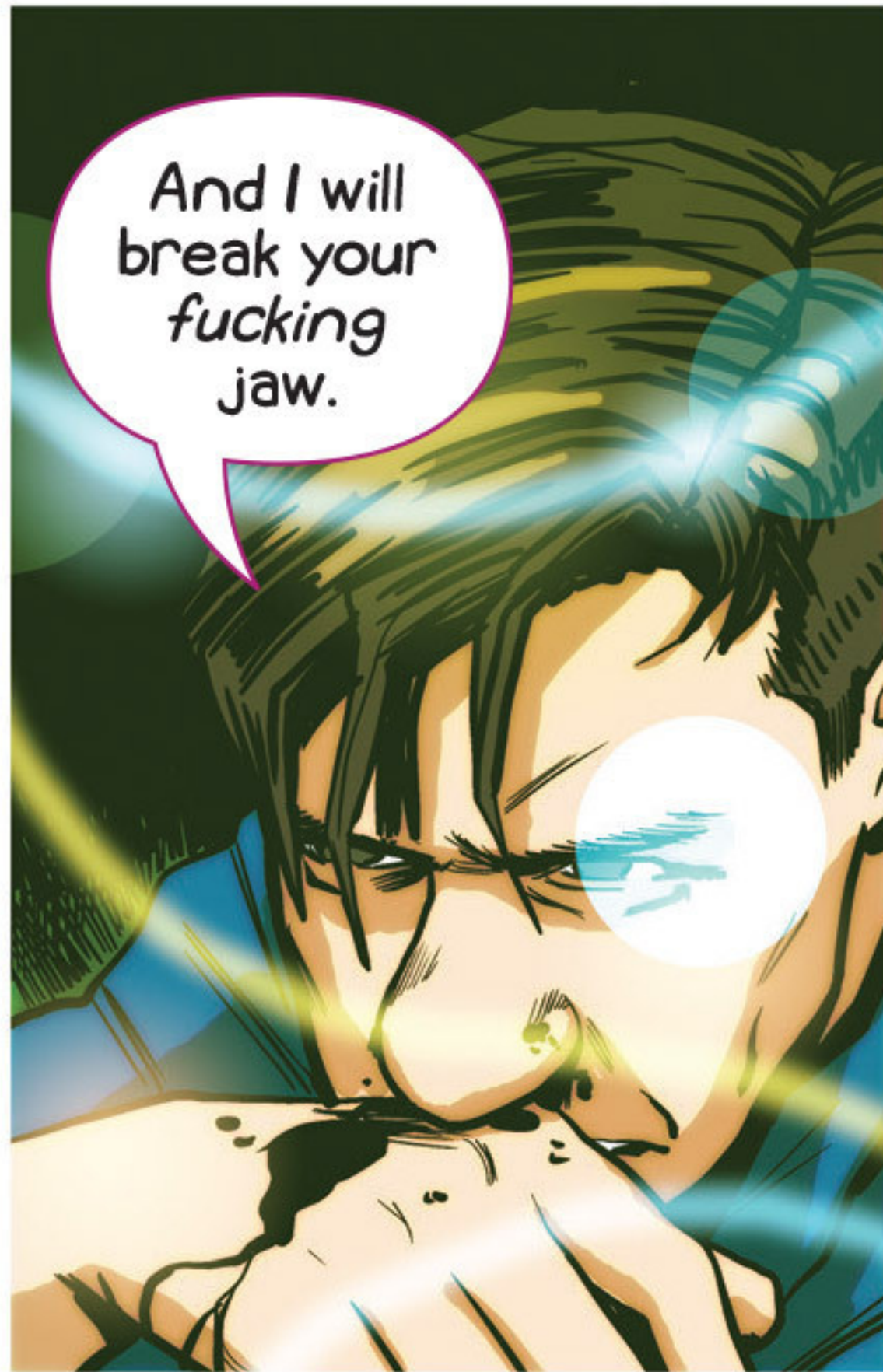
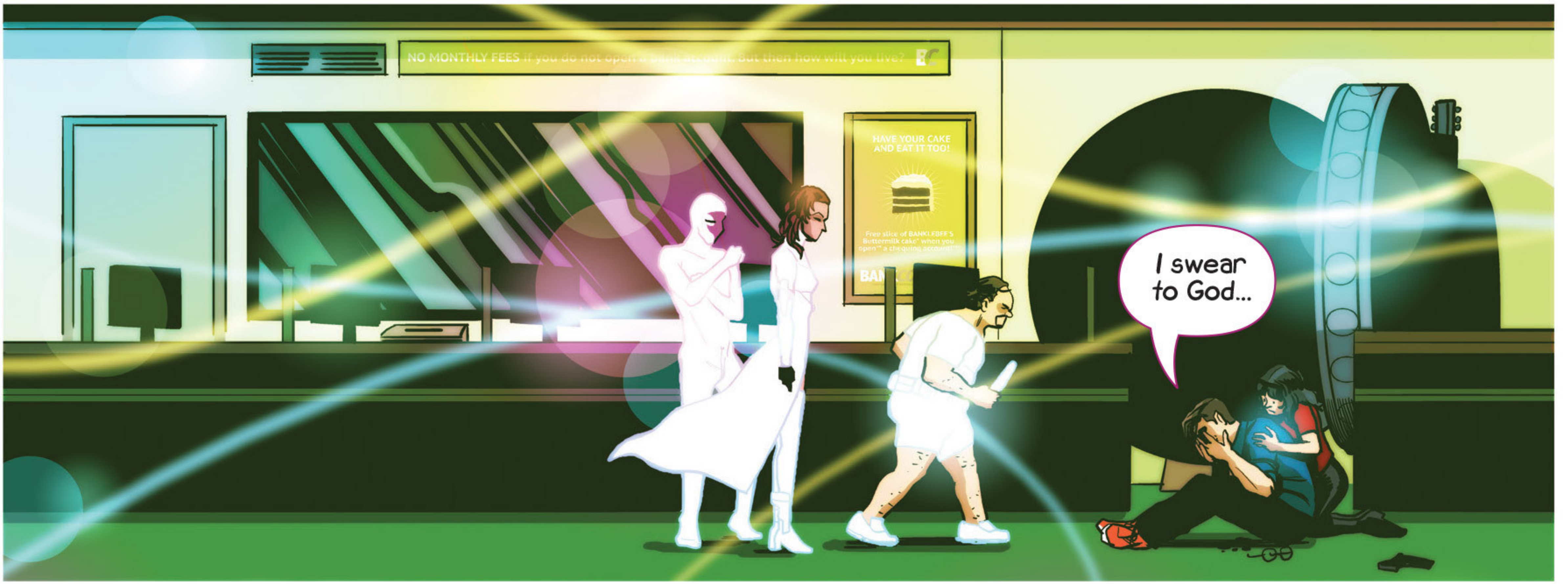




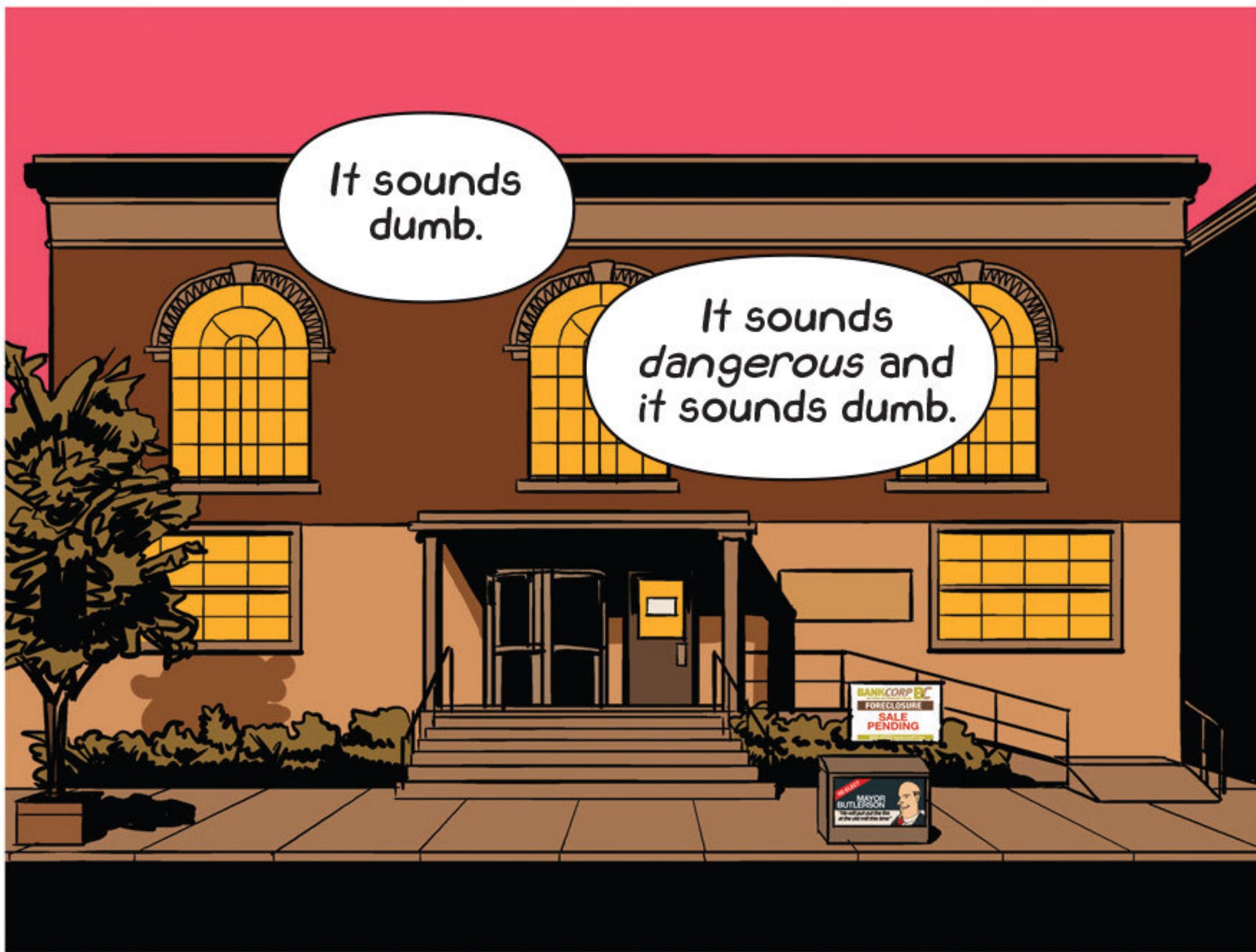


4
SEX
POLICE



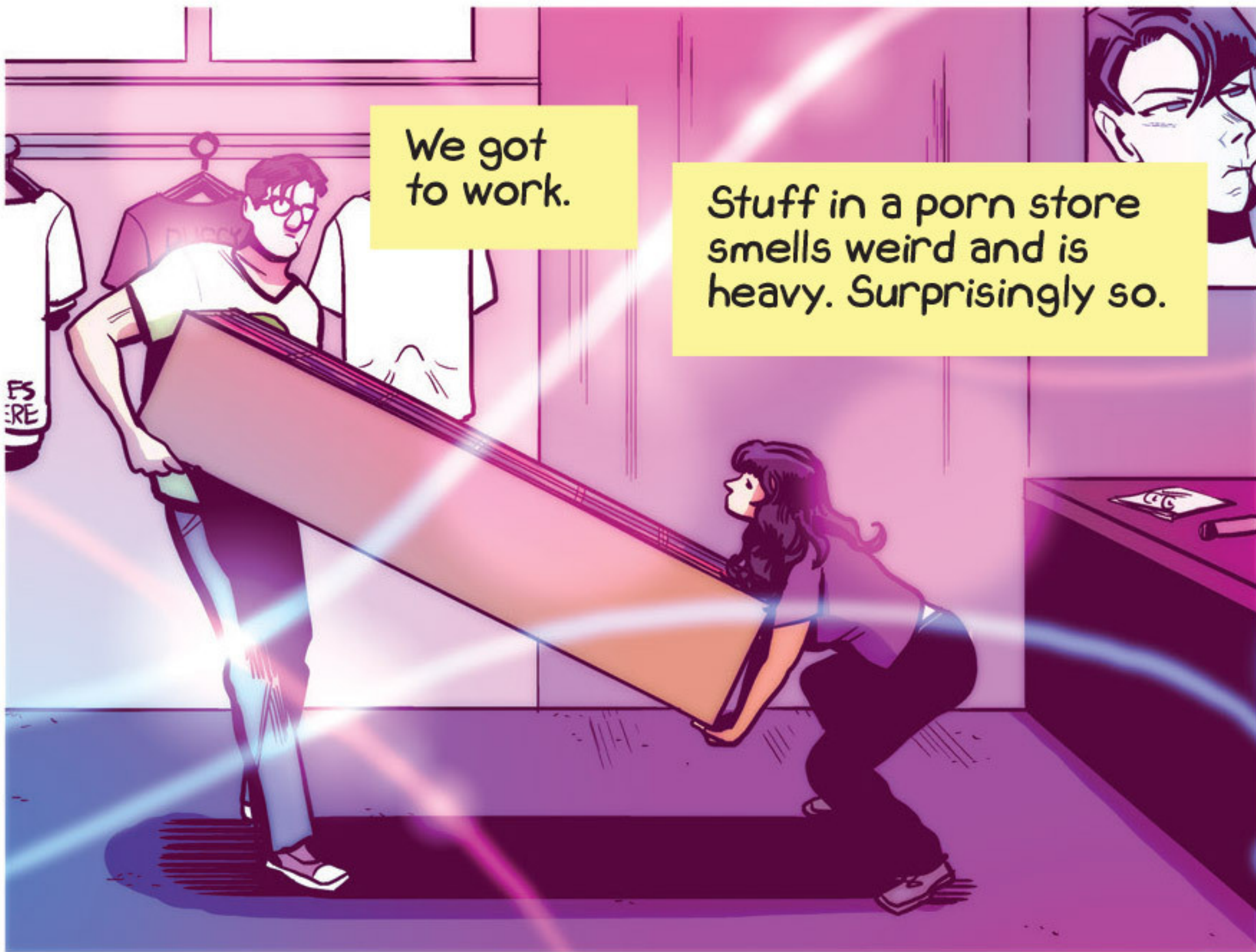






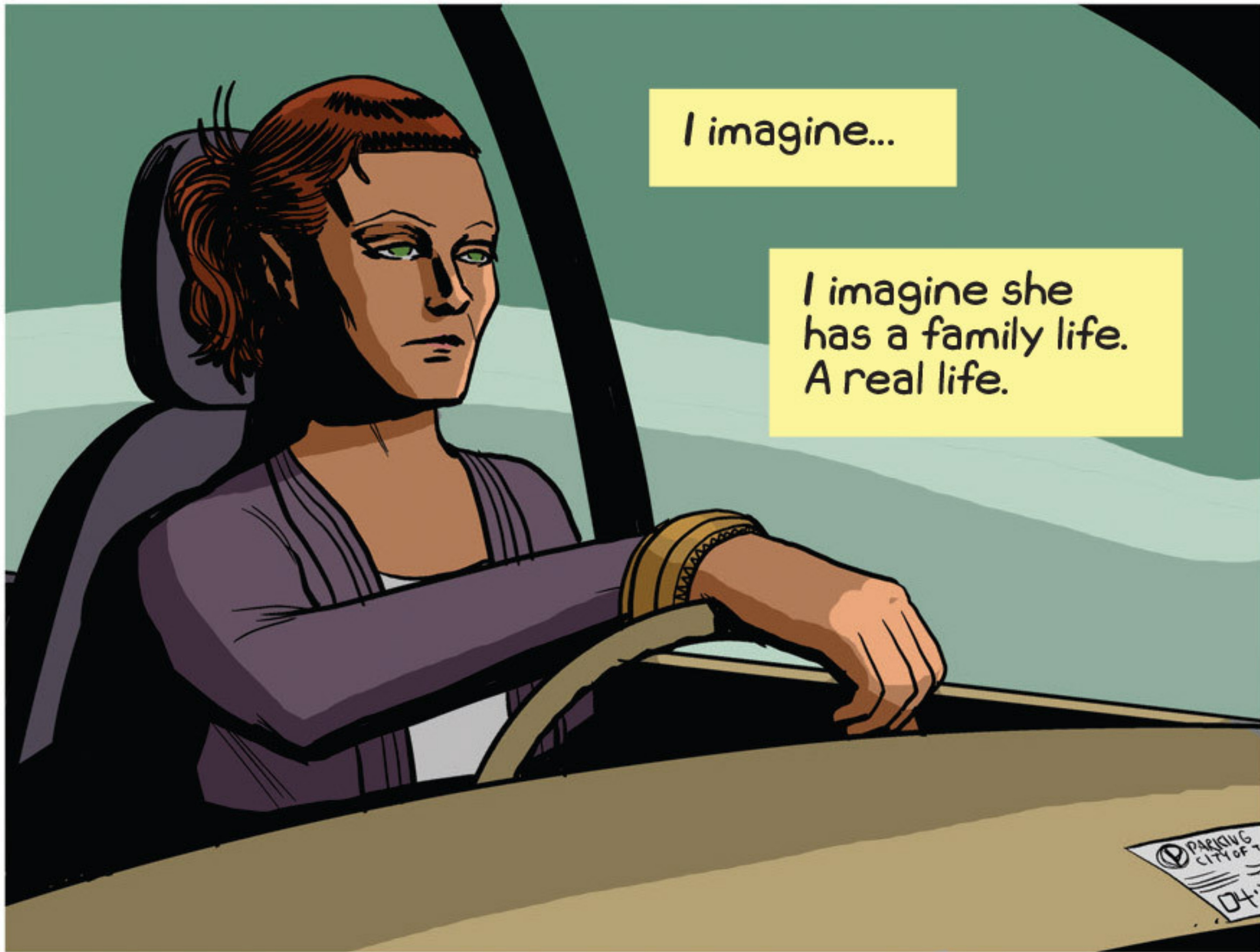


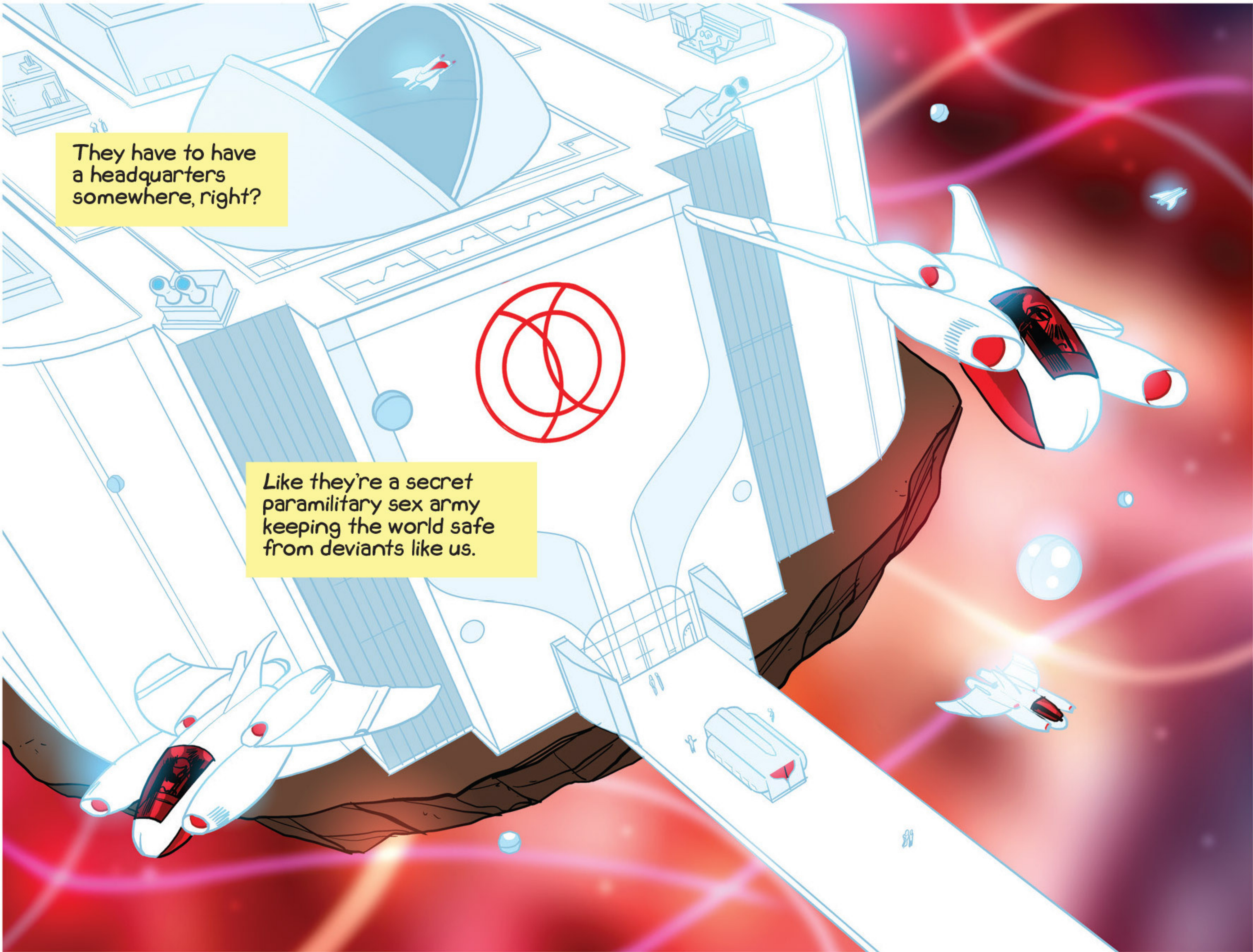












They have to have a headquarters somewhere, right?

Like they're a secret paramilitary sex army keeping the world safe from deviants like us.



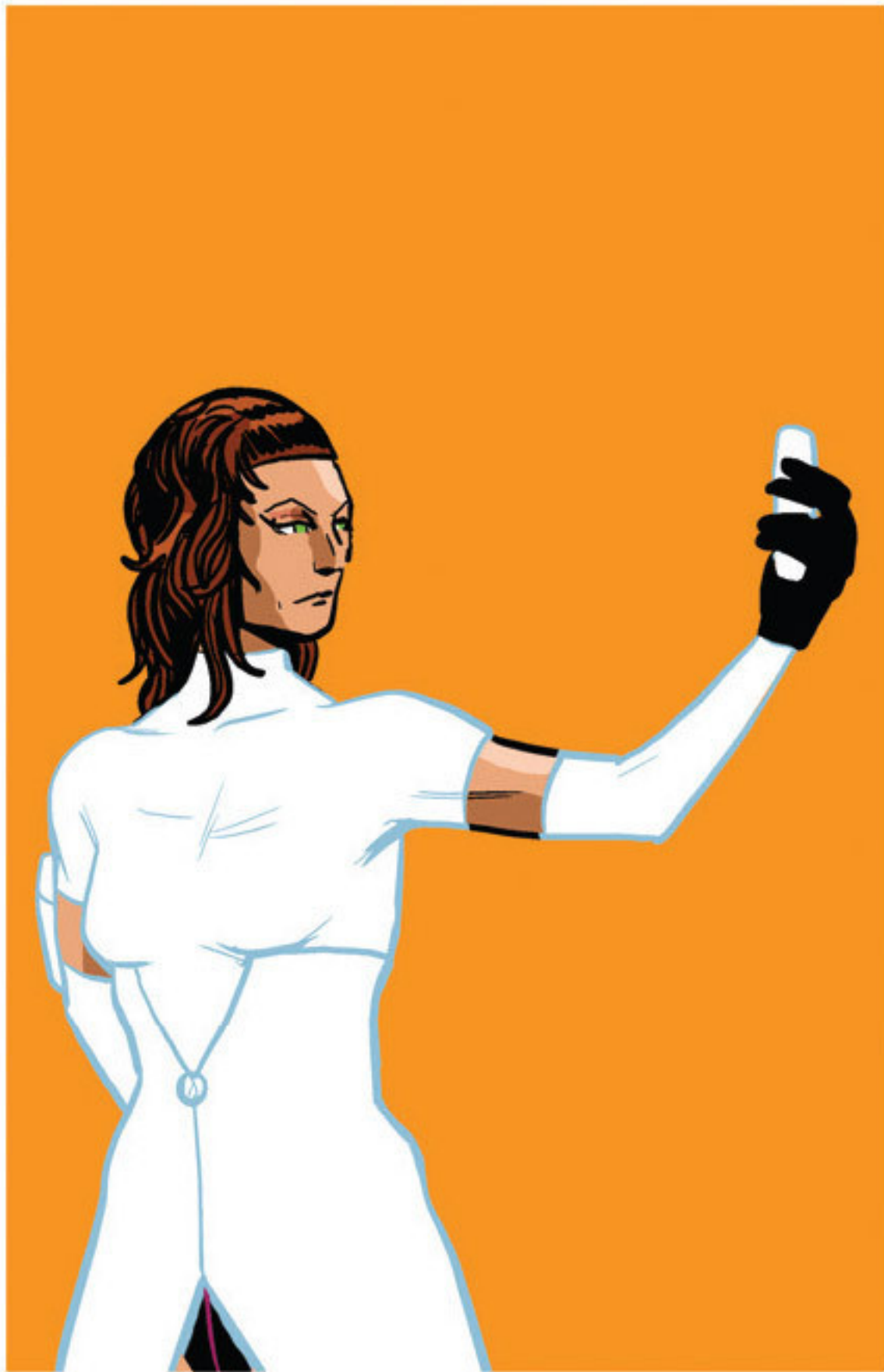
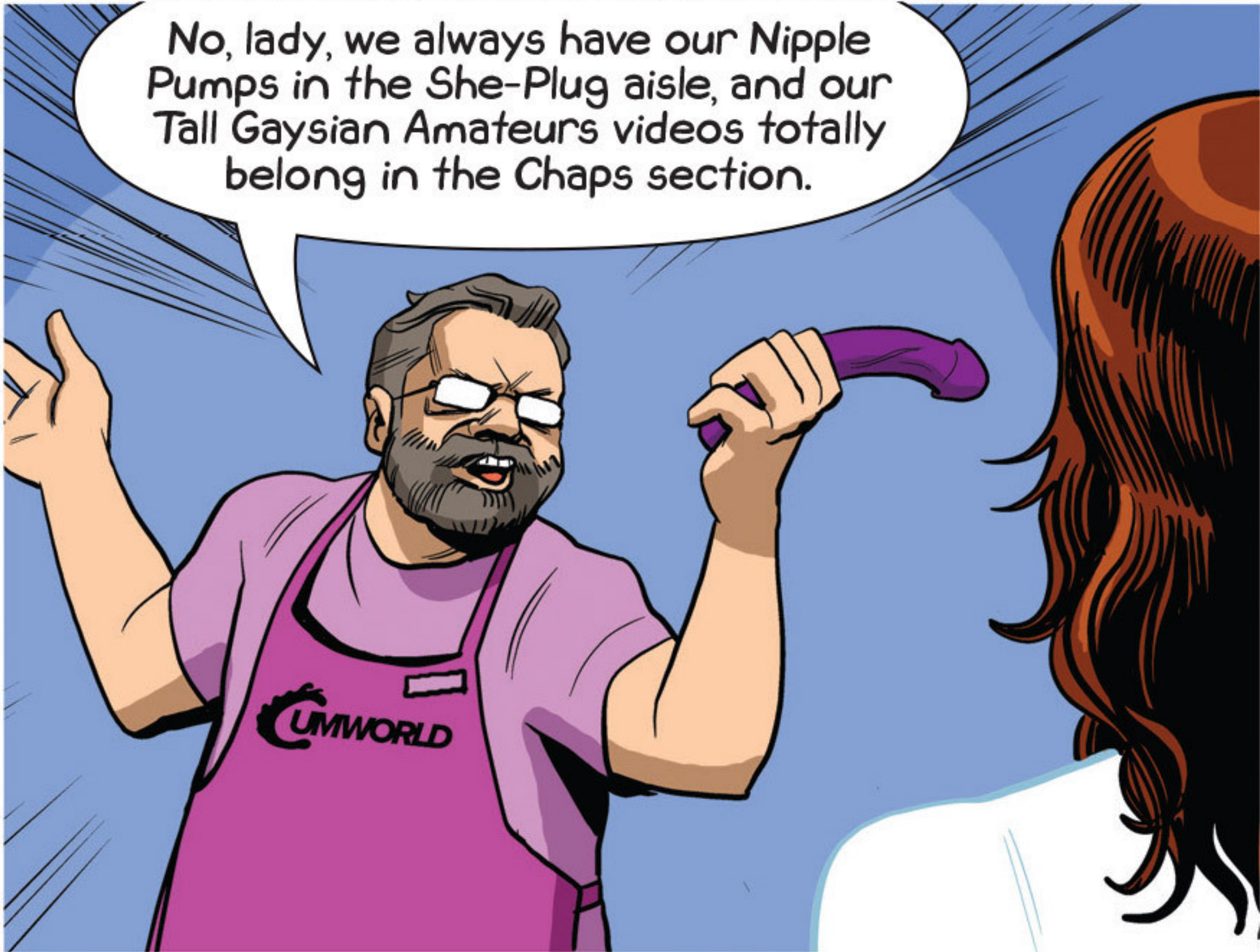
A massive, interconnected network of time-freezing sex police out to destroy people like us.

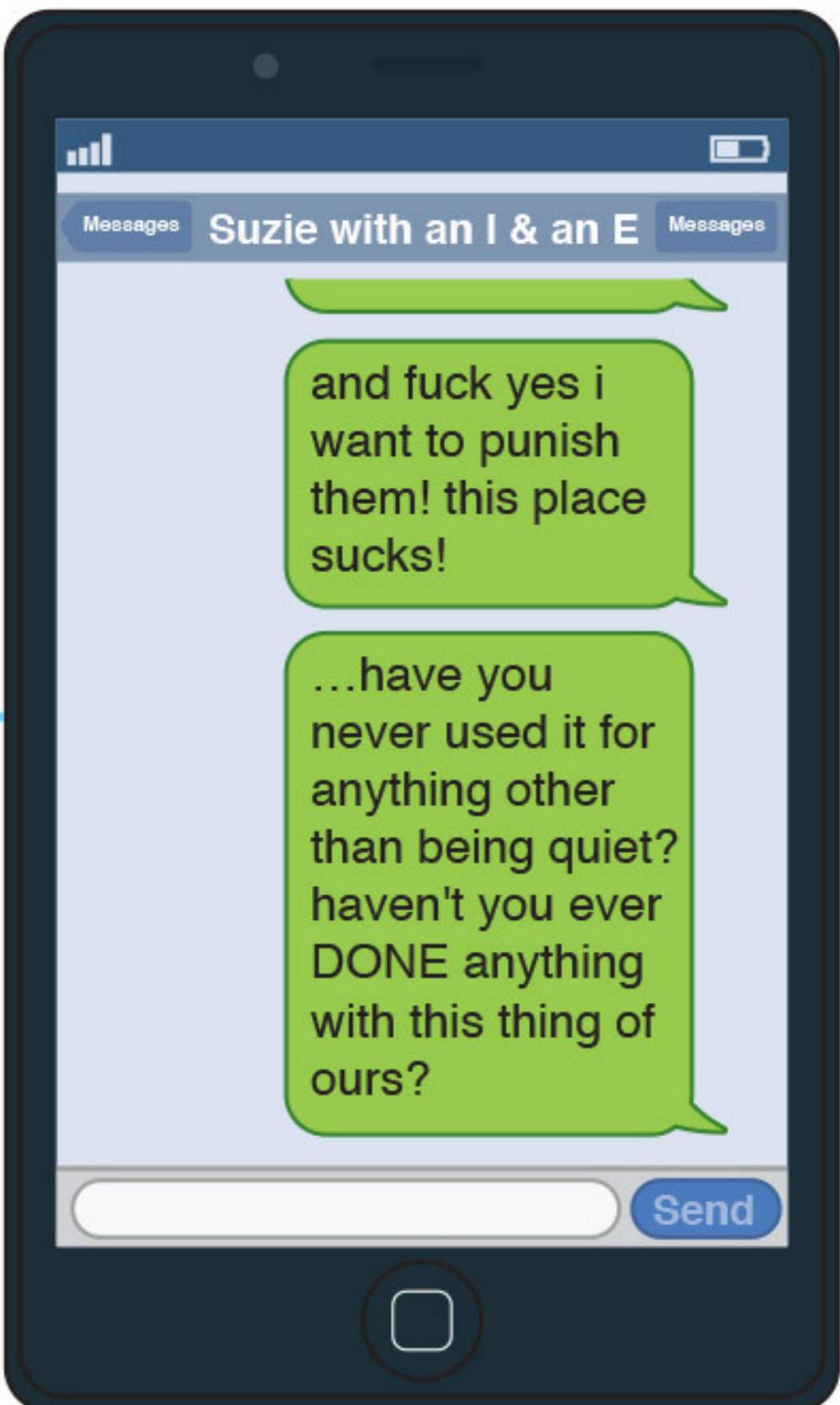
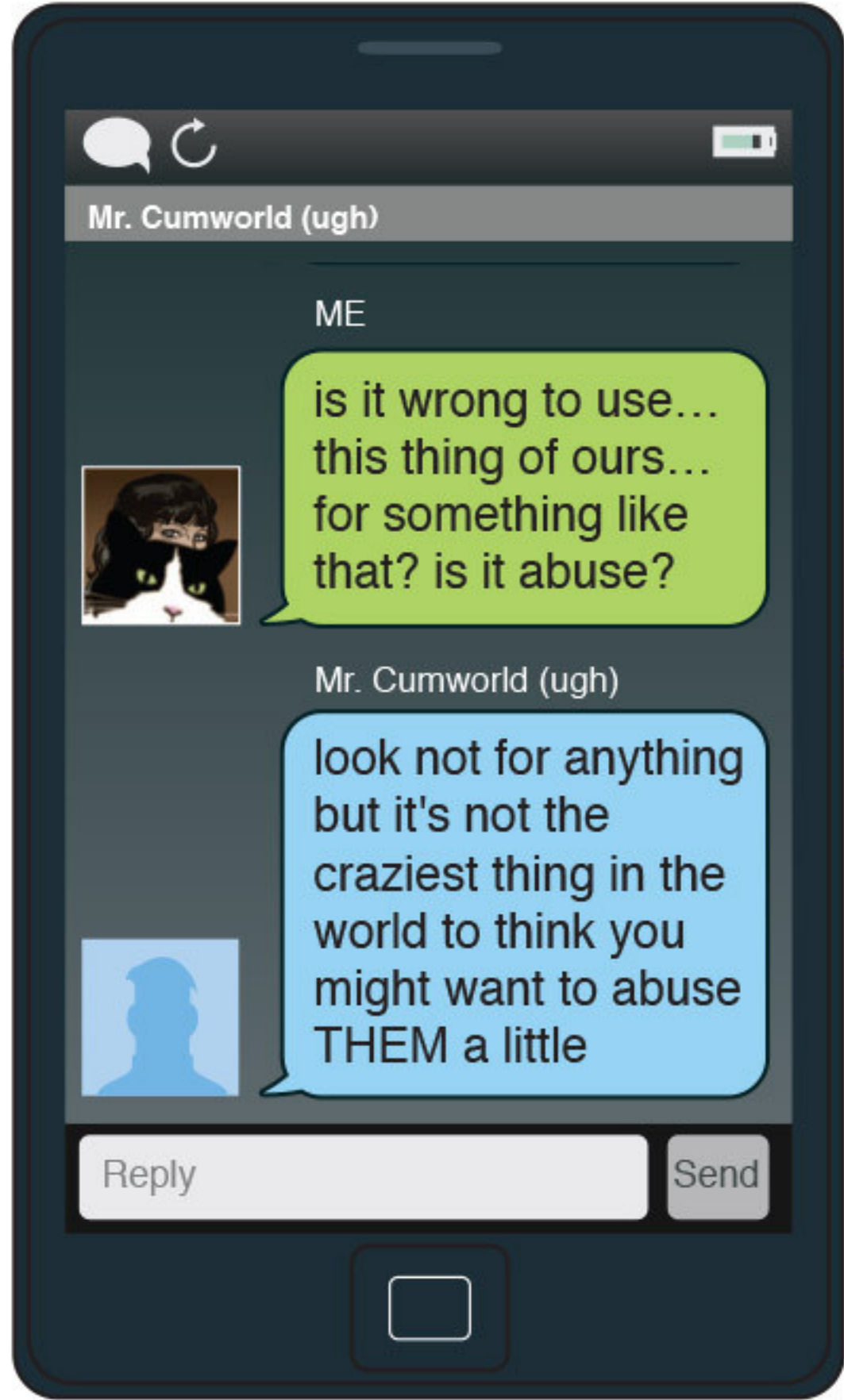
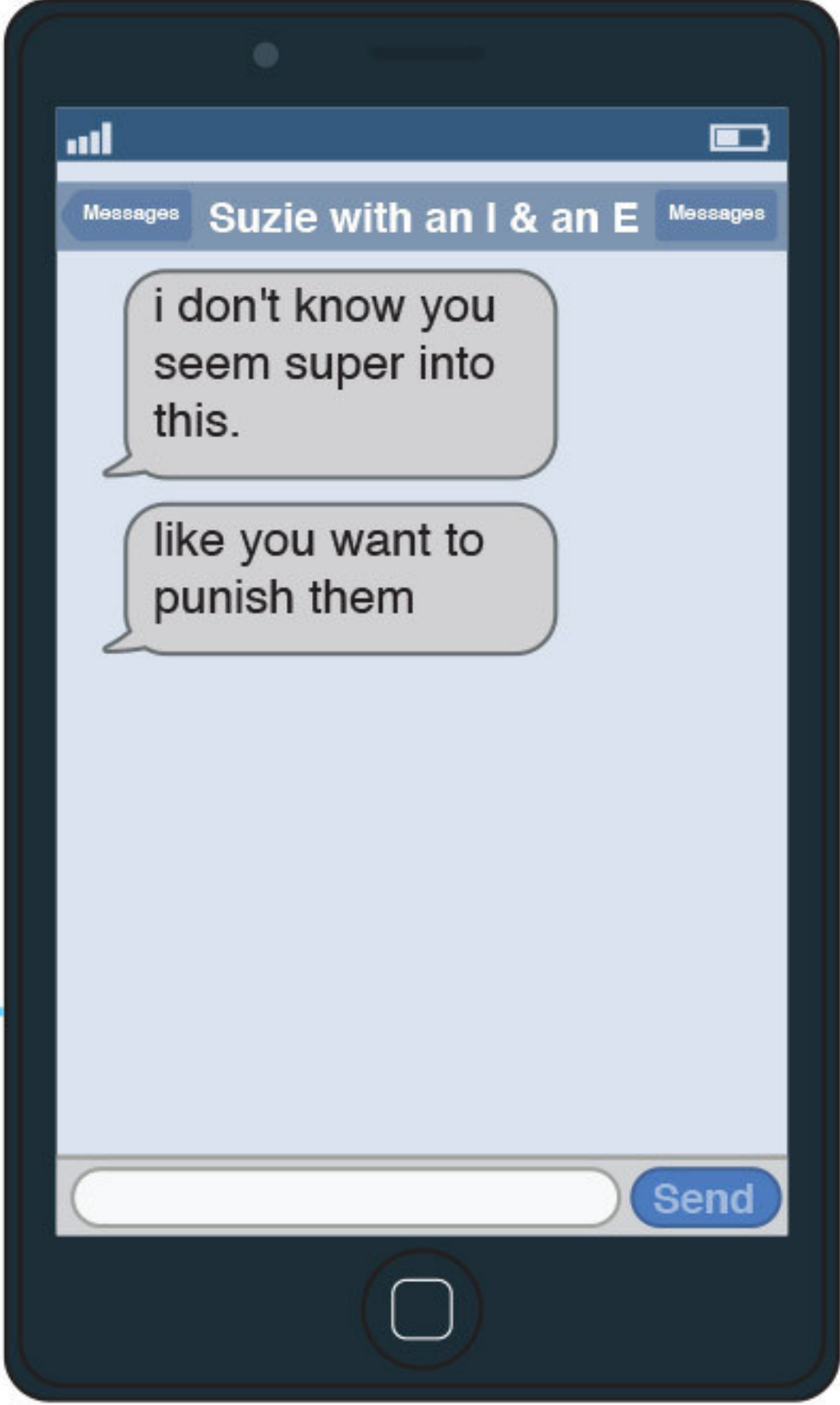
With uniforms and codenames and stuff.

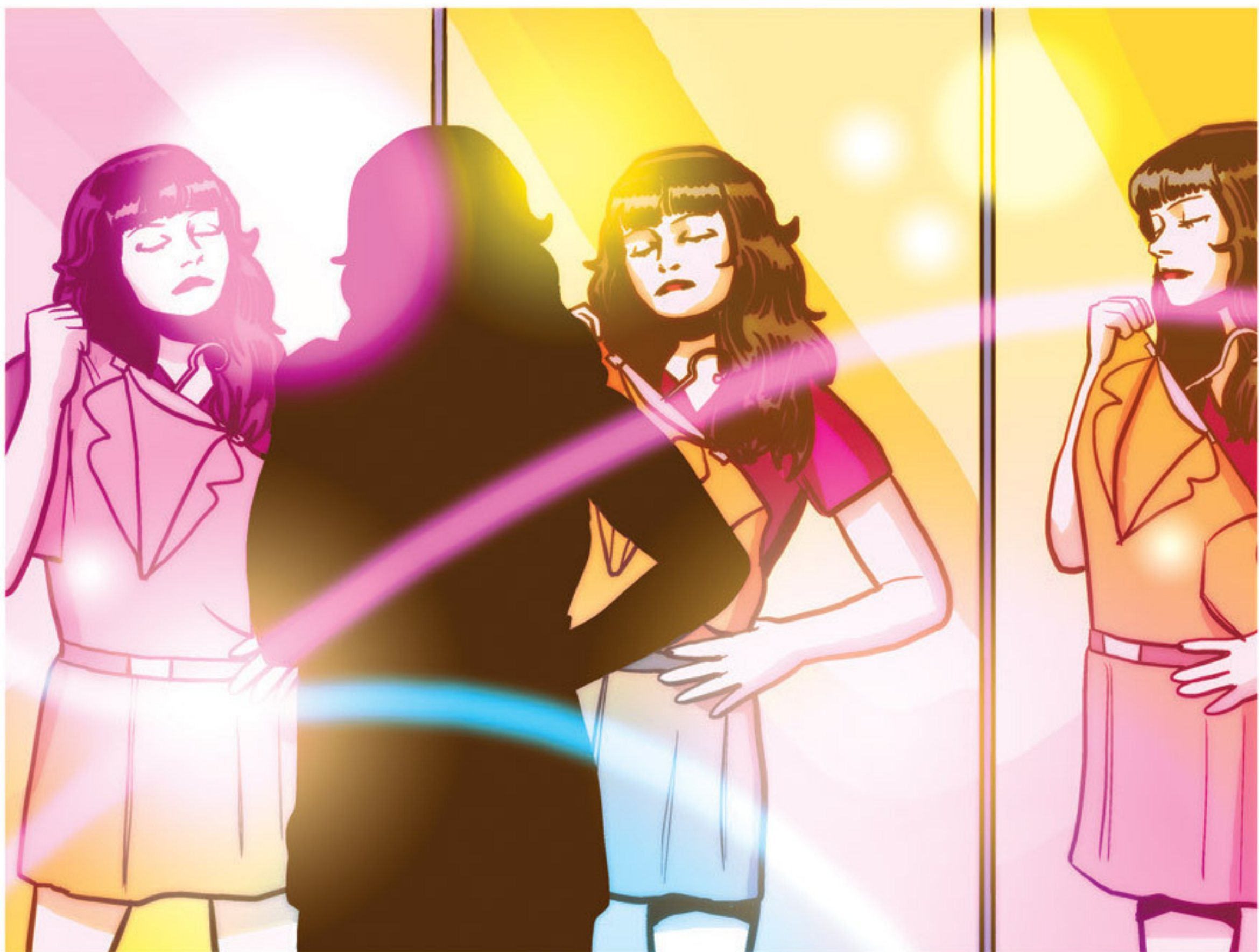
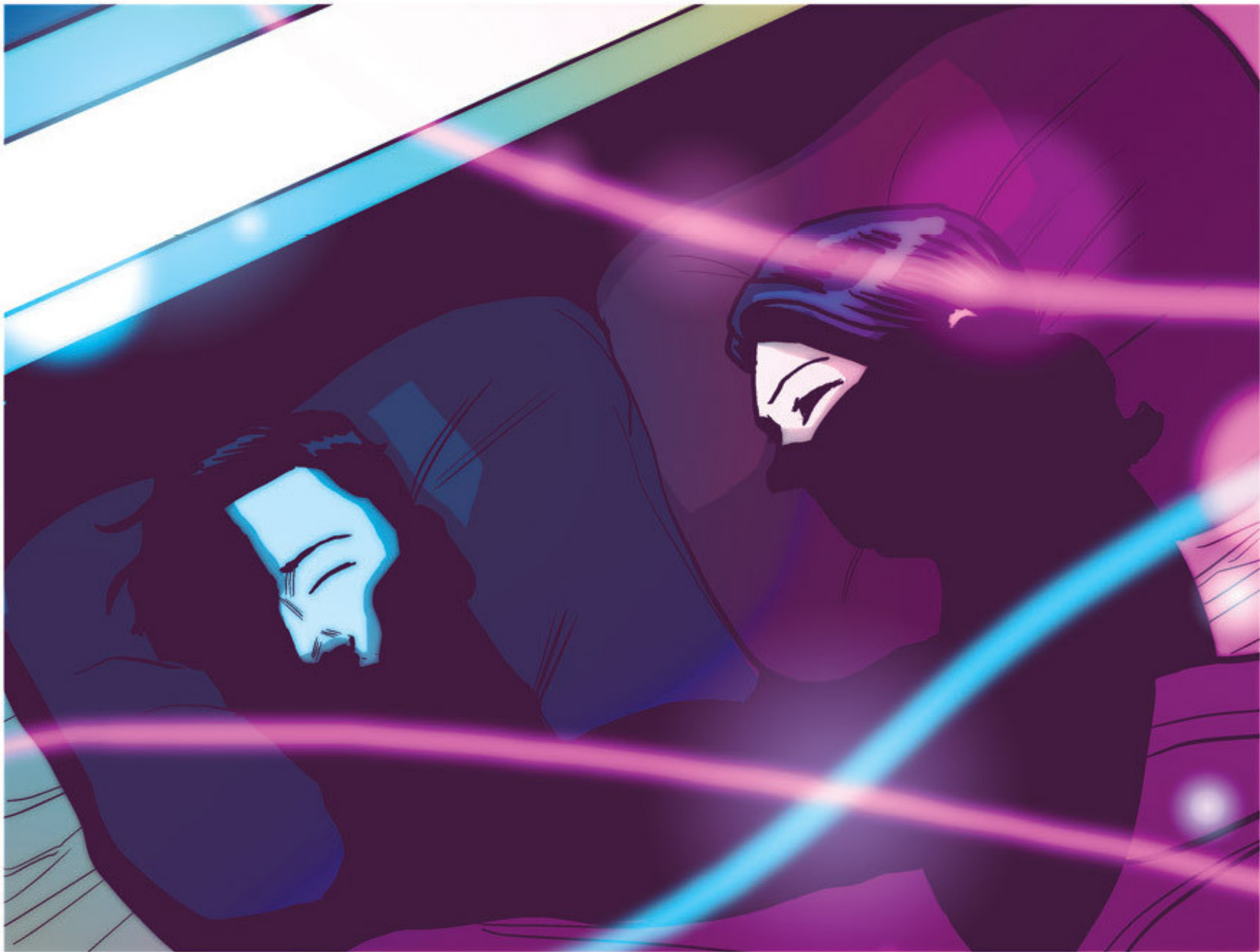
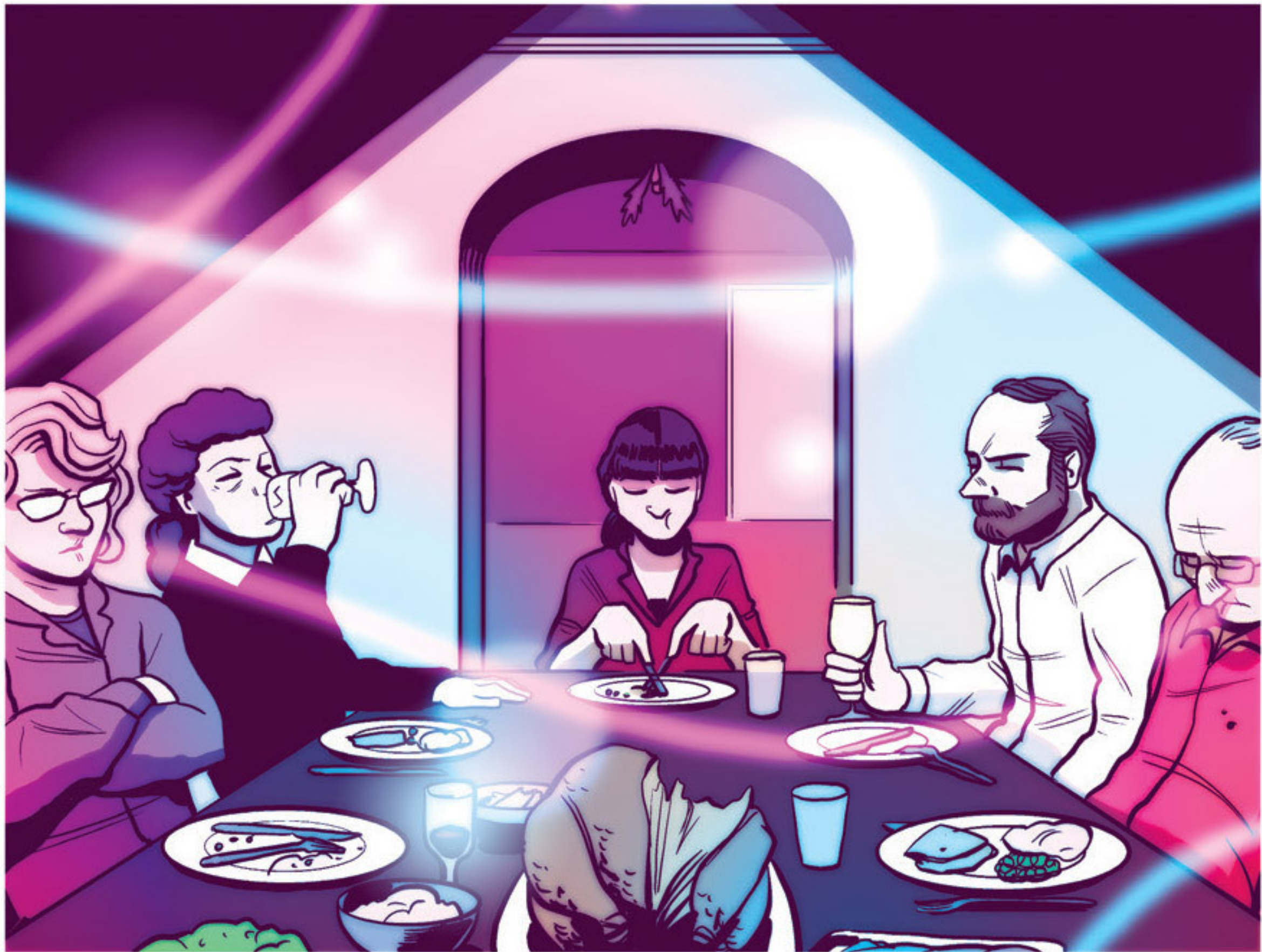


And she's, like, their Bruce Willis.

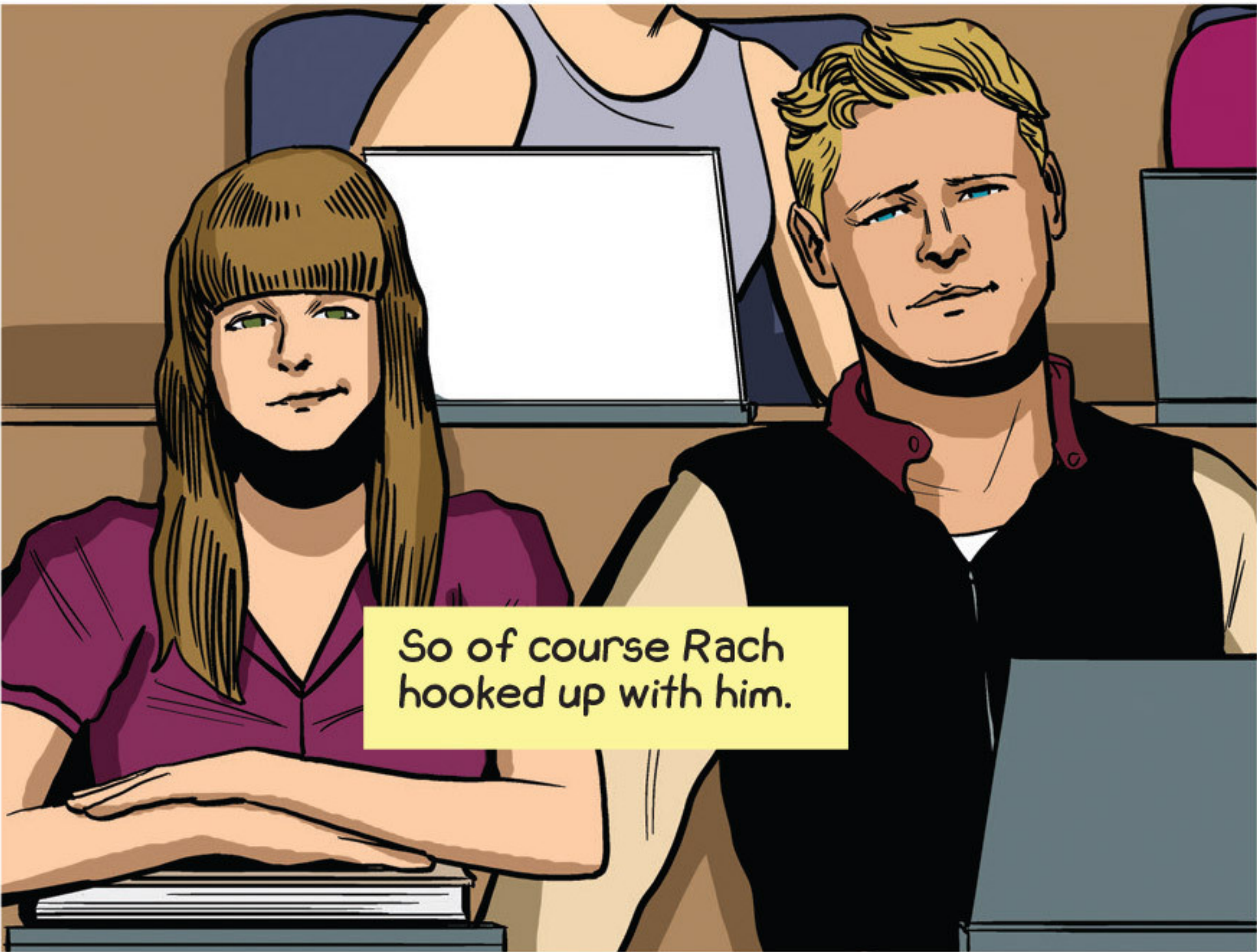
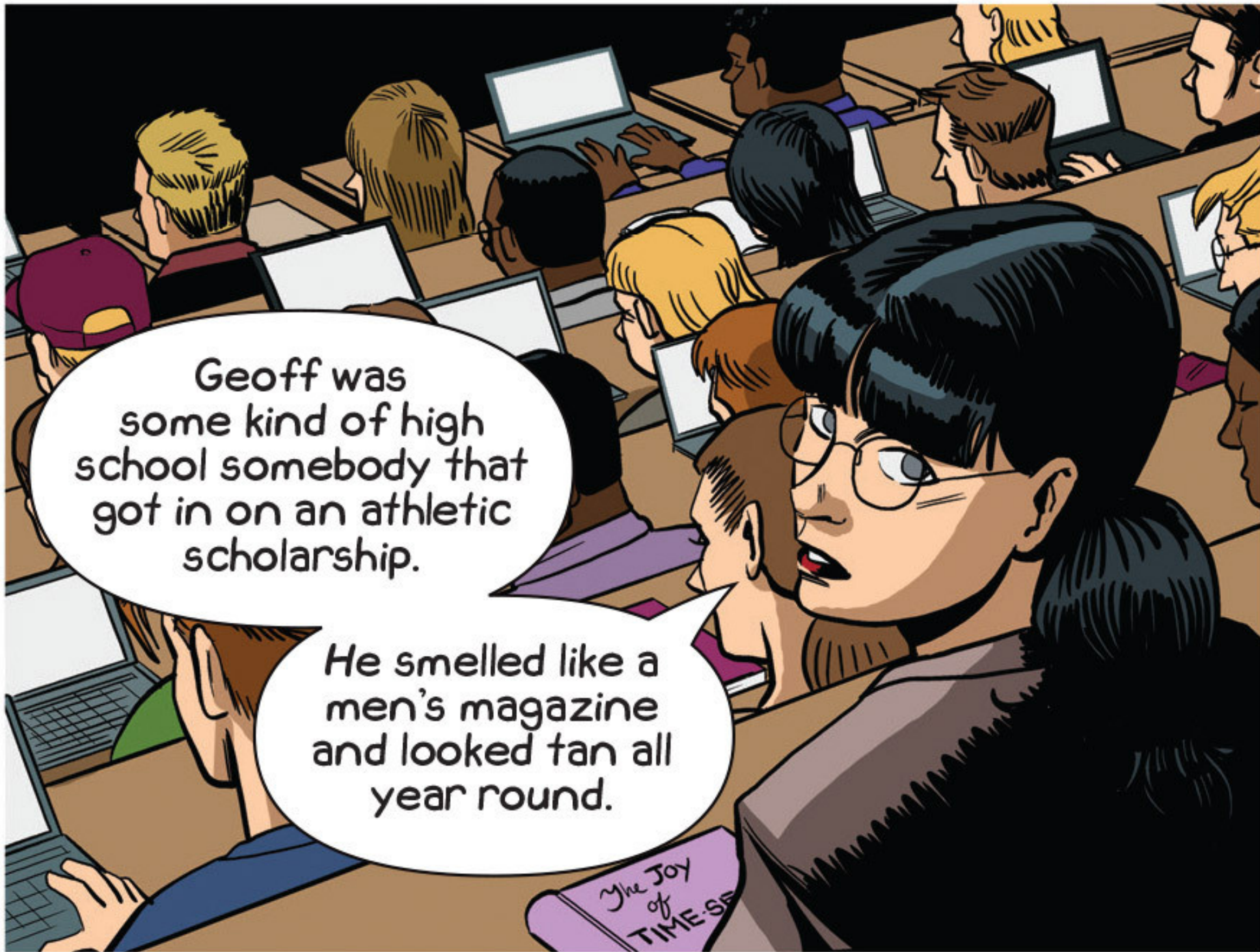


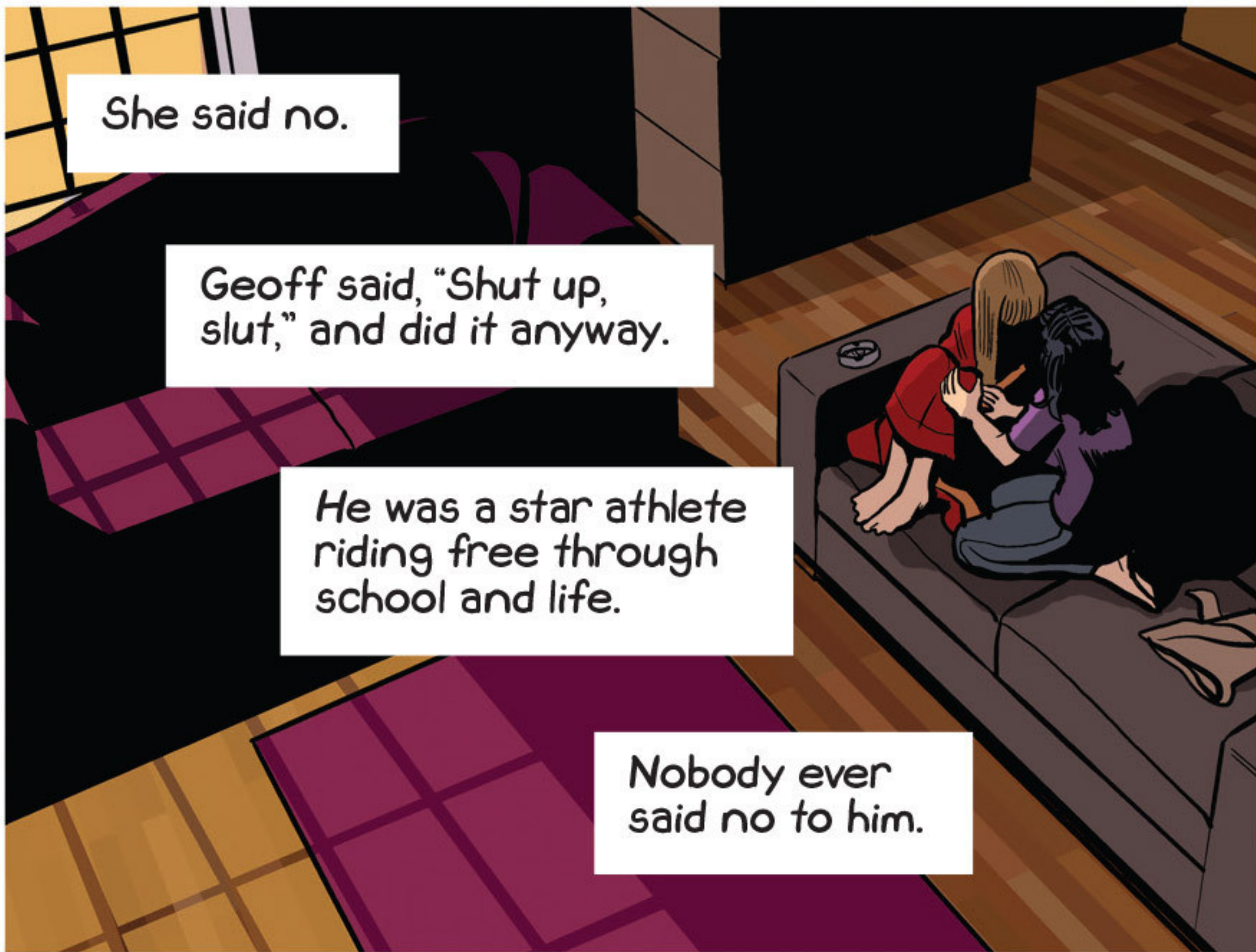






SUZIE
VS
GEOFF



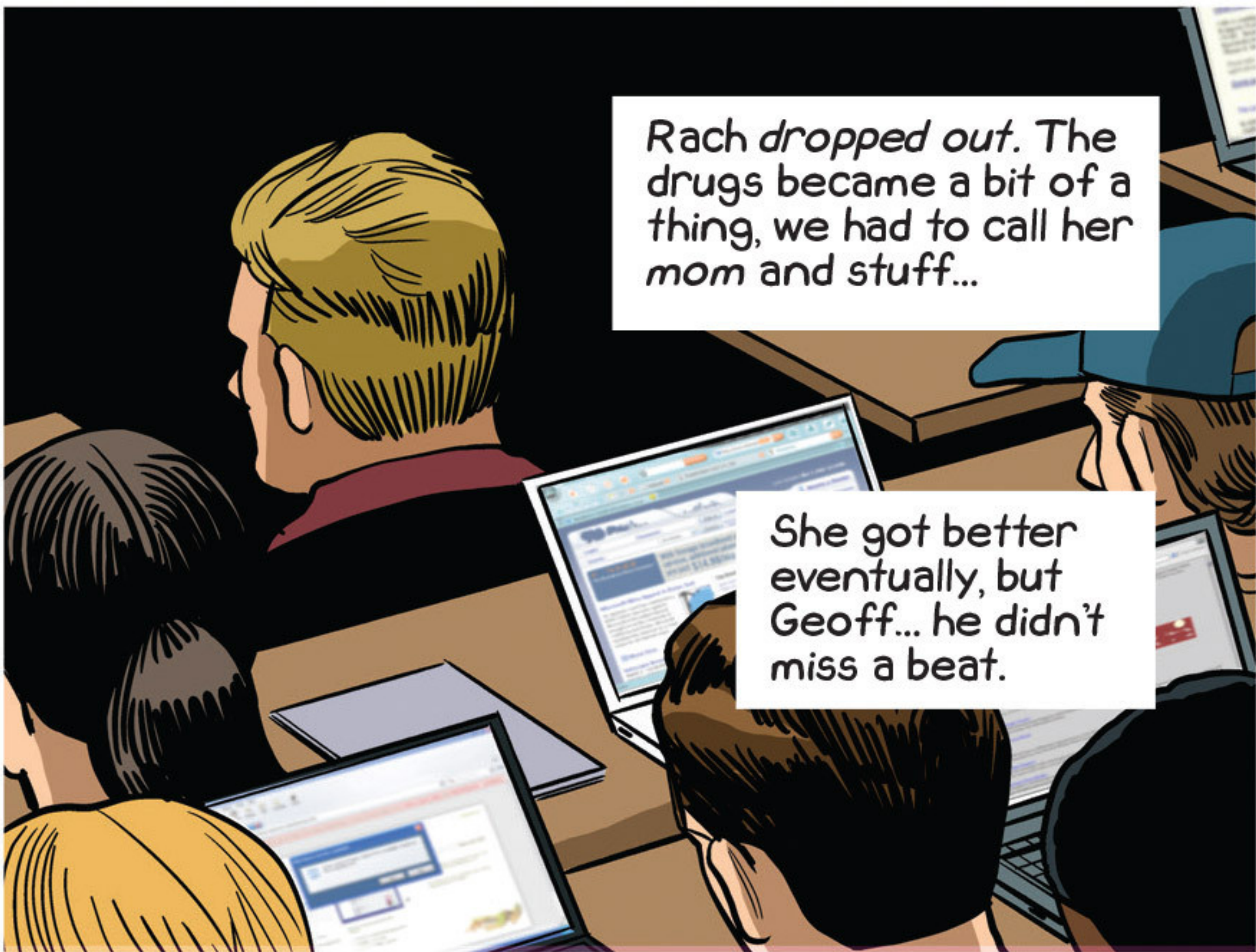


She said no.

Geoff said, "Shut up, slut," and did it anyway.

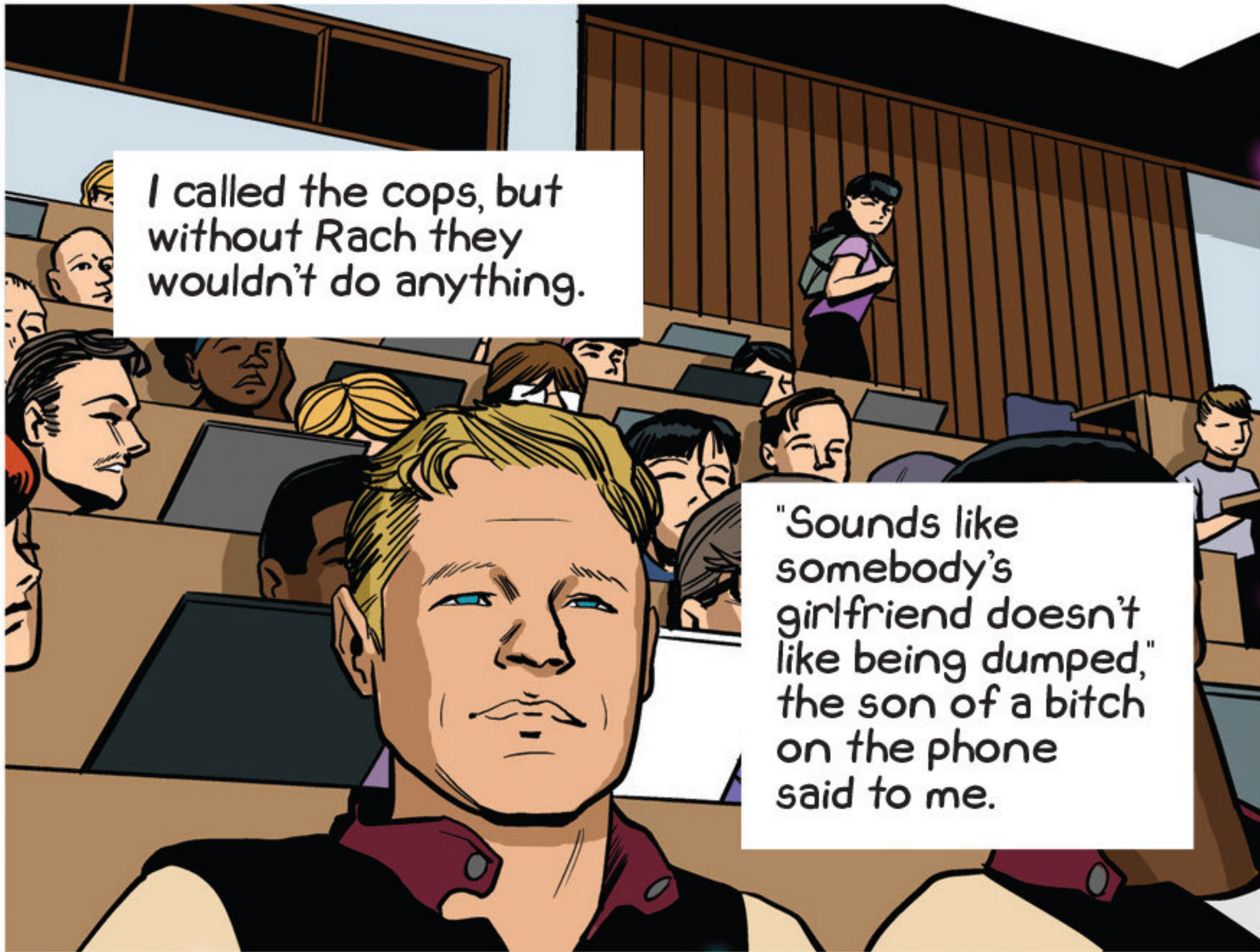
He was a star athlete riding free through school and life.

Nobody ever said no to him.



Rach dropped out. The drugs became a bit of a thing, we had to call her mom and stuff...

She got better eventually, but Geoff... he didn't miss a beat.



I called the cops, but without Rach they wouldn't do anything.

"Sounds like somebody's girlfriend doesn't like being dumped," the son of a bitch on the phone said to me.



And one day...

...one day I just kinda lost it.



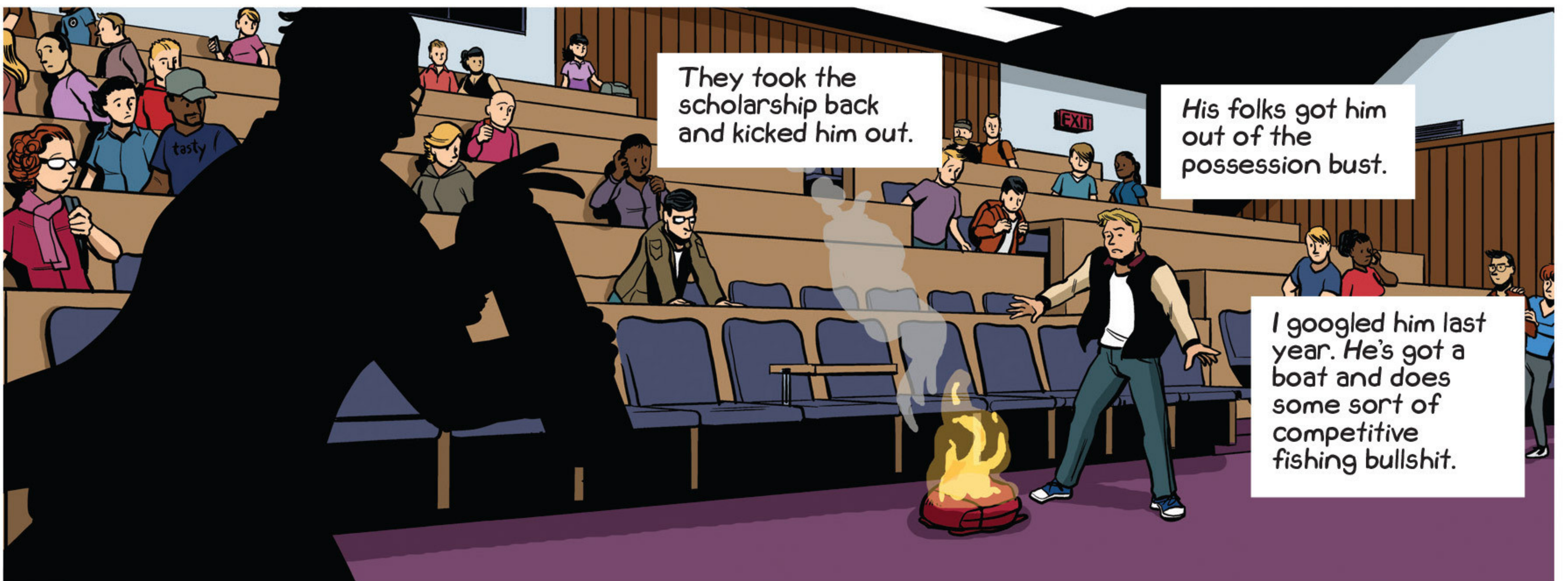
I availed myself of Rach's stash.

She was so wrecked by then she didn't notice.



Hey, pointer for all you kids out there.

If rubbing one out puts you into a state of frozen time, maybe don't get high down in it.





We found out the hard way we sort of had to be close to the place we were going to...crime.

Cars don't work in The Quiet.



So we just got to it.



We never took that much. We always took a little from a lot of different places.

DEADLINE: SEPTEMBER 19
SAVE OUR BOOKS

As most of you know, our library is in danger of being closed! The city's budget cannot continue to pay the mortgage on the building so BankCorp is going to evict unless WE can pay off the remainder! Which is a lot! Like, wow! So, we need to raise \$160,000 by September 19 to secure the building! For as low as \$20 you can sponsor a book in the library, which means your name

God, I hope we didn't get anybody fired.

of your arians, is!



Every few days we'd go to another branch.



Do our thing.



And save the library a little bit more.



But mostly have lots of sex, which, y'know.

Is pretty great.



All of it was leading towards the big branch.

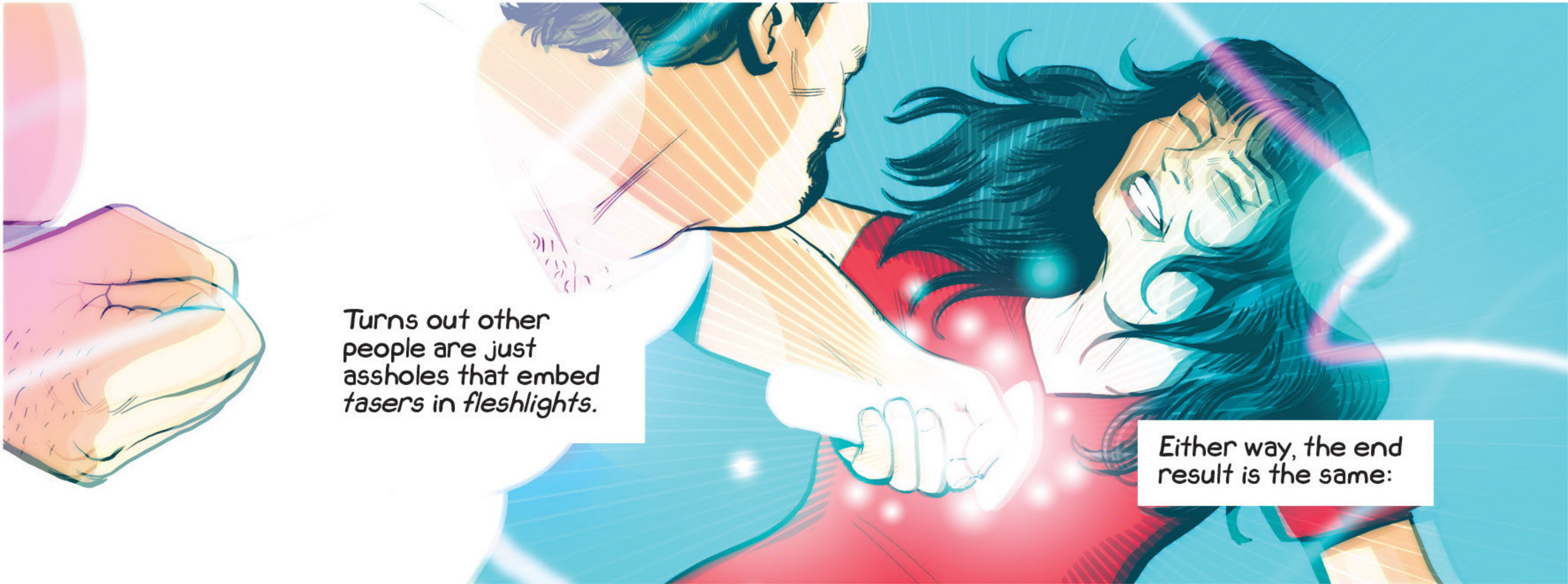
The place where Jon worked.

The place my dad died.





Turns out some people really like being electrocuted during sex.



Turns out other people are just assholes that embed *fasers* in *fleshlights*.

Either way, the end result is the same:



You get your shit rocked pretty goddamn hard.

Wrap 'em up, boys.

And let's get them out of here.



5

GOING
DOWN







You were intercepted by us in the act of committing numerous crimes.



There are rules people like us have to follow, children.

Beyond laws.



And you two...

...fucking morons...



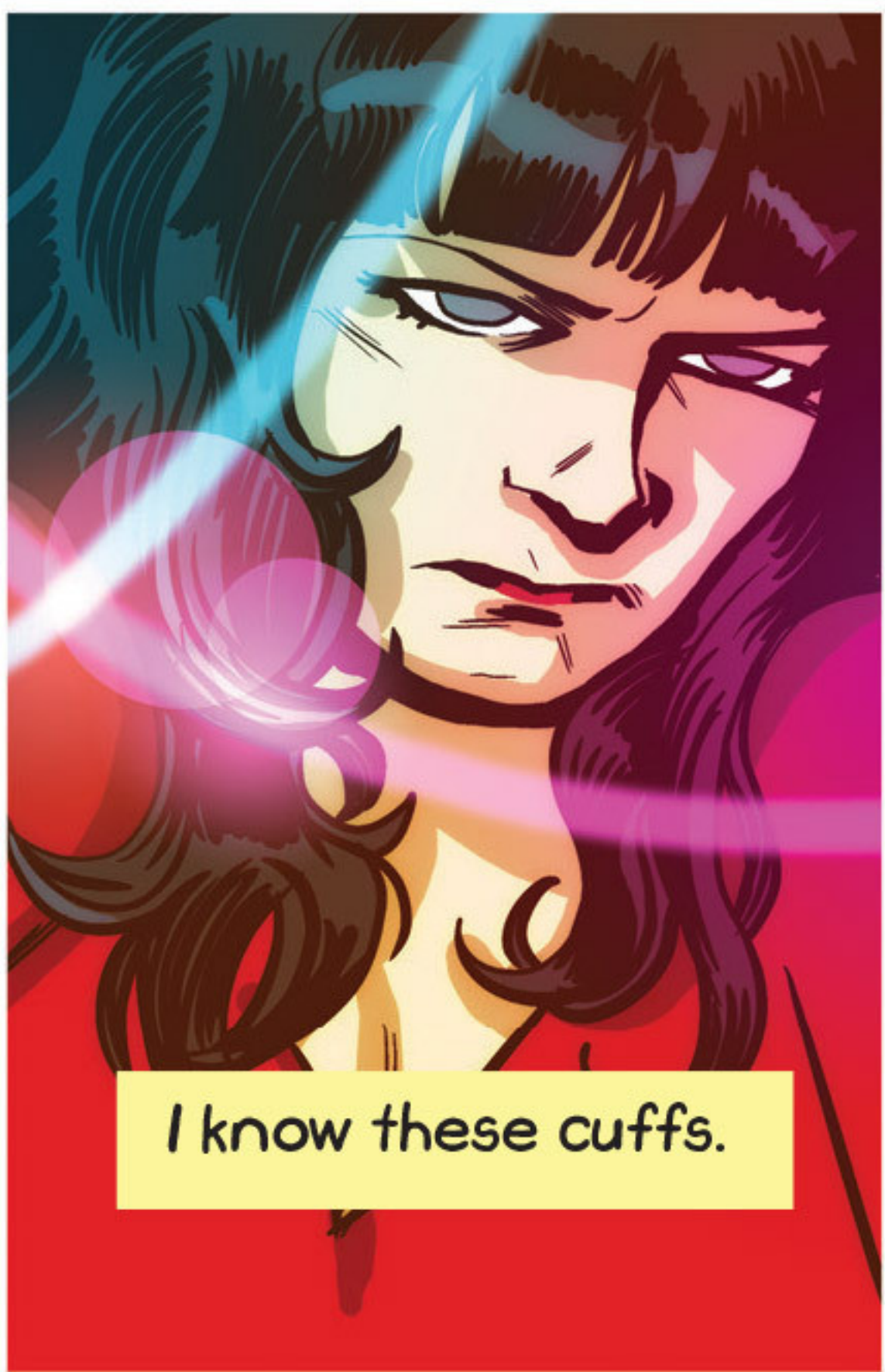
Suhh. ...were screaming to get us all caught. You get caught and it's bad for everyone.

Suzie...

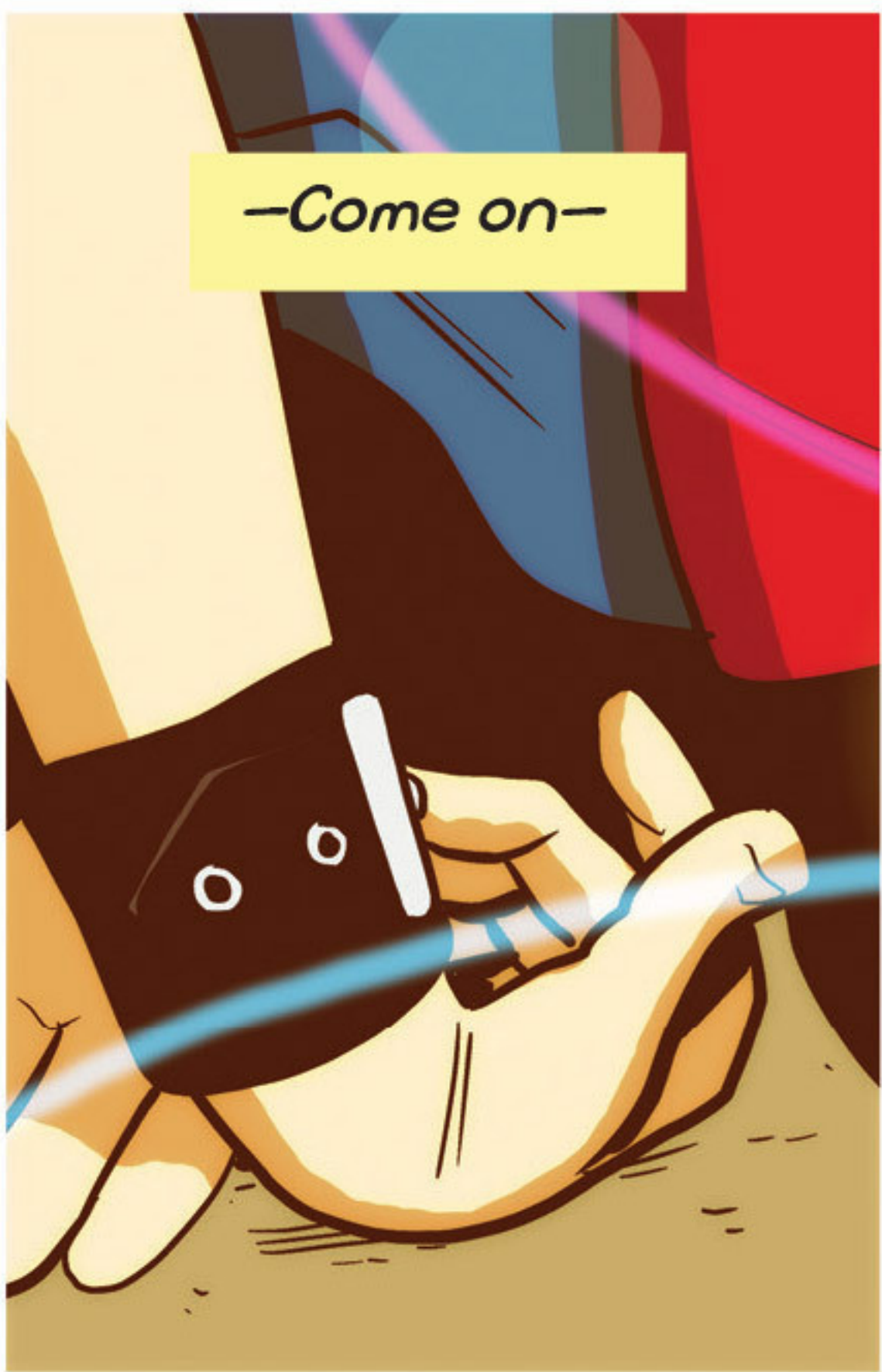
But what are we gonna do with 'em?

Suzie...

Leave everything to me.



I know these cuffs.

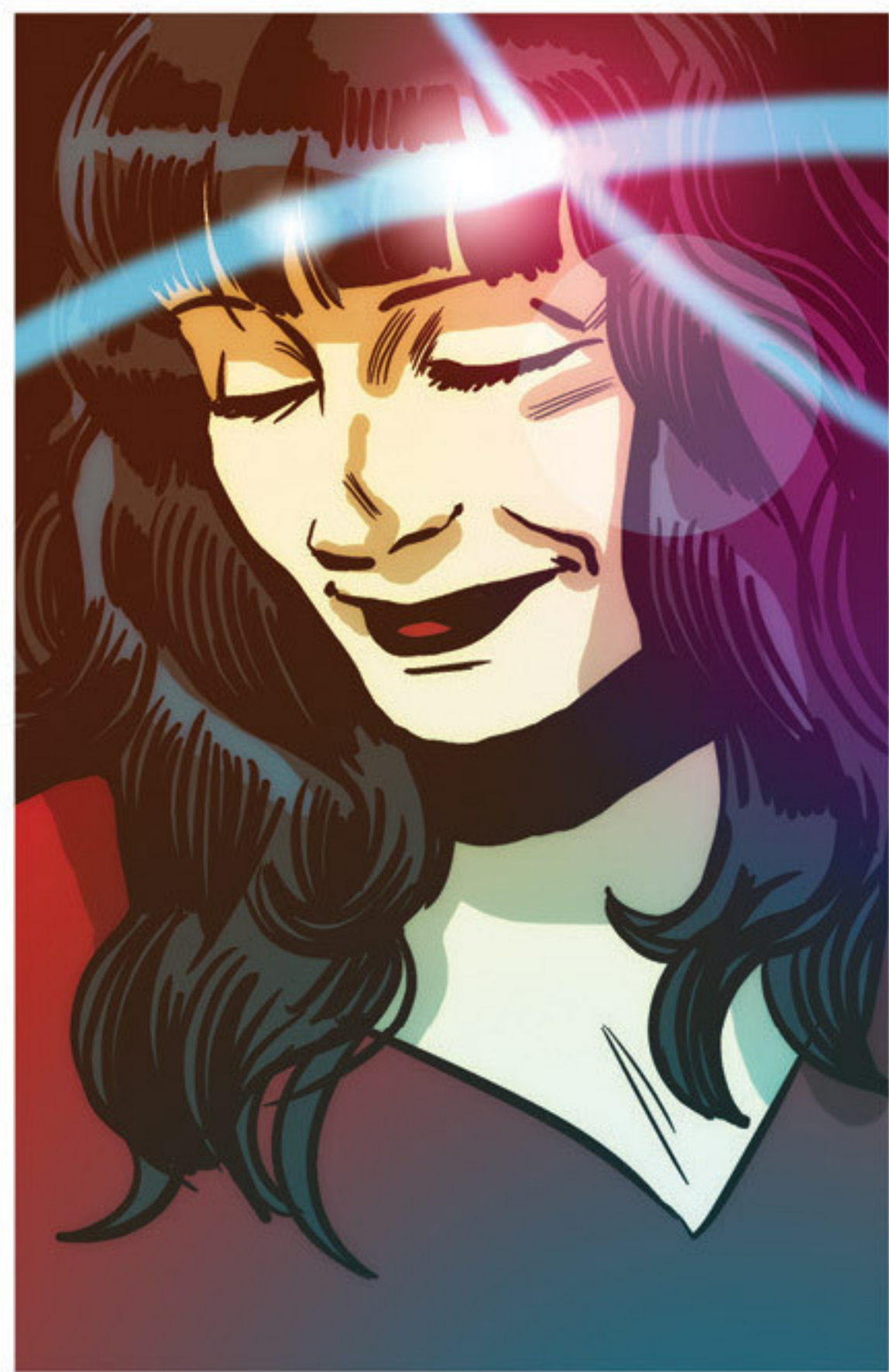


-Come on-



Suzie, I-

You were right.



I know.

Here's how I learned how to get out of sex handcuffs:



"Your new 'Bondage, James Bondage' Bondage Cuffs are guaranteed to be inescapable by even the greasiest of fuck-pigs..."

Fuck you—

"These police-grade bondage cuffs made from the most insatiable of cows and coldest of metals were first unleashed on the hippies and queers—"

—Jesus—

I know, right?



It was all in the name of prep.

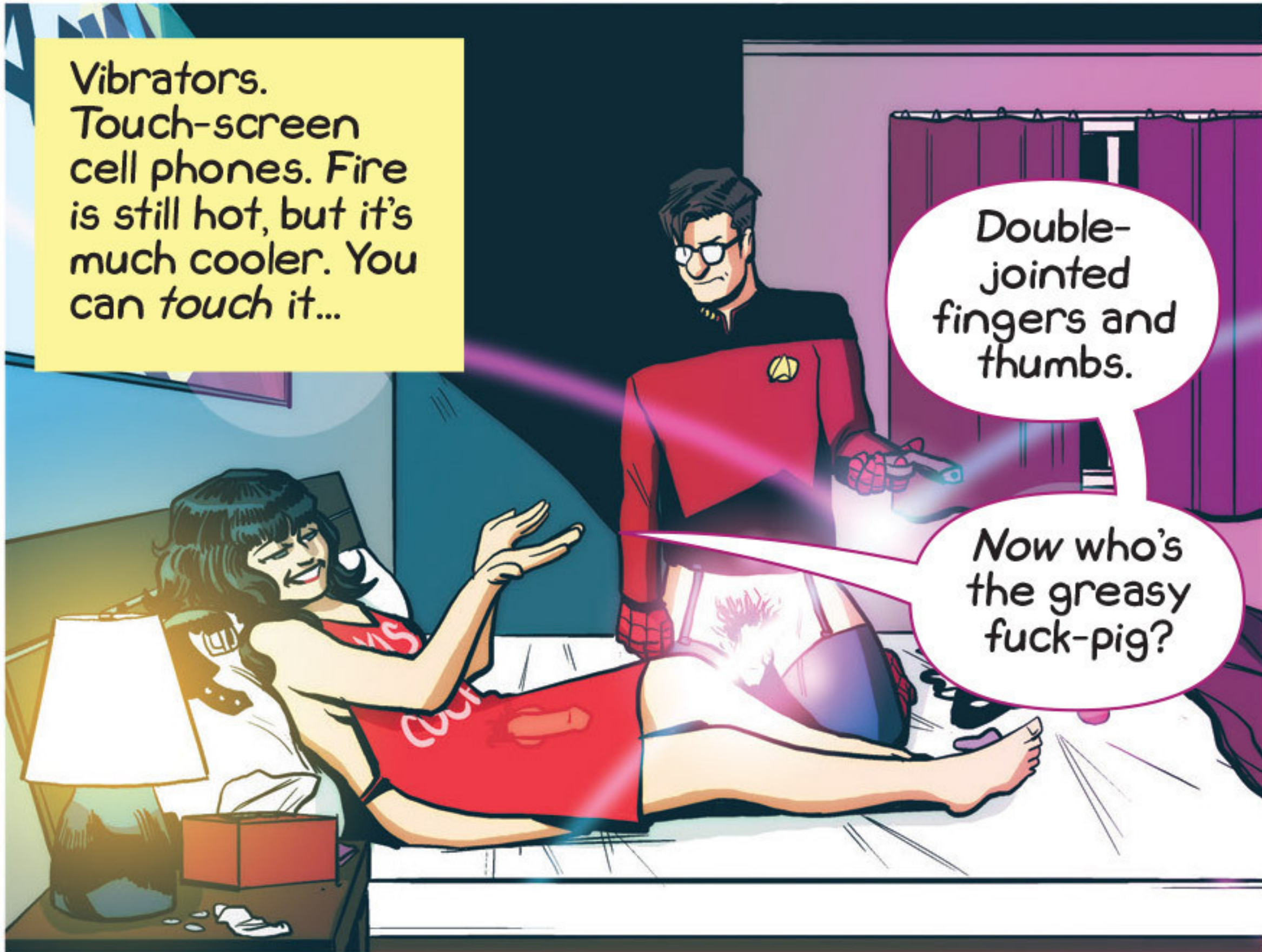
We were acting. So we needed to rehearse.



Bzzt. You lose.

Time for another visit from mister Colt .69—

It's weird, the things that work in The Quiet while others don't.



Vibrators. Touch-screen cell phones. Fire is still hot, but it's much cooler. You can touch it...

Double-jointed fingers and thumbs.

Now who's the greasy fuck-pig?



It looked enough like the real thing.

Jon was an actor. I guess we thought if we were going to play bank robbers, we should have the right props.



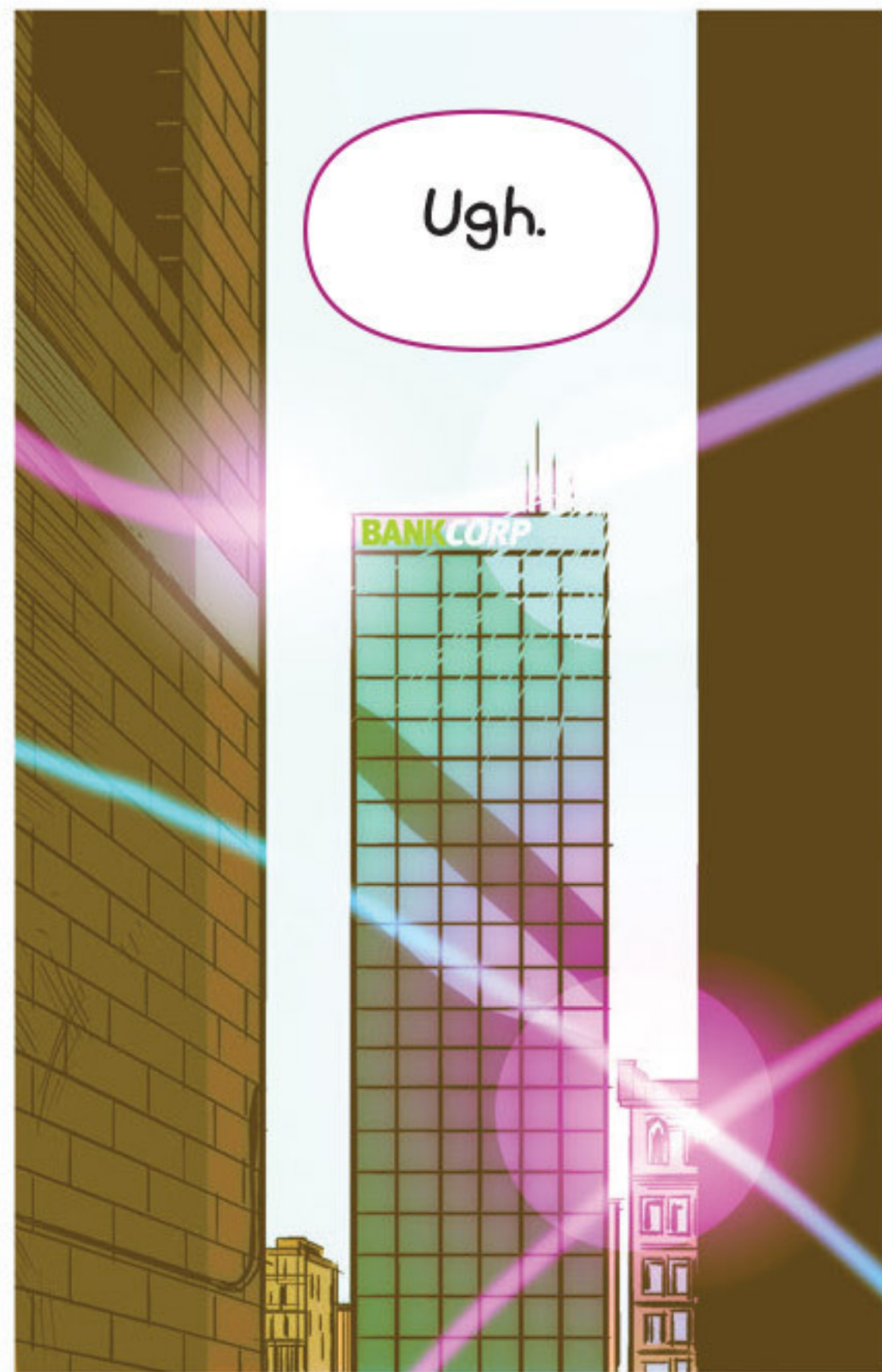
hhh nhh

OH
GOD—

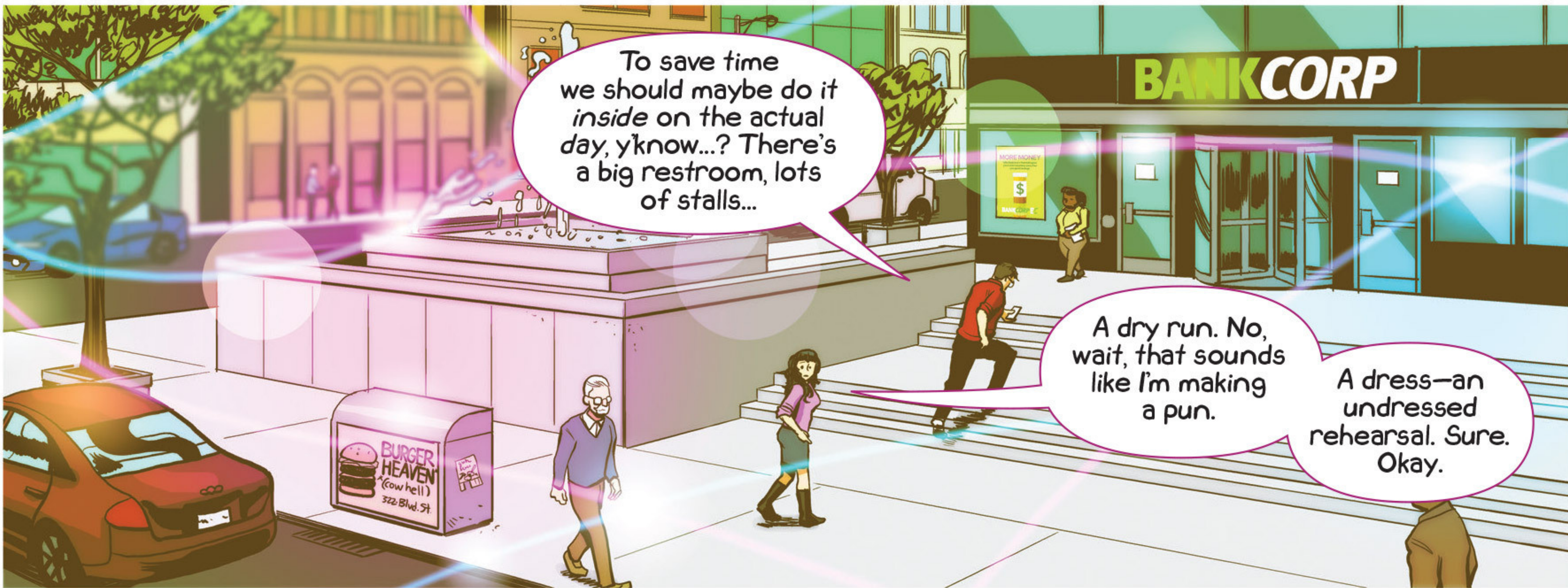
All of it was in
anticipation of
the big one.



Ugh.



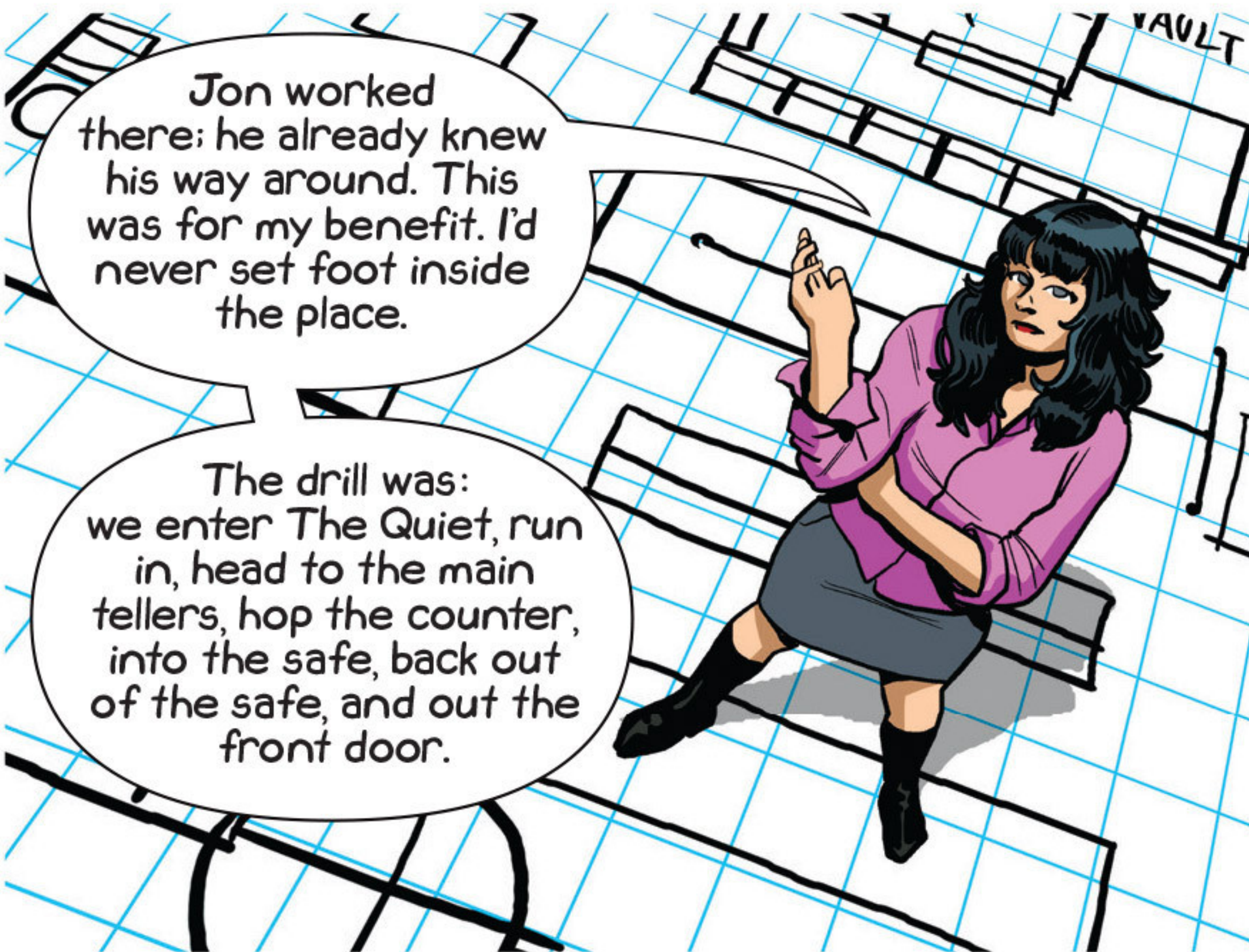
Ugh.



To save time
we should maybe do it
inside on the actual
day, yknow...? There's
a big restroom, lots
of stalls...

A dry run. No,
wait, that sounds
like I'm making
a pun.

A dress—an
undressed
rehearsal. Sure.
Okay.



Jon worked
there; he already knew
his way around. This
was for my benefit. I'd
never set foot inside
the place.

The drill was:
we enter The Quiet, run
in, head to the main
tellers, hop the counter,
into the safe, back out
of the safe, and out the
front door.



...and out
the front
door.

We just
fill one, like,
gym-bag worth
and wham-bam-
thank-you-bank.

It wasn't
just that it was
wrong. That part
I was pretty
much over.



It was that the whole
thing was starting
to feel haunted.

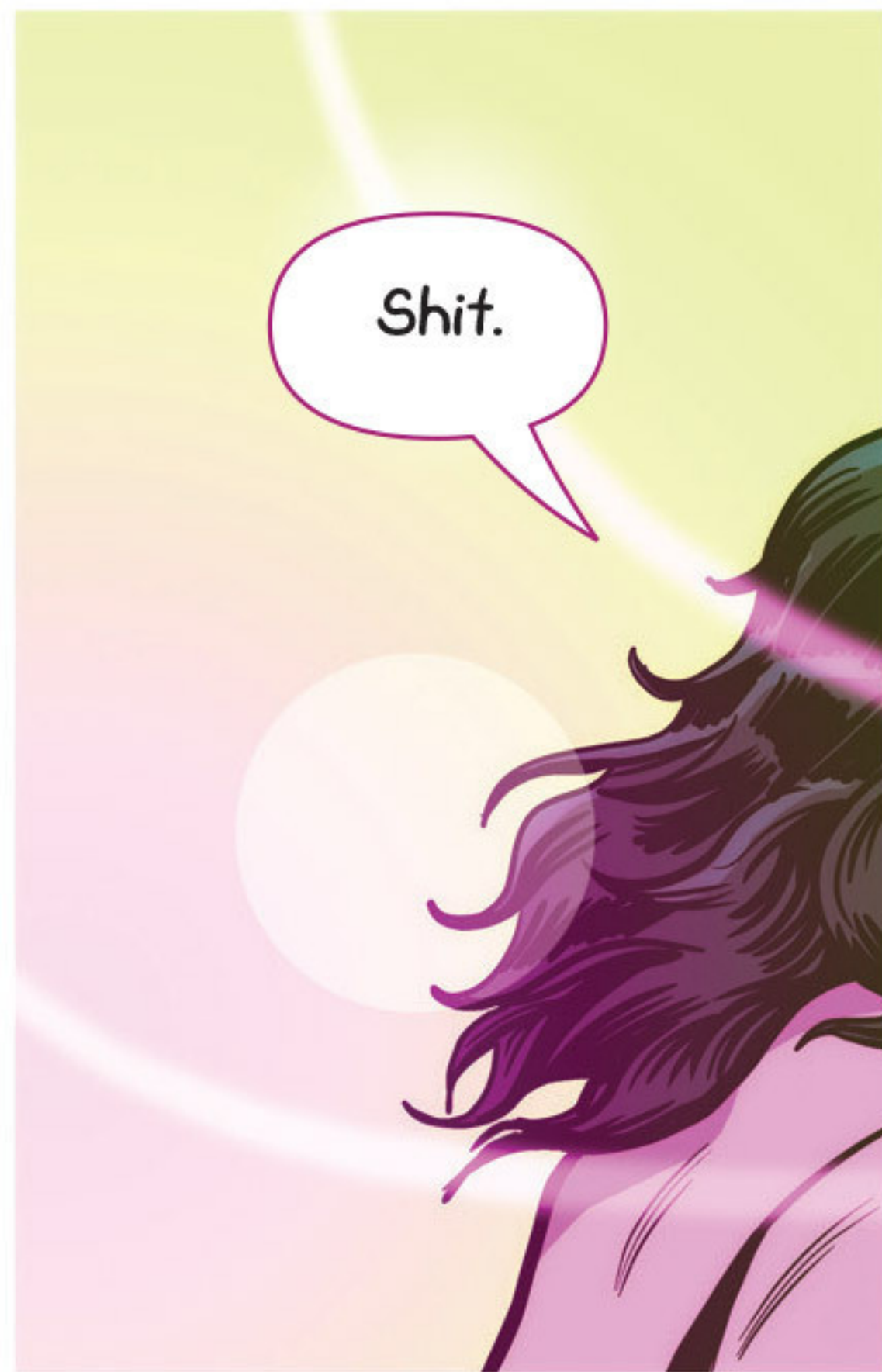
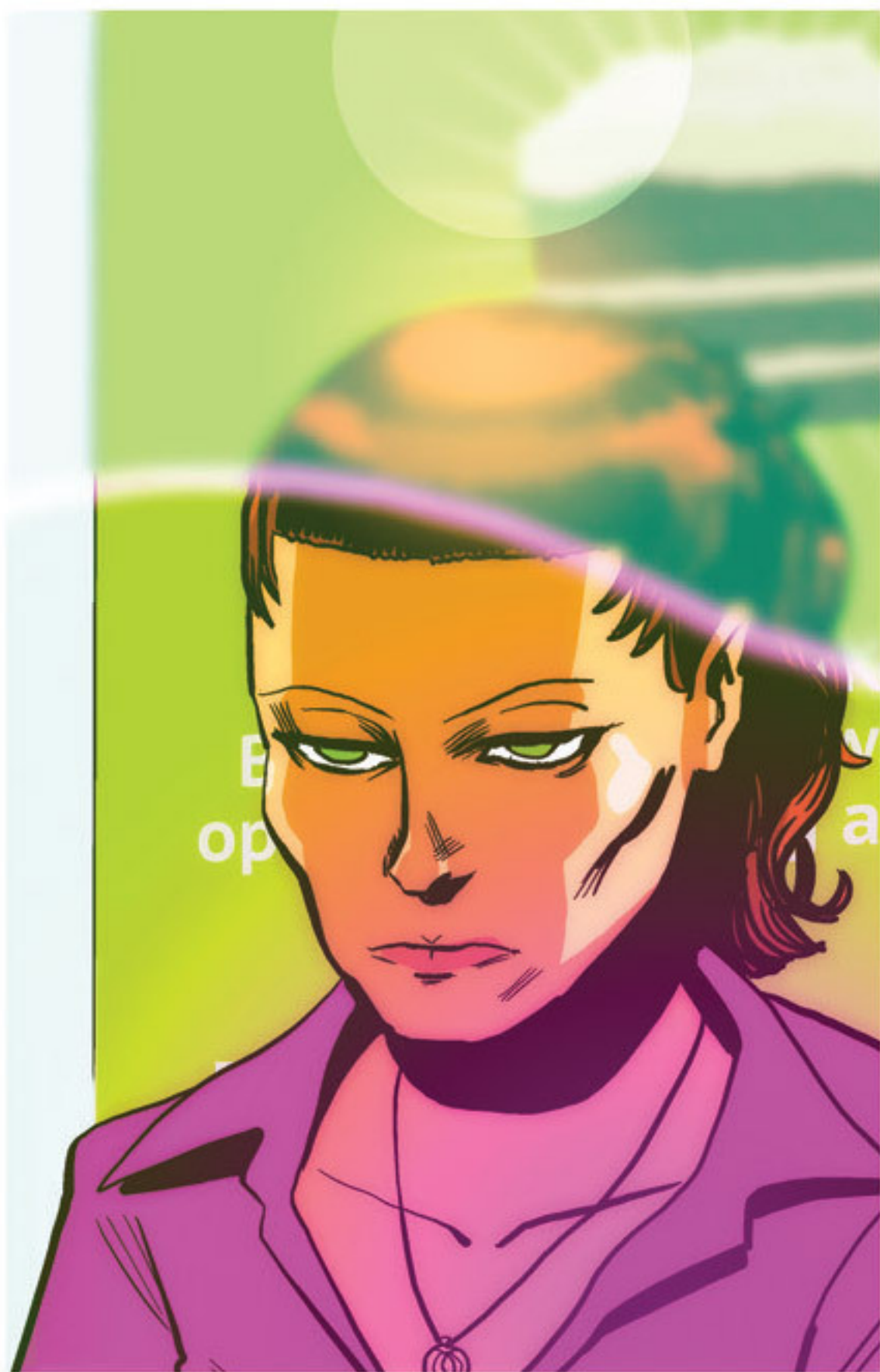
Like we were
being watched.

Cool. Hey, I'm
gonna go check
on one thing.

Back in
a sec.

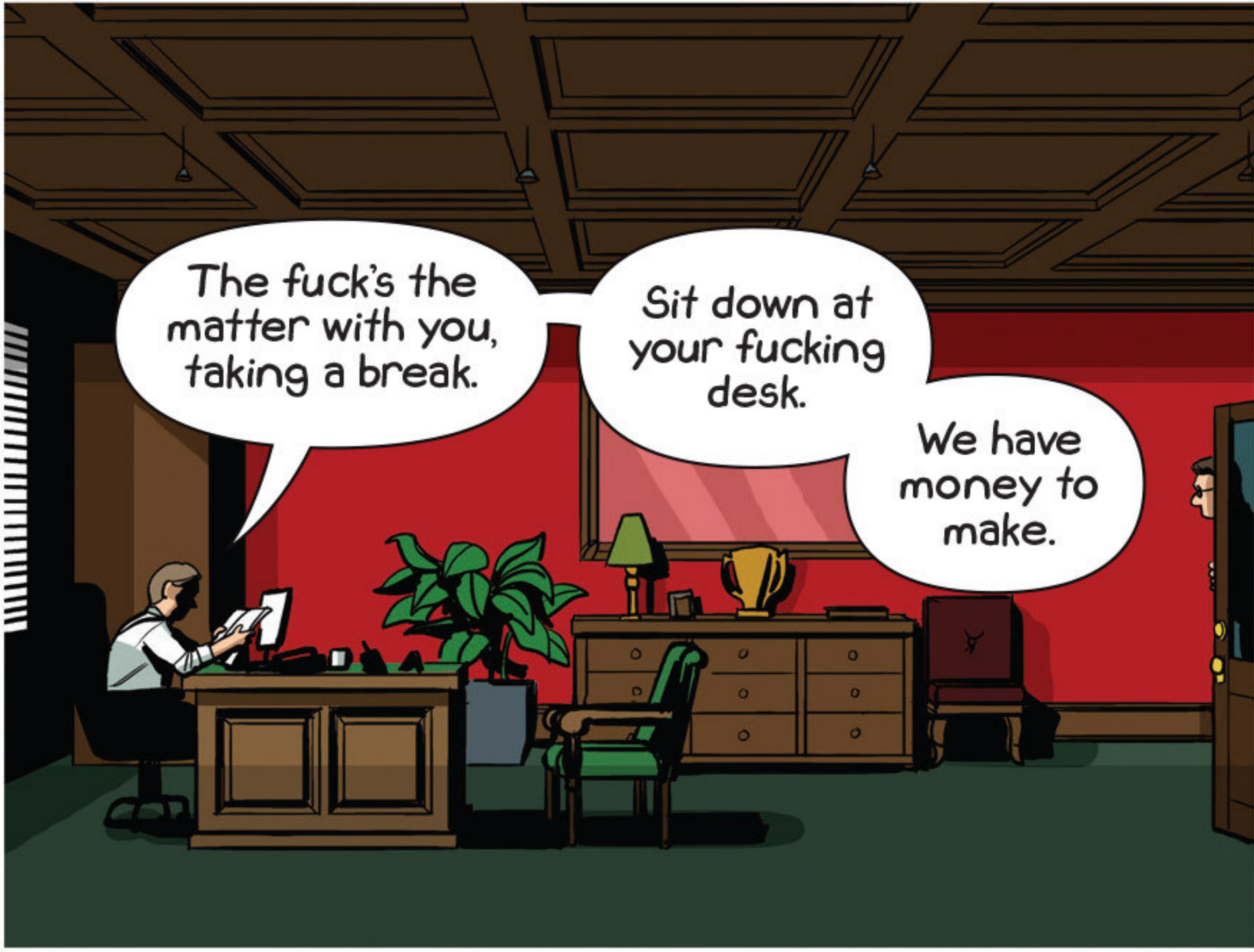


Because, of
course, we were.

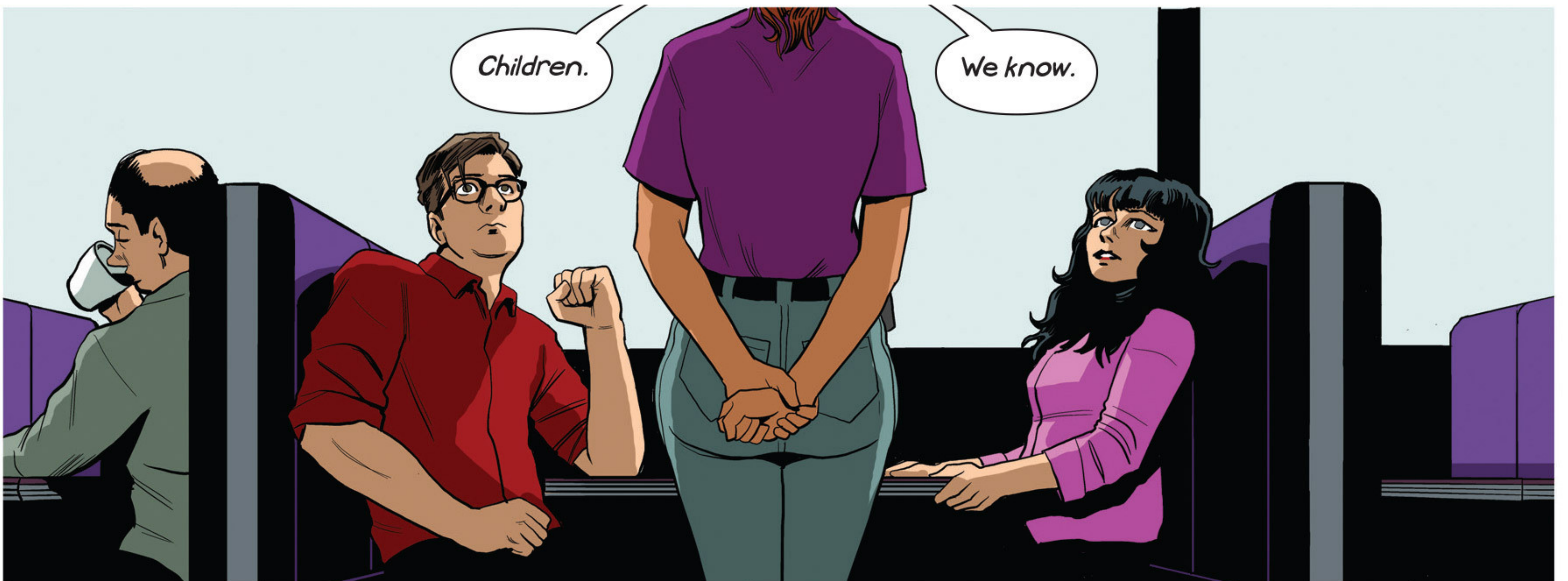
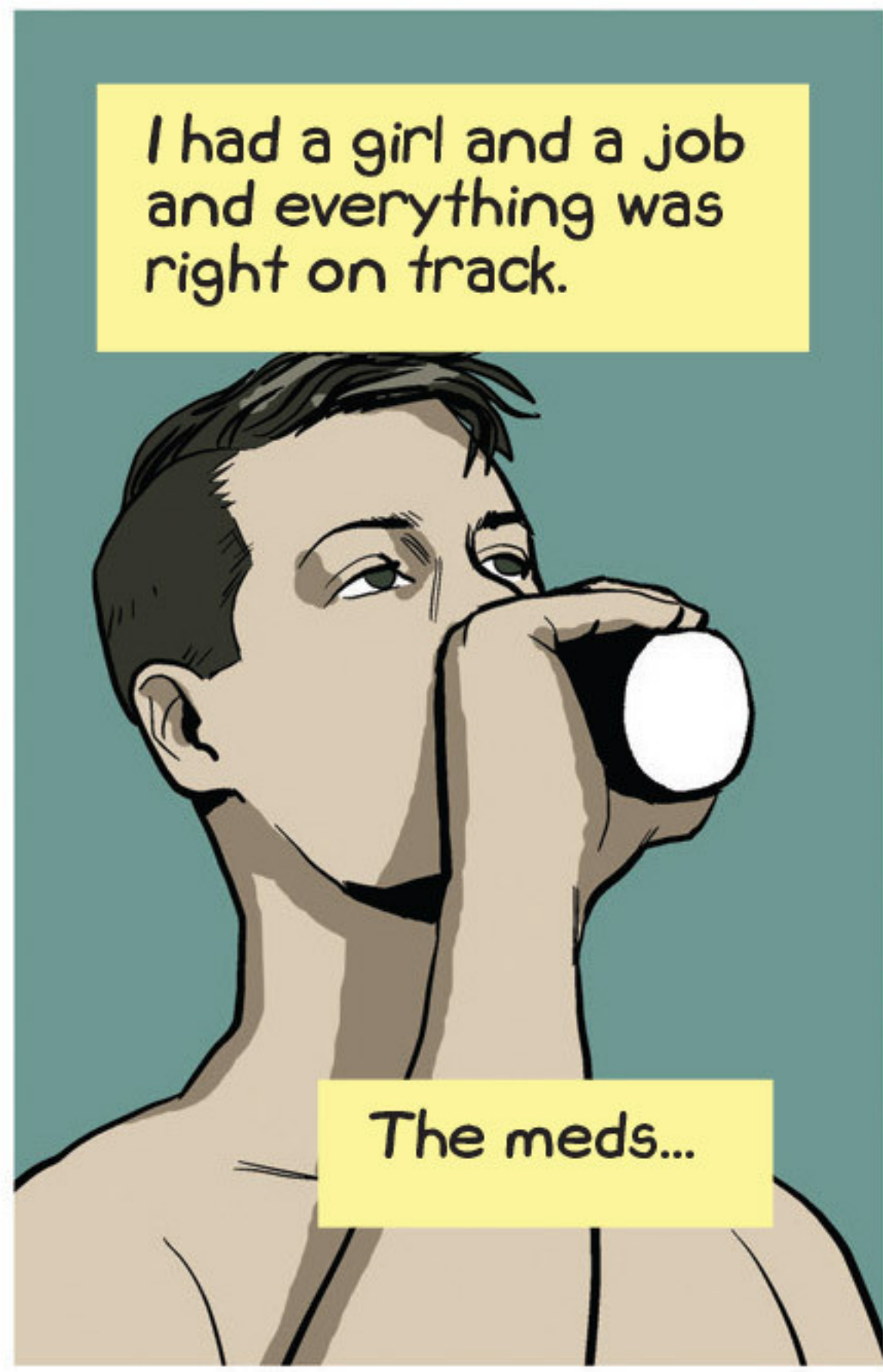
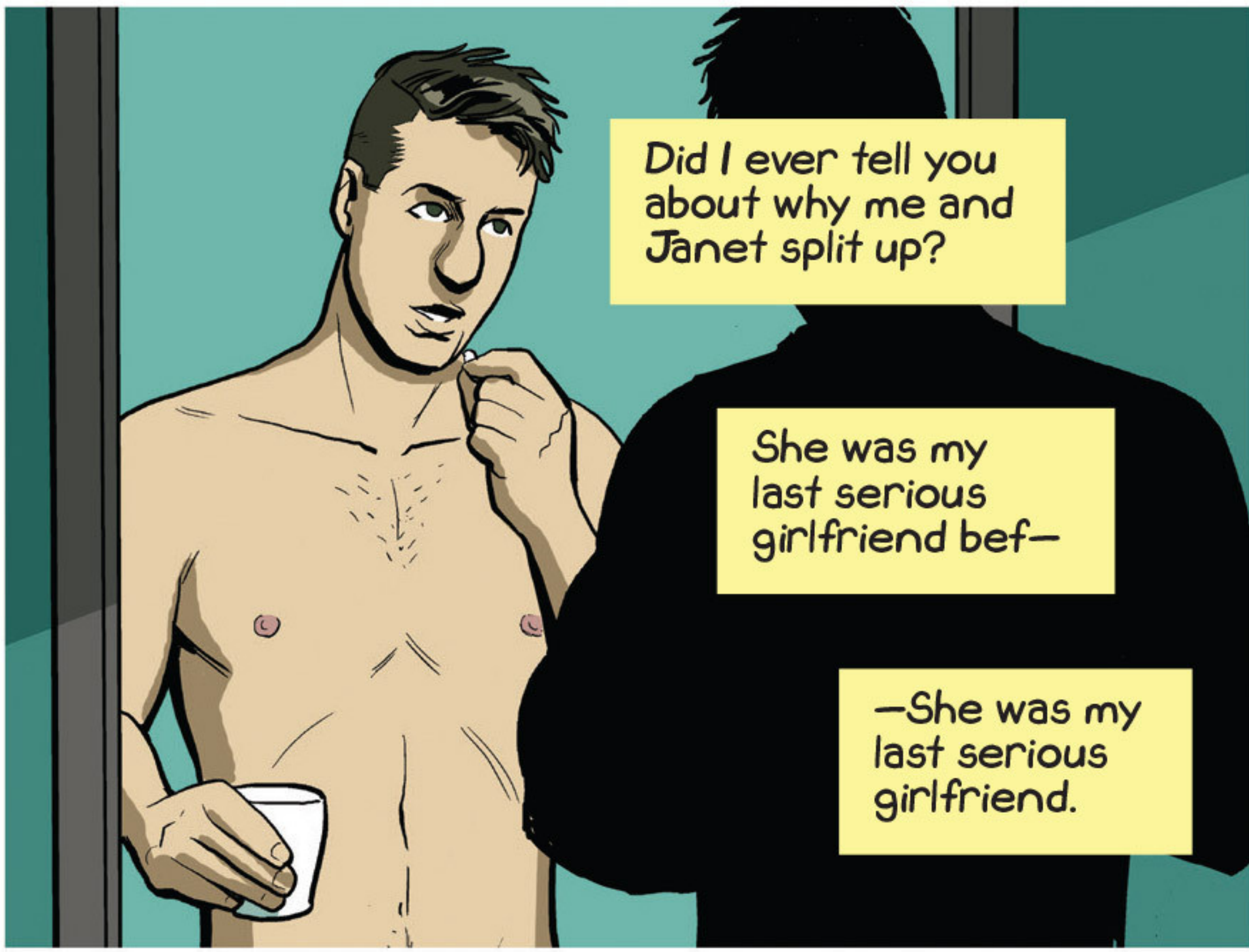


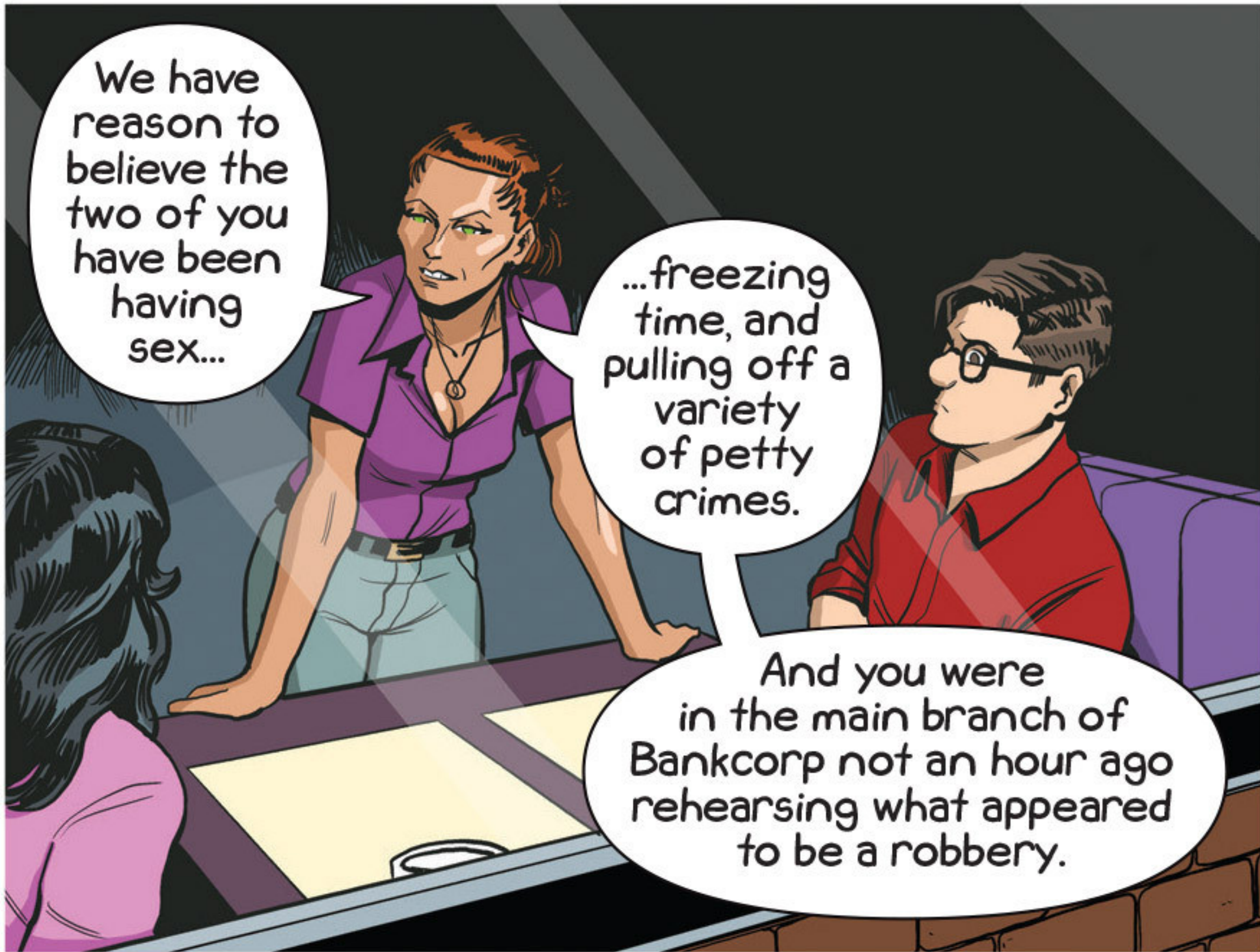
WHAT THE FUCK:

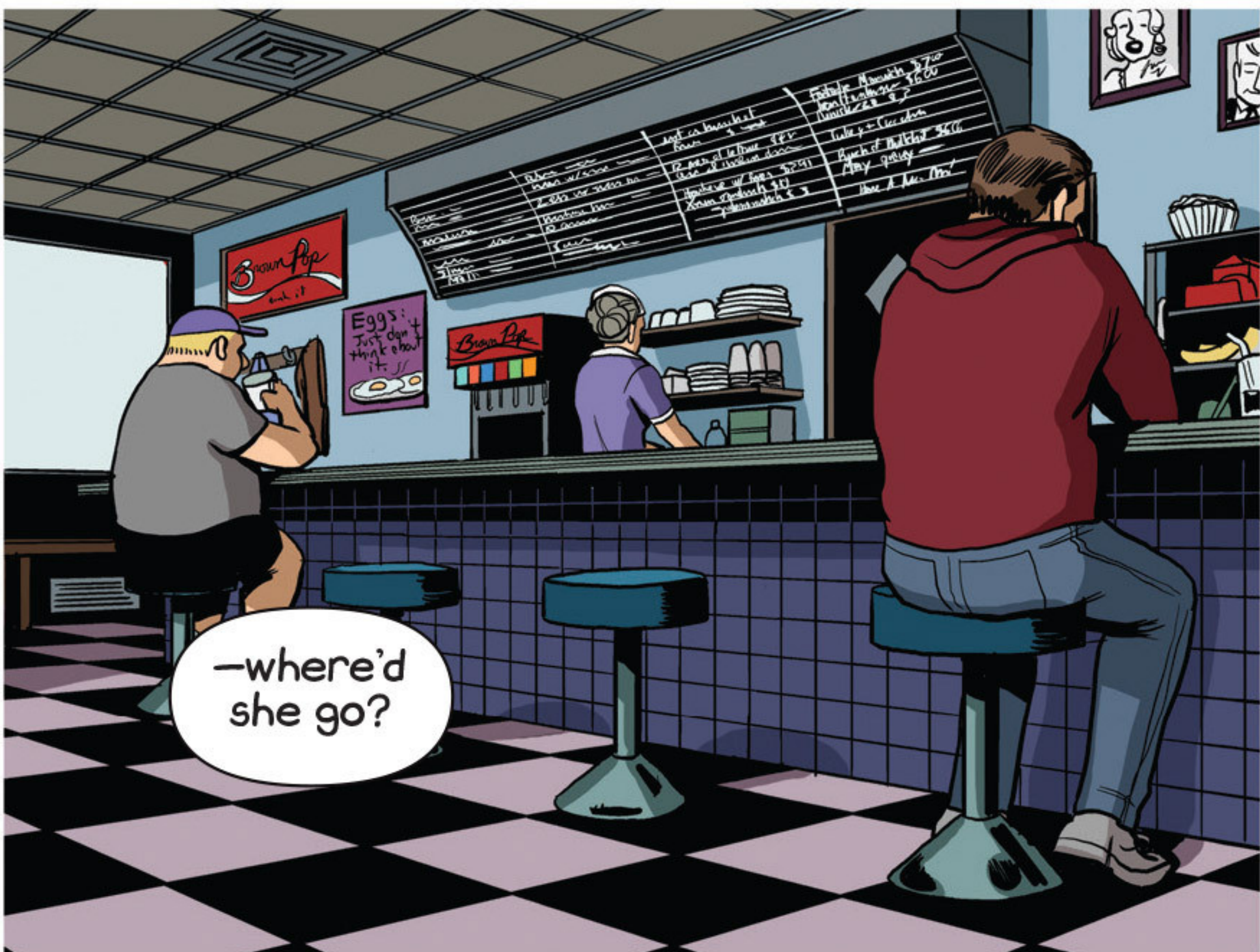


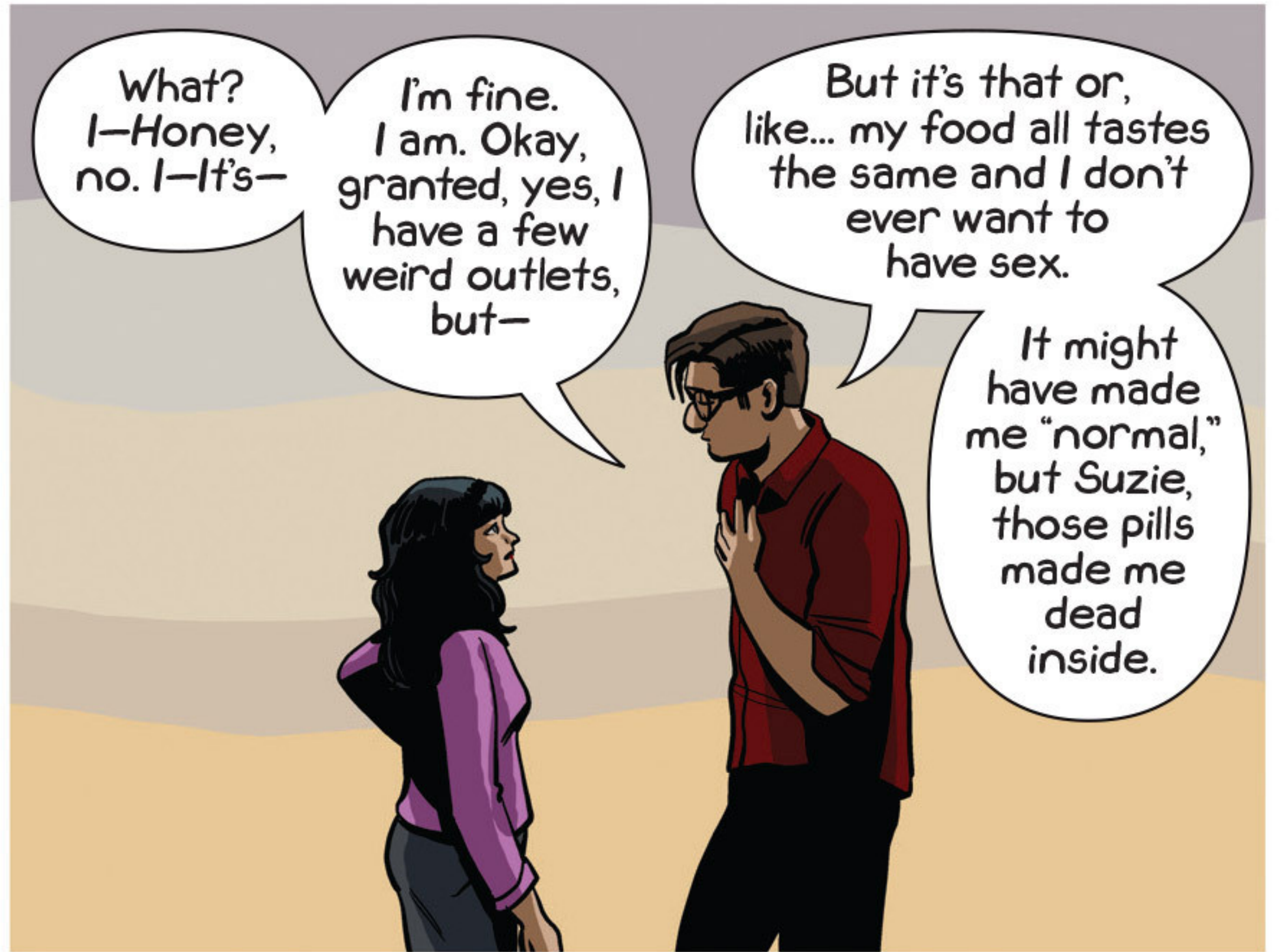






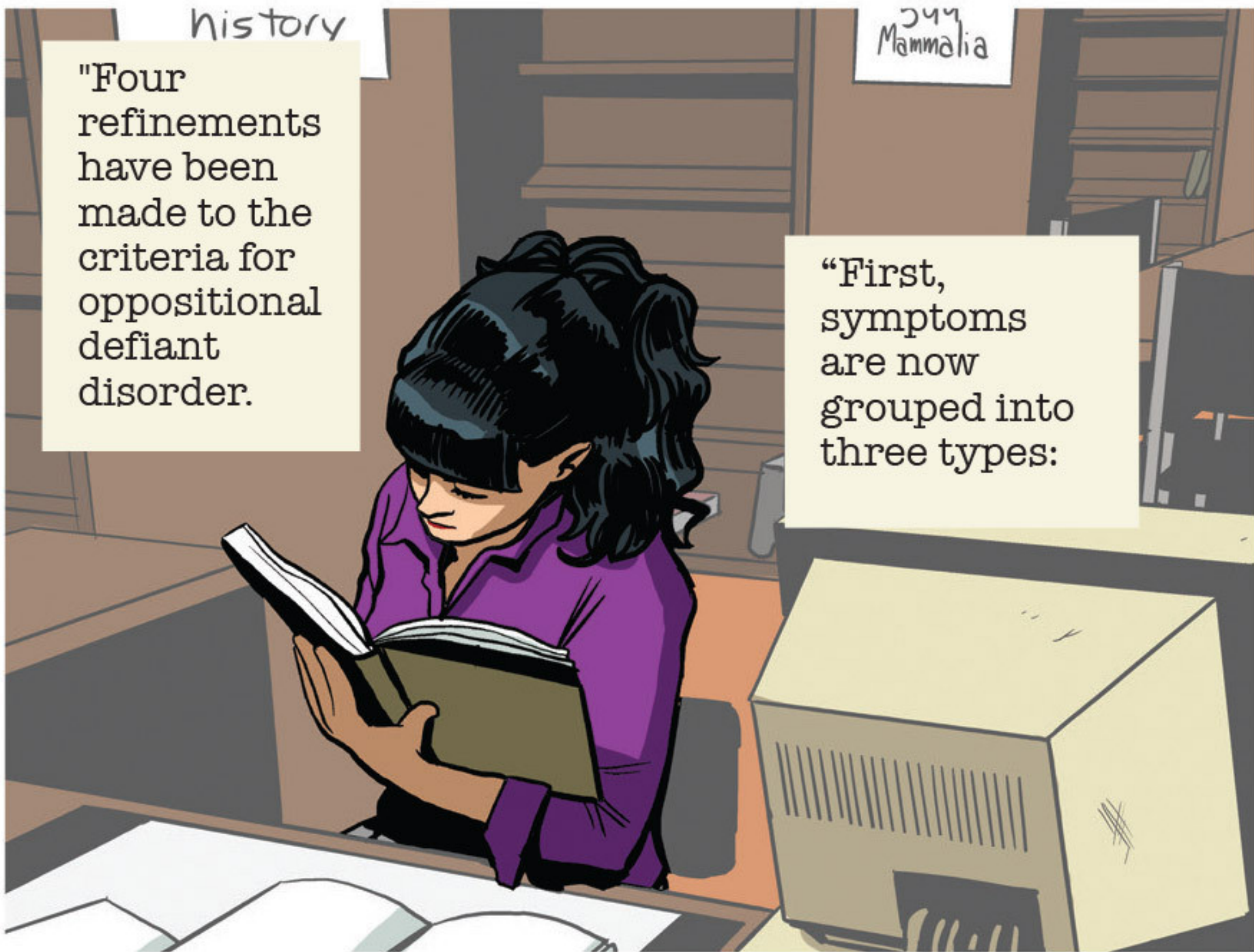


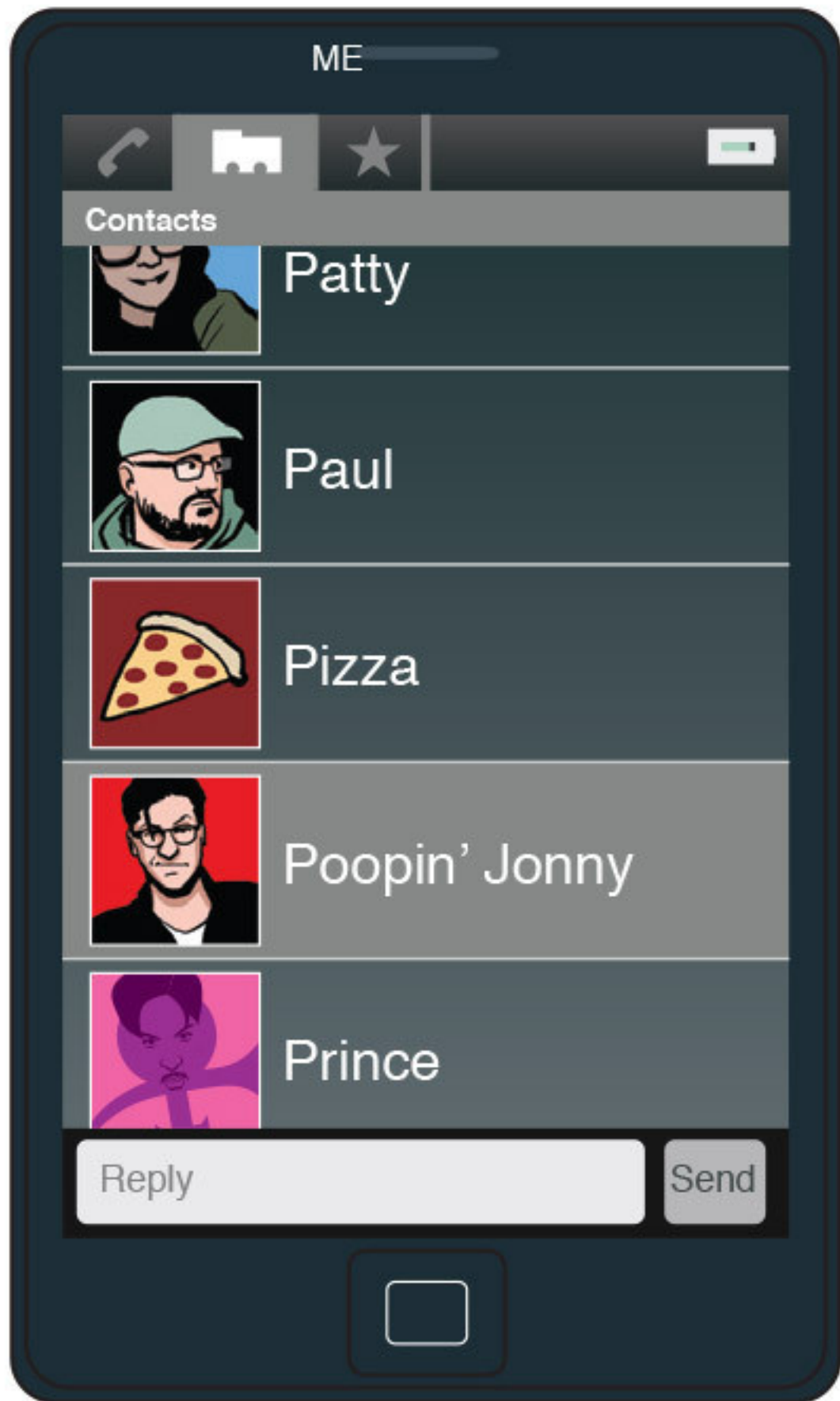
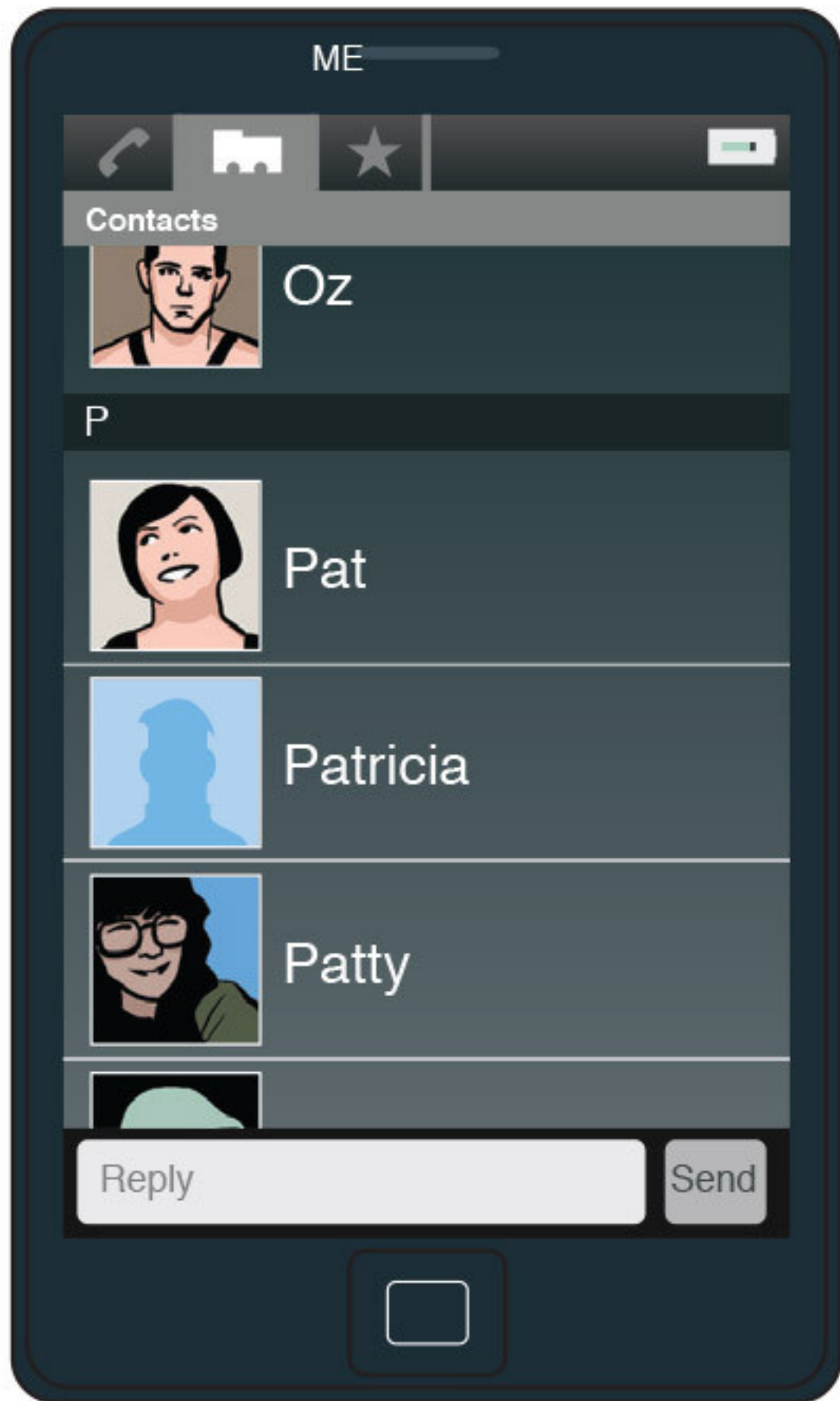
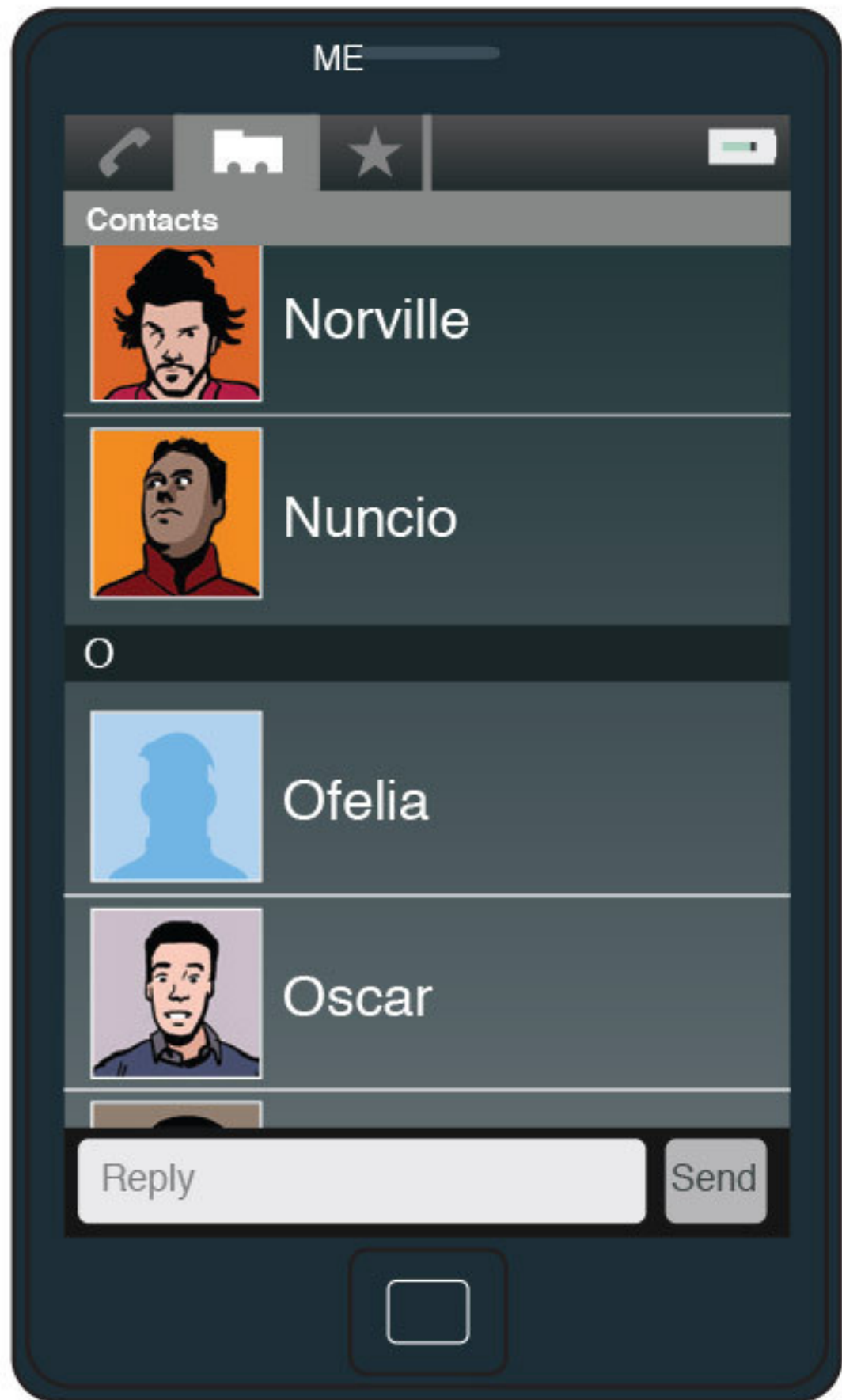
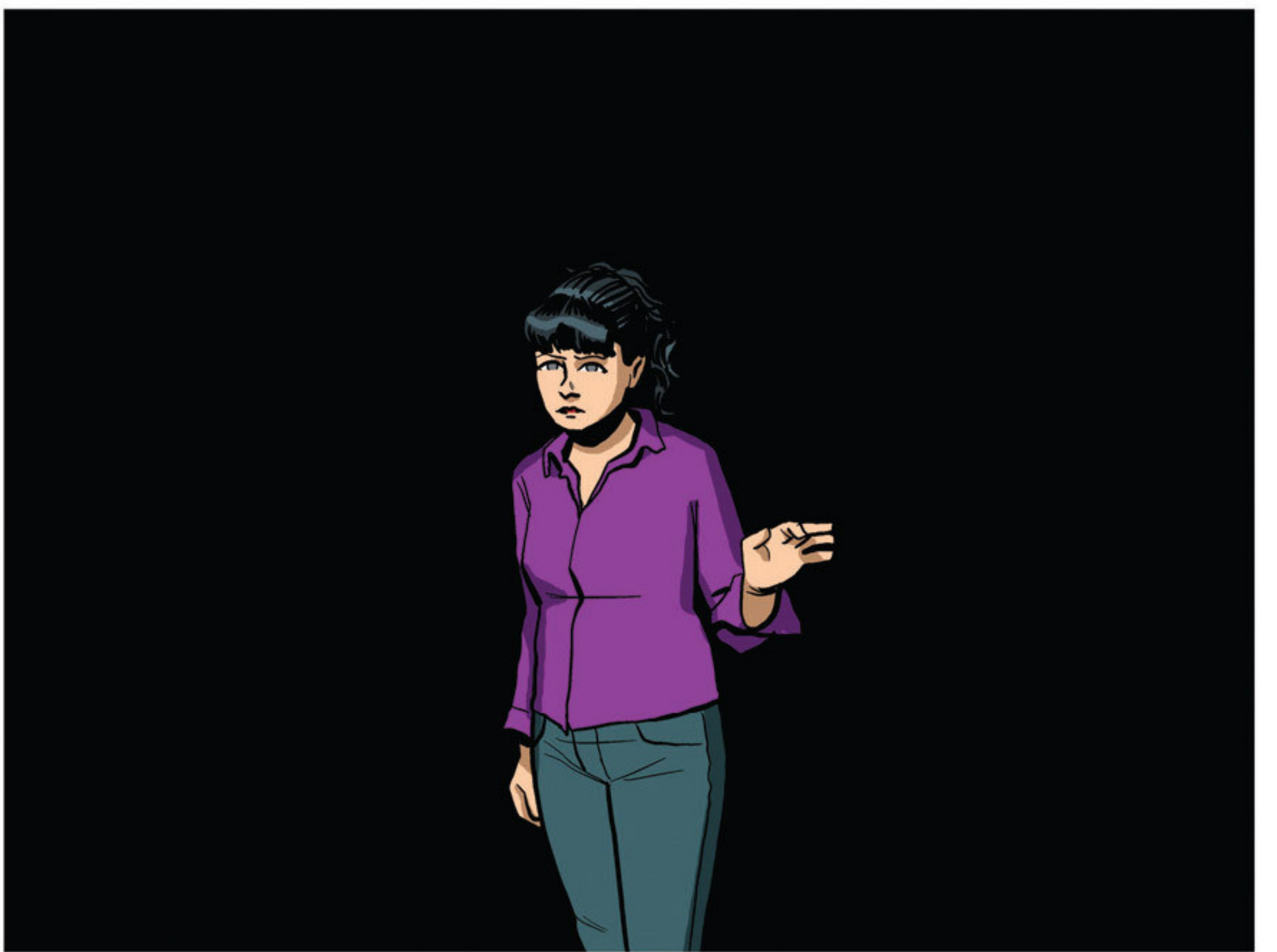
















So now then.

Where were we?



Oh right.

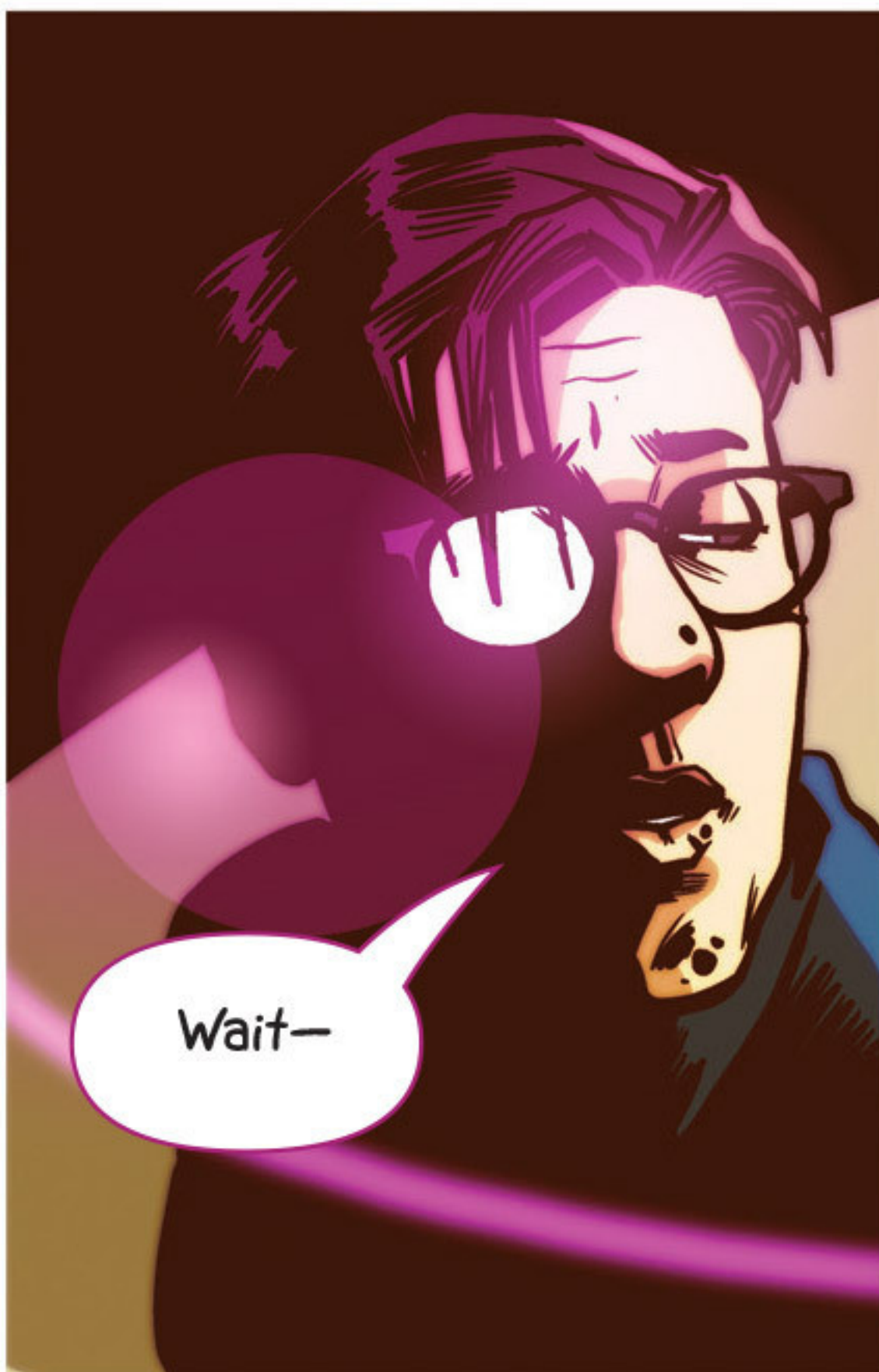
We're being kidnapped by the Ku Fucks Klan.



What I don't understand is, what are two nice kids like you doing with a gun—



I'm gonna do it.



Wait—



What am I doing
WHAT AM I DOING



It's not even a real gun...



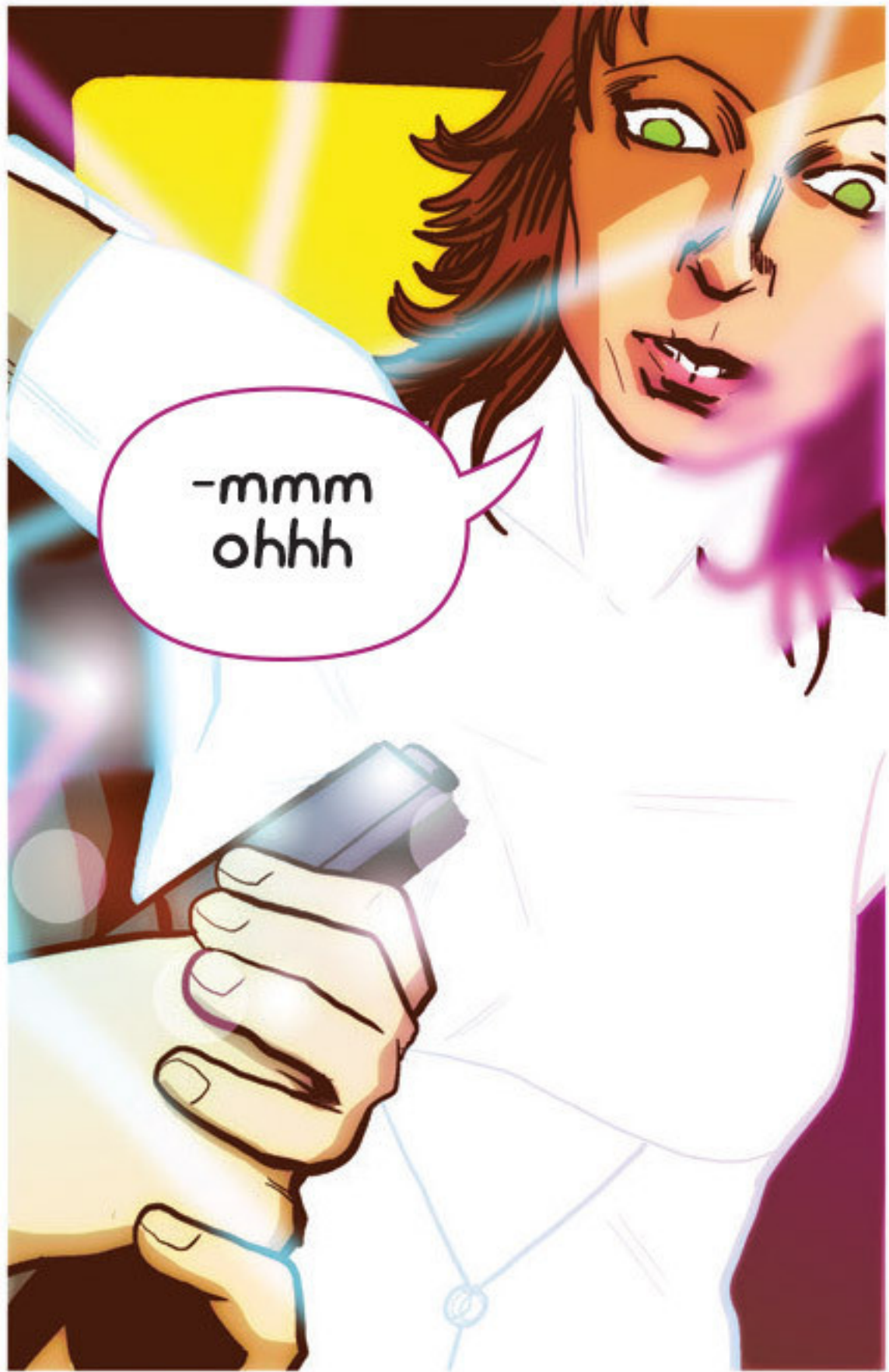
Jesus, is that vibra-

Give it—

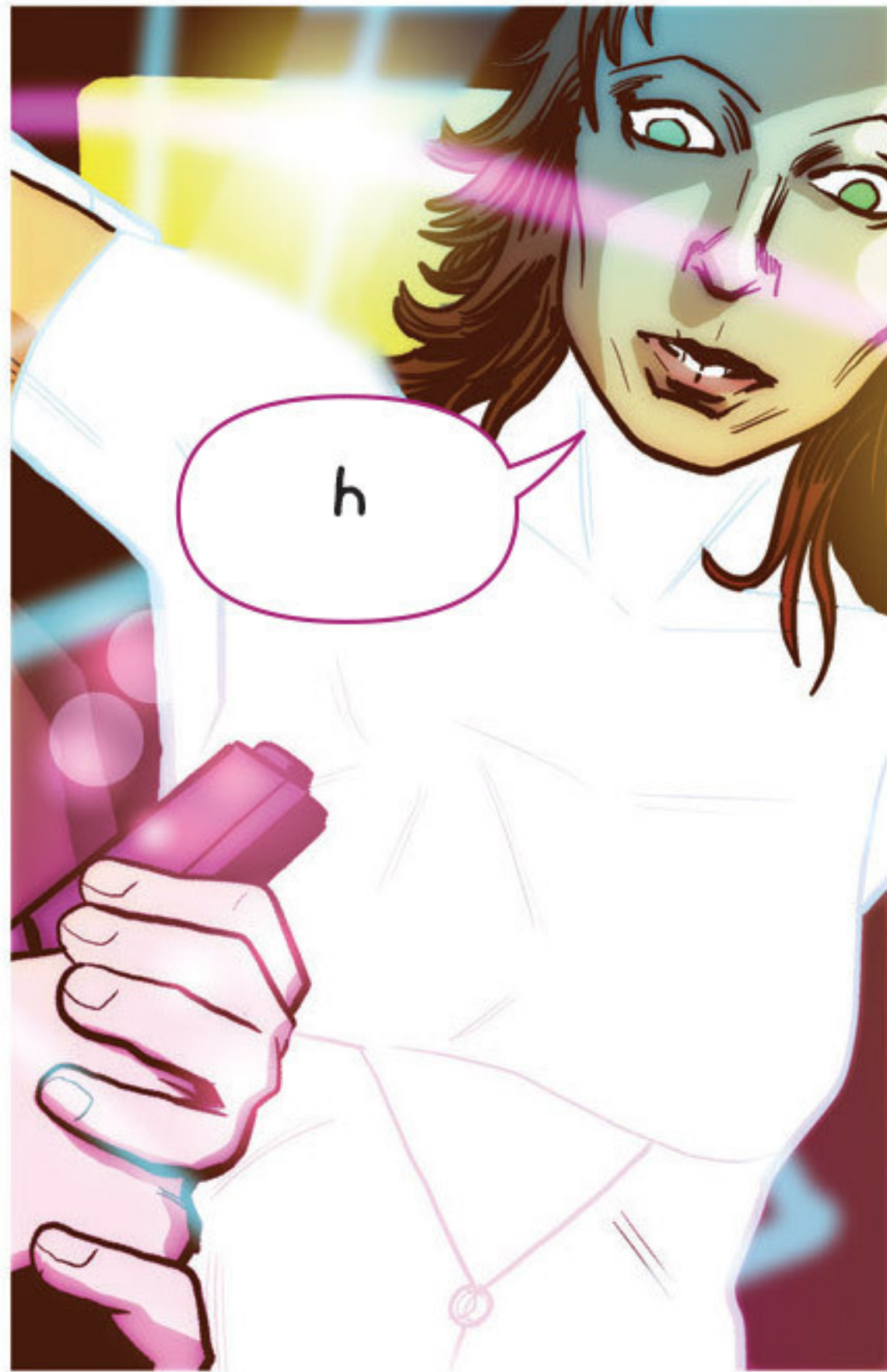


—back!

Ahh! Don't point it at m—



—mmm ohhh



h



Whoa.

Wow, it



And just like that, they were out of The Quiet.



The gun-shaped sex toy saves the day. Apparently if you're a kidnapping sex fascist, that's your dildo-jam.

Are you

—I know—

—did that just happen—

—I know—



This fucking guy.

—Careful careful—



This fucking guy and I...

..took off.



Whoa whoa wait—



Suze, c'mon, we should be—

No. No.



How did they know what we were doing? How did they know where to find us?

We went from thinking we were alone with this thing of ours and now there's us, and there's them?



I want to learn more about these assholes.

They clearly know more about The Quiet than we do.

And so we ran.

We ran as far and as fast as we could.

Our worlds had just gotten bigger and smaller at the same time.

So we ran.

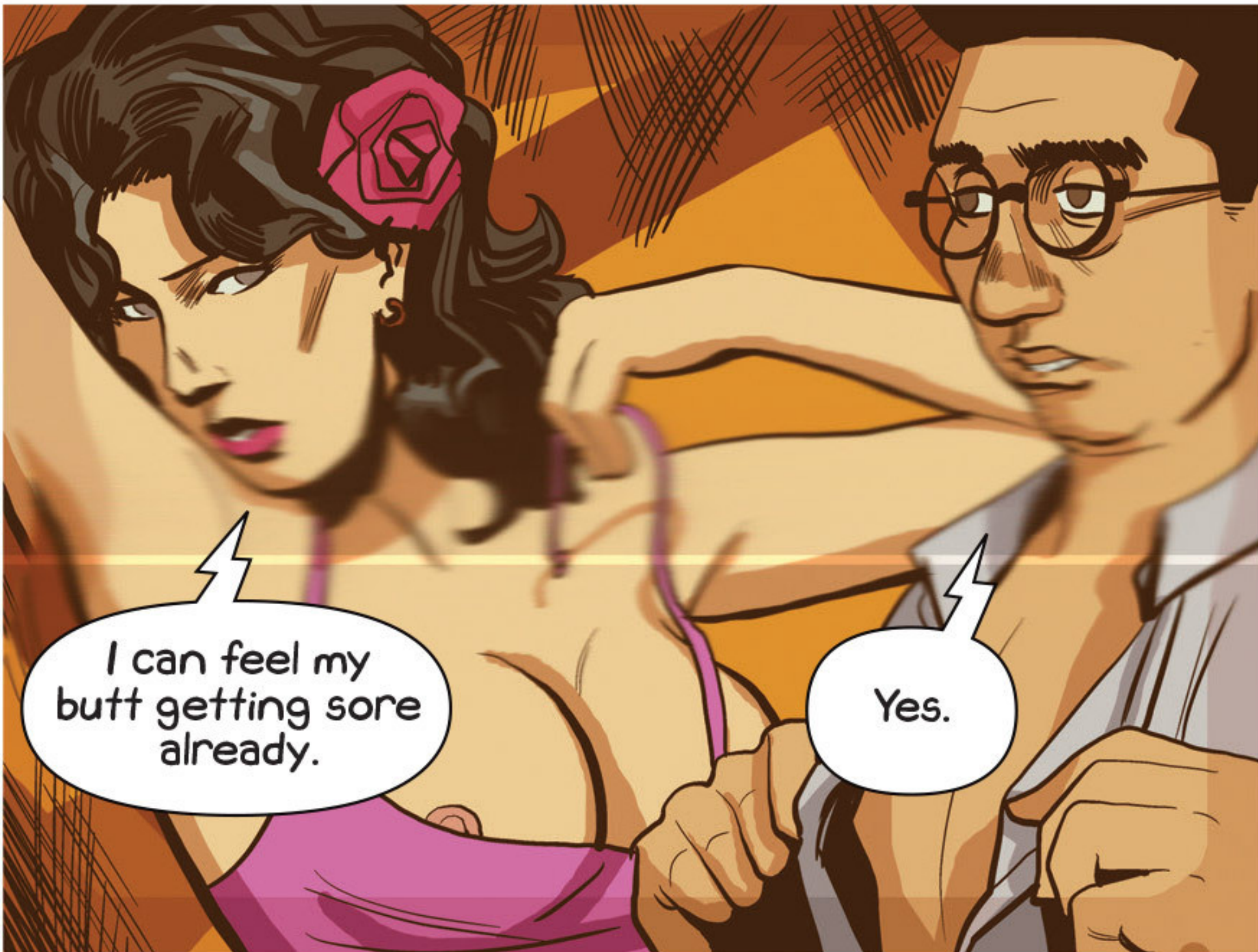
Like a couple of goddamn criminals.

OUR MASTER LIST OF WHAT DID (AND DIDN'T) MAKE THE CUT IN THE WASHROOM STALL

OUR MASTER LIST OF WHAT DID (AND DIDN'T) MAKE THE CUT IN THE WASHROOM STALL

BARTON RE-THINK

In issue three, Suzie & Jon partake in the viewing of an erotic film entitled HARD-ON FINK. Matt, being a fan of its non-erotic spoof, Barton Fink*, had a few more dialogue options to use for the scene. Here is what did not make the cut.



*Chip still has yet to see it. Shame him.

STEAMING RADIO

While promoting the first issue of SEX CRIMINALS, Matt & Chip created an original radio erotic drama for the literary website, *Hazlitt*. This is it, I guess.



CHIP: (Dialing number (multiple beeps) while softly singing "Tears in Heaven" to self)

AUTOMATED LADY VOICE:
Welcome to Night Moves, where sssexy ladies grab you with their sssexy voices and make you dump your stuff all over the darn place. Press 1 for sssexy Linda, an exotic, dark-skinned beauty up all night with a tummy full of gas station dendrobium, locked inside of a Nursing School in Winni—(Beep from a button pressed)

(MATT clears throat)

CHIP: H-hello?...

MATT: What's your name?

CHIP: Hello?

MATT: What's your NAME.

CHIP: ...Steve?

MATT: (On script) Hiii Steve. Welcome to Night Moves, my name is Linda. I'm pretty horny let me tell you, but my dorm room key won't fit in any of these slippery locks. My ulnar collateral ligament, in relation with my tri --

CHIP: Um, excuse me?

MATT: Yeah?

CHIP: Are you L-Linda?

MATT: Sure.

CHIP: I'm ... pretty sure you're a man.

MATT: Ok, first off, that's just straight-up misandry. Second, gender is a societal construct defined by each of us in our own minds and not by society's precepts, and lastly, yes, I'm a man. And now thanks to Affirmative Action, straight white men like me have just as many opportunities in the workplace as lady-women like the "old" Linda. So: is your Dutch Baby buttered and out of the oven?

CHIP: I don't...I don't want this.

MATT: Look, your credit card's already been charged for, like, five minutes. You really want to fight with your bank about it?

CHIP: ...No, I guess not. It just—all right. Okay. Go ahead.

MATT: Okay. Good. ... Here goes ... are you ready? (Clears throat) Hey there. My name's Linda. I've been incredibly naughty. I misplaced all those shiny new highlighters from the office supply store and now Mr. McKelvie wants to "dock" my "pay." Do YOU want to "dock" my wet little "pay?"

CHIP: ...Oooh, yeah. I'd love to just grab your beautiful, shiny lady hairs and toss you onto the bed. Then I'd tear open that sensible Nursing School blouse of yours.

MATT: Oh no! It took sooo long to button!

CHIP: —And under it I see your huge nipples ready to just BURST out of your custom leather bra, you—

MATT: Wait, is that a thing? Leather bras?

CHIP: I...yeah. Yeah.

MATT: That sounds like it would be incredibly sweaty and, I don't know, a little *uptown* for a Winniepeggian at Nursing School.

CHIP: A girl I used to date wore them. Not ALL the time, but yeah, they exist.

(long pause)

MATT: (Back on script) Oooh, baby, my basement is tepid and soggy like a terrarium abandoned in the event of nuclear holocaust. Stand over me and demand to inspect my lady-curtains.

CHIP: Shuh ... show me your lady curtains?

MATT: MMM, honey, not only do these curtains not match the carpet, but there aren't even any windows. So I hike up my skirt and I'm just oozing with seriochemicals that drive your inner Asian elephant CRAY-CRAY.

CHIP: Your...your lady curtains are soaking through your

underparts, which are like...like paper towels after you spill your beer, just...just falling apart. Low quality. Discount underpants.

MATT: My student loans are fucking brutal! So I buy them in bulk, but now they're dissolving in my hands, hands which are now free to go inside my eager body and spelunk for feminine doubloons of ecstasy.

CHIP (Into it): Yeah, that's...that's pretty good, Linda.

MATT: Mouth-whoopee or hand-gladdening?

CHIP: I — what?

MATT: Mouth-whoopee or hand-gladdening?

CHIP: I don't know what you're...

MATT: Your man-danglings—would you like me to mouth-whoopee on them or to share with you a festive hand-gladdening?

(Long pause)

MATT: What are you going to do with your dick?

CHIP: I'm, uh, going to pull it out of my pants and...and maybe let you suck it with your...mouth...for a bit?

MATT: (Chewing food) Mmm, yummy yummy in my tummy. Like a \$10 fat ballgame sausage. Man, it's even bigger than mine.

CHIP: I...can't! Your voice! It's just...just ruining the illusion. I'm sorry.

MATT: Because you know I'm a man.

CHIP: Yes!

MATT: A man...with a white-hot

t-shirt cannon arming my lower ramparts.

CHIP: ...Yes, sure, that.

MATT: Well, Chip, I'm going to ask you something.

CHIP: I didn't tell you my real na—

MATT: Chip, have you ever...
enthusiastically greeted the bishop after Sunday services?

CHIP: Do you mean...have I ever manipulated the stock market?

MATT: Yes. Are you a *digital downloader*.

CHIP: A *Fan of *Tango and Cash*.*

MATT: Have you ever *stabbed Cthulhu with a dirk fashioned from the blackened tears of the ancient elders.*

CHIP: Oh, sure. I beat off like an angry chimp at the porno zoo. It's...kind of why I'm calling you.

MATT: Okay cool, so—so do you define your gender as "male"?

CHIP: Yes?

MATT: And you're a man with your very own "turgid podcast"?

CHIP: Yes.

MATT: And have you ever tickled your little Elia Kazan until he testifies before the HUAC in parabolic arcs of informative white gravy?

CHIP: Well, if you must be VULGAR, yes.

MATT: So you knowingly let a man's hand come in contact with your Yellow Submarine.

CHIP: What?

MATT: You—a man—frequently masturbate men.

CHIP: I don't know if seven or eight times a day qualifies as "frequent" but --

MATT: Don't deny it! Do you, a male man—

CHIP: How did you know I was a mailman?

MATT: —take a penis in your hand and manually manipulate it to the point of orgasm?

(Long pause)

CHIP: Oh my god.

MATT: Yep.

CHIP: I'm GAY.

MATT: We're all gay, Chip. Even me. Even if it's only for seven or eight times a day.

CHIP: I feel so free.

MATT: That's great.

CHIP: So liberated.

MATT: Sure.

CHIP: Maybe I should just get off the phone and go experience some real, genuine man touch—

AUTOMATED LADY VOICE: Your first five minutes are up. If you wish to continue at \$3.99 a minute, please press 1, or hang up.

(Pause)

Your first five minutes are—

(BEEP)

MAKIN' SAUSAGE

How do comics get made? Where do babies come from? Surprisingly, both answers are the same: lots of fucking work! Here, Chip breaks down the process for creating a magical panel!

1: SCRIPT

Matt sends me the script and I read it and I laugh and I cry and it becomes a part of me. And then I realize he's set half the story in a cluttered porn shop and I hate him so much but he's so pretty how can I hate him for long?

2: LAYOUTS

I go through the script and make layouts for it in Photoshop. It's relatively easy, because Matt's written the script with a specific eight-panel grid in mind, because he likes to make my job easier except for setting things in that fucking porn shop oh he's so pretty.

3: PENCILS

I have an evening where I shoot as much reference as possible with my two main models, Tiffy and Alex. We drink and eat and laugh and simulate lovemaking. Sometimes I just rely on my own stunning body, as evidenced below for this panel.

For reference I use Google Maps to find buildings and Sketchup to find and arrange cars, then I start pencilling in Manga Studio.



1

2.4

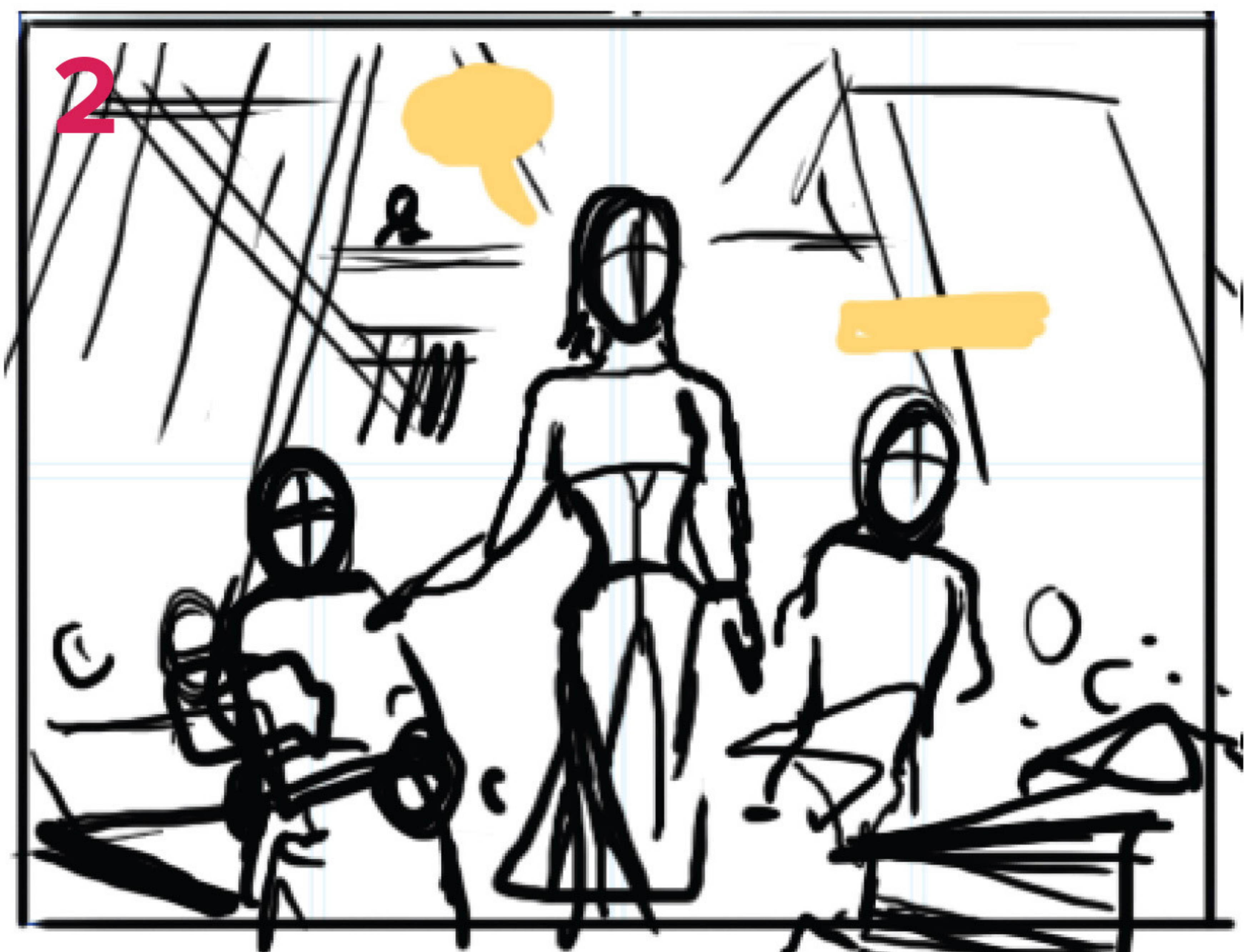
HALF-PAGE PANEL. OUTSIDE THE BANK. TIME FROZEN, COPS and SWAT FOLK around. KEGEL, in her OUTFIT, and her two SEX POLICE, all in white, move through the frozen timescape towards the BANK. She lets the megaphone drop.

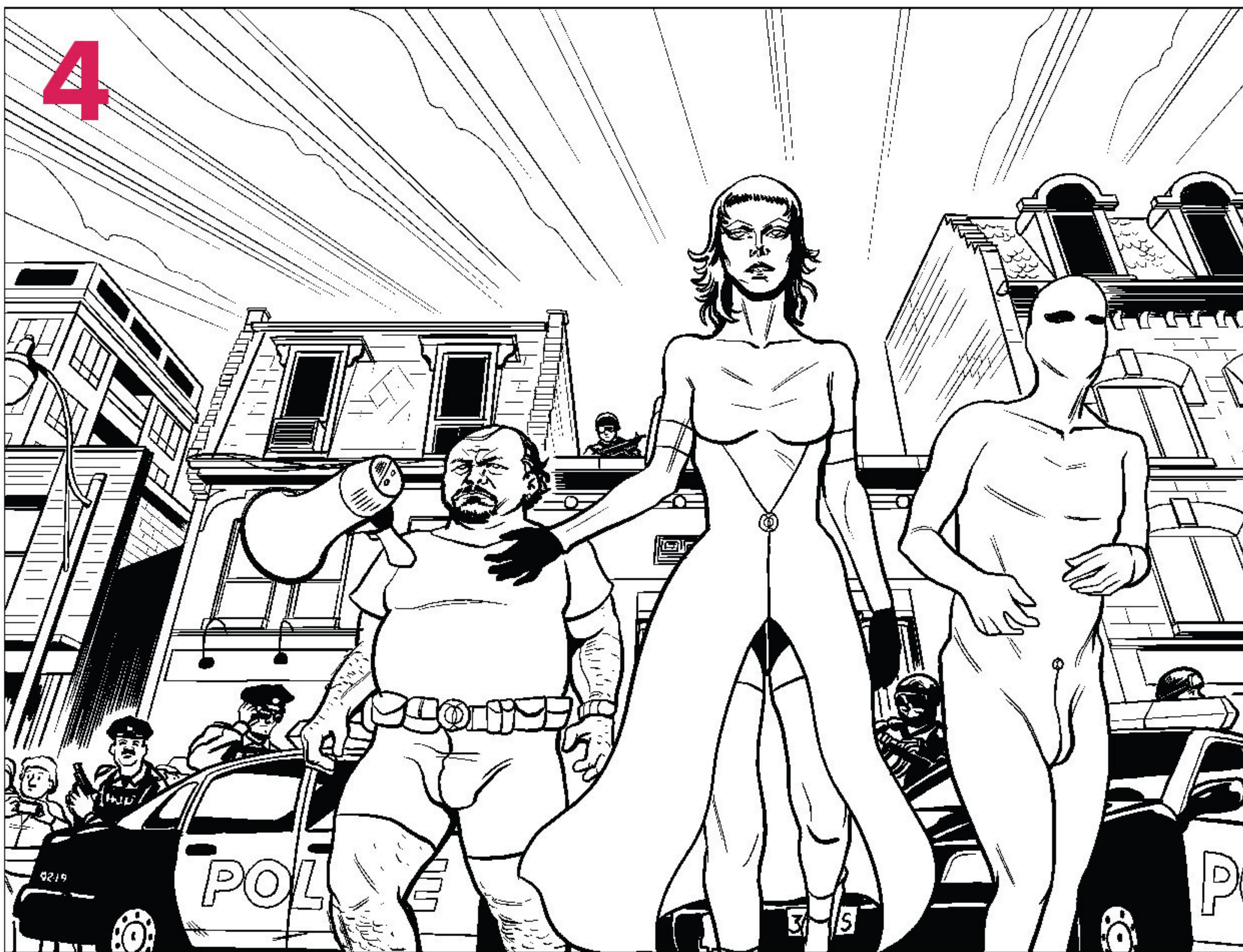
KEGEL

We're coming.

J (CAP, OP)

"How did I learn I could DO THIS...?"





I bought a Cintiq pen display and Manga Studio when I realized I'd be doing a full comic project, and they've been craaaazy invaluable. #promotedparagraph

4: INKS

It's so funny to call these "pencils" and "inks," but what else am I going to do? I'm an old man trapped in your fancy compooper age. So, yeah, I ink it in Manga Studio.

5: COLOURS

Yeah, that's right. I just spelt it with a "u." This is my fucking section and I'm a Canadian.



So, I send the inks to a colour flatter, and they assist me by filling in distinct shapes with flat blocks of colour. It makes it a lot faster to colour when you can just select shapes and start colouring instead of trying to draw within the lines. If ever I have a kid I will teach them to hire someone to colour within the lines. Kindergarten Kapitalism.

6: THE QUIET

Once I've coloured it, I then render the effects for The Quiet. It's a ludicrous number of layers, but it's worth it, I guess. I don't know. Maybe it's not. Maybe I'm wasting my life.



7: LETTERING & EDITS

When we started the comic I spent a couple of days turning my handwriting into a font. I call it "Comic Avec." So, yeah, I then letter and send the page to Matt and our editor, Tommy K, with my dumb notes, like, "can we change 'coming' to 'cumming'?" and they just fucking ignore me.

PHOTO SWAP

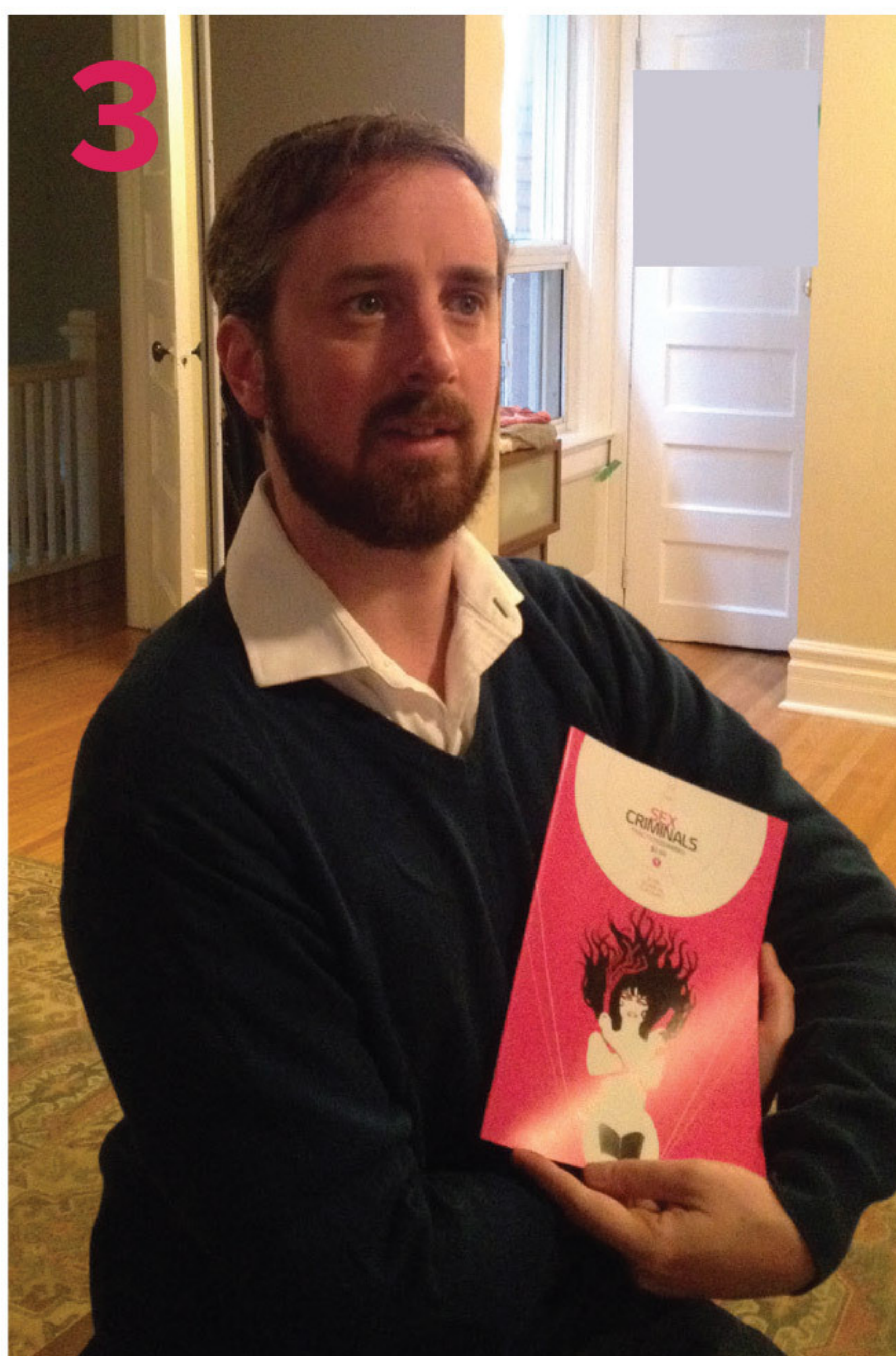
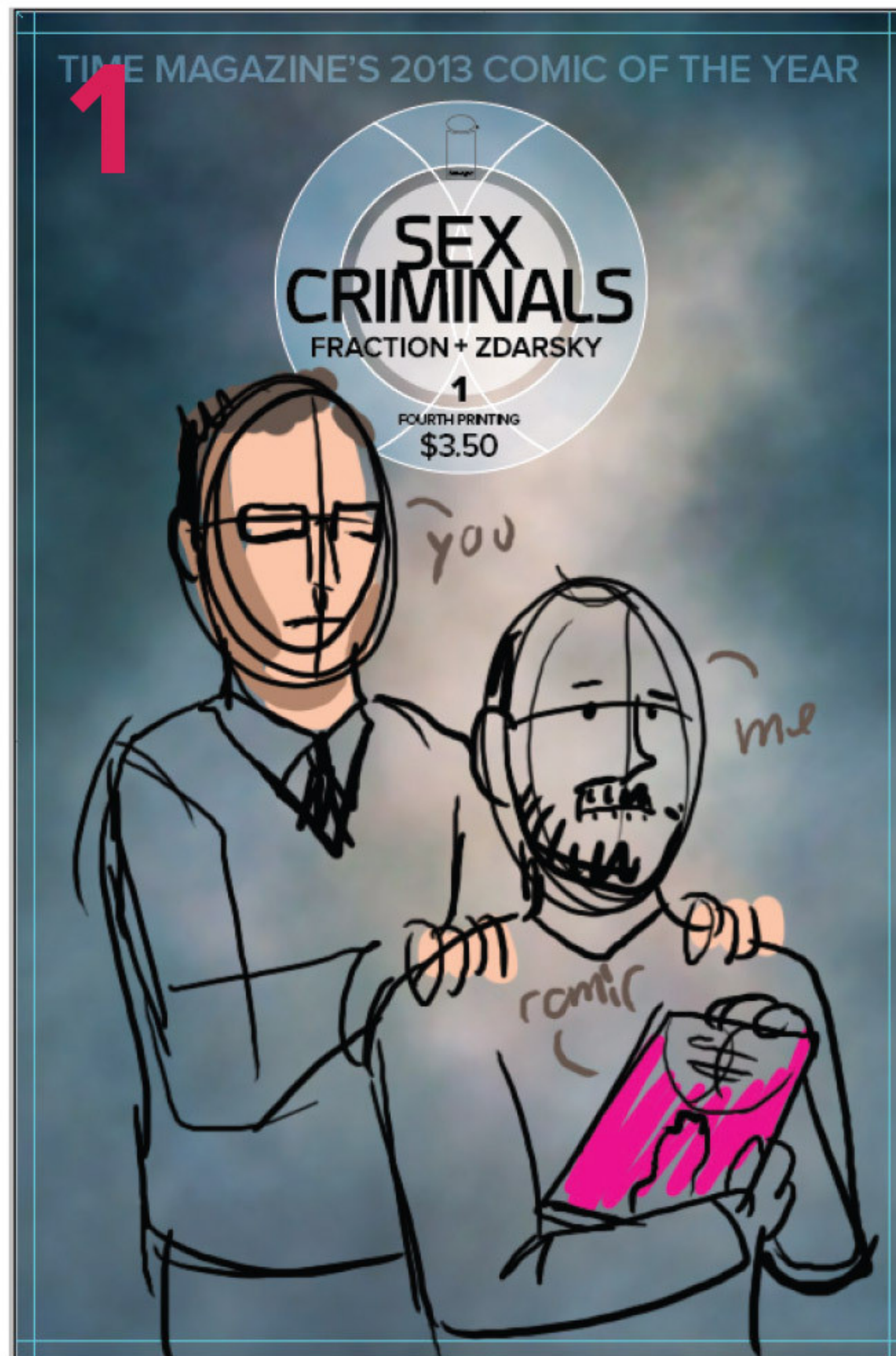
For the fourth printing of issue one, Matt and Chip decided to try something different: a photo cover of them as proud parents to the first printing. But they live in different cities! How did they do it? Magic? Photoshop? I guess we'll never know unless we read below.

1. Yes, it was Photoshop. Before bed one night, Chip did a rough sketch for Matt, showing him how to pose for the cover, with very helpful labeling.

2. While Chip slept like a bearded Canadian baby on the East Coast, Matt posed with a "friend" he found and sent images to Chip from the West Coast, showing that the great East-West divide could be conquered.

3. Chip woke up to emails from his mommy, a penis pill company partially owned by his mommy, and Matt. After reviewing the photo, Chip got his long-suffering girlfriend to take photos to match Matt's, only the fifth-strangest photo request she's ever had from Chip.

4. A couple of hours later and, voila! Done! Chip is especially speedy at photo manipulation from his years of photoshopping his penis to look "more cool" in online dating profiles (simplyredfan69).



COVER GALLERY!

Starting on the opposing page, we're proud to present some of our favourite covers from the various reprints and variants we've done on our issues to date! In order, they're: #1 fourth printing (photo cover), #1 Forbidden Planet variant, #1 Ghost variant (Yuko Shimizu), #1 EH! variant, #1 Image Expo variant, #2 fourth printing, #3 second printing (TIME), #3 third printing (Queen tribute), #4 second printing

FROM THE WRITER OF "HAWKEYE" AND "INHUMAN"
AND THE GUY WHO TALKS TO APPLEBEE'S ON FACEBOOK



SEX CRIMINALS

FRACTION + ZDARSKY

1

FOURTH PRINTING





FRACTION / ZDARSKY
**SEX
CRIMINALS #1**
\$3.50
FORBIDDEN
PLANET
VARIANT



Sov Criminals

Zdarsky fraction



SEX CRIMINALS

FRACTION ZDARSKY

1

SUZIE
DOWN IN
THE QUIET



EH!
VARIANT

IMAGE SEXPO VARIANT





FOURTH PRINTING

SEX CRIMINALS

FRACTION + ZDARSKY

2

COME,
WORLD



TIME MAGAZINE'S
COMIC OF THE YEAR

SEX CRIMINALS

JON & SUZIE:

Will they or won't they?

(Again.)

(They will.)

(They ARE.)

BY MATT FRACTION & CHIP ZDARSKY
(WILL THEY OR WON'T THEY?)



3

THIRD PRINTING

SEX CRIMINALS

FRACTIONZDARSKY





SECOND PRINTING

SEX CRIMINALS

FRACTIONZDARSKY

4

SEX
POLICE



Matt Fraction writes comic books out in the woods. He won the first-ever PEN USA Literary Award for Graphic Novels; he or comics he's a part of have won Eisners, Harveys, and Eagles, which are like the Oscars, Emmys and Golden Globes of comic books and all seem about as likely. He's a New York Times-best-selling donkus of things like *Hawkeye*, *Casanova*, and *Satellite Sam*. He has Prince's cell phone number.

Chip Zdarsky is the creator of the popular character "Stan Lee" and inventor of the unpopular sex move "The Crying Zdarsky." For the last ten years he's been a staff writer and illustrator for the *National Post* newspaper in Canada, under the clearly made-up name Steve Murray, where he is known for his dumb stunts and weekly column, *Extremely Bad Advice*. His comic work includes *Prison Funnies*, *Monster Cops* and an awkward issue of *Vampirella*. He lives in Toronto.



SUZIE HAS A SECRET

For her, sex literally makes the world come to a standstill.

JON HAS A PROBLEM

He hates his life, his job, and the special curse that makes him just like Suzie.

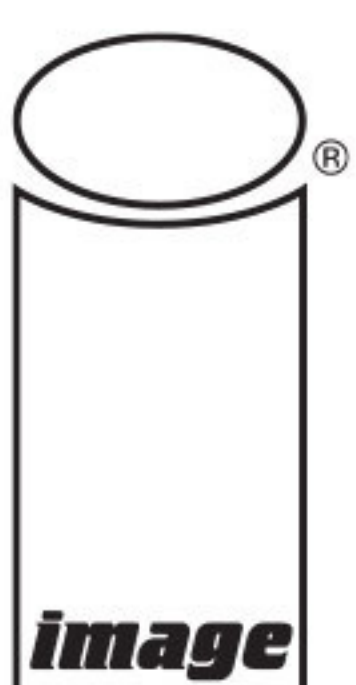


GIRL MEETS BOY GIRL HOOKS UP WITH BOY

And for the first time in their lives they find themselves alone, together.

So they do what any new young couple having sex and freezing time might do:

THEY ROB BANKS



RATED M / MATURE
SCIENCE FICTION
IMAGECOMICS.COM

Sex Criminals: One Weird Trick
collects issues #1-5
of the award-winning series by
Matt Fraction (*Satellite Sam*, *Hawkeye*)
and Chip Zdarsky (*Prison Funnies*,
Monster Cops) along with exclusive
bonus content produced only
for this volume.